

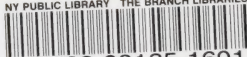
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Boy Kings and girl queens

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BOY KINGS
AND
GIRL QUEENS



THE LITTLE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

(MILLAIS, R.A.)

BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

BY
H. E. MARSHALL

AUTHOR OF
"OUR ISLAND STORY"; "OUR EMPIRE STORY"
"HISTORY OF FRANCE," ETC.

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TO
THE ADDIS "ELEVEN"

IN MEMORY
OF
MANY JOYOUS NURSERY TEAS
AND
IN HAPPY ANTICIPATION
OF MANY MORE

PREFACE

IN this book I have told for ordinary boys and girls stories of some of the royal boys and girls who have become Kings and Queens at an age when most children think only of games and toys. One or two of these boy Kings and girl Queens died while yet they were children, others grew to manhood and womanhood, and ruled well or ill. But of their lives beyond the age of twenty-one this book takes no account.

The stories are taken from the history of our own land and from that of our near neighbours France and Germany—France our one-time enemy, Germany our constant ally. Other countries too have had child rulers, but I could not tell of all. I have not tried even to tell the stories of all the child rulers of our own land. For Scotland alone furnishes enough to fill a large book. During the three centuries and a half from 1214 to 1567 Scotland had fifteen rulers, ten of whom came to the throne in childhood.

These stories of royal children of times gone by will, I trust, have some interest for the happier children of to-day, who have no burden of sceptre or crown to bear, and whose little feet will never tread the steep and perilous steps of a throne.

H. E. MARSHALL.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. THE STORY OF OTTO III The World's Wonder	13
II. THE STORY OF HENRY IV Emperor of Germany	25
III. THE STORY OF MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND The Maid of Norway	37
IV. THE STORY OF ISABELLA OF VALOIS The Little Queen	50
V. THE STORY OF HENRY VI King of France and England	105
VI. THE STORY OF JAMES II The Fiery Face	132
VII. THE STORY OF MAGDALENE OF FRANCE The Midsummer Queen	157
VIII. THE STORY OF EDWARD V The Captive King	185
IX. THE STORY OF EDWARD VI The Boy King	228

X.	THE STORY OF MARY STUART	.	.	.	FACE 269
	The Favourite of France				
XI.	THE STORY OF FRANCIS II	.	.	.	298
	The Little King				
XII.	THE STORY OF CHARLES IX	.	.	.	317
	The Massacre of St. Bartholomew				
XIII.	THE STORY OF LOUIS XIII	.	.	.	356
	The King who was always ruled				
XIV.	THE STORY OF LOUIS XIV	.	.	.	395
	God-Given				
XV.	THE STORY OF LOUIS XV	.	.	.	441
	The Well Beloved				
	INDEX	.	.	.	463

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER *Frontispiece*
By Sir John E. Millais, R.A.
2. THE CORONATION OF HENRY VI 112
By John Opie
3. CARDINAL BOURCHIER URGES THE MOTHER OF EDWARD
V TO LET HER SON OUT OF THE SANCTUARY 208
By John Z. Bell
4. EDWARD VI SIGNING HIS FIRST DEATH WARRANT 256
By John Pettie, R.A.
5. MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE 304
By Robert Herdman, R.S.A.
6. THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PARIS ON THE DAY OF
THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW 352
By P. H. Calderon, R.A.
7. LOUIS XIII 384
By an unknown painter
8. LOUIS XV AS A CHILD 448
By H. Rigaud

BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

THE STORY OF OTTO III, THE WORLD'S WONDER

I

How a child
of three was
chosen and
crowned King.

It was upon a July day in 980 that Otto was born, and he came into the world amid much rejoicing. For he was heir to great magnificence. His father was the Emperor Otto II, his mother the beautiful Grecian Princess Theophano, niece of the Emperor of the East. They already had three children, but they were all daughters. They loved these daughters dearly, it may be. But no woman could be called Queen of Rome and Empress of the West. So when a boy was born who might inherit these high titles they rejoiced greatly.

The baby was called Otto after his grandfather, Otto I the Great.

Since he came to the throne Otto II had had

14 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

many battles to fight, both with rebels at home and with enemies abroad. But in this year in which his little son was born all seemed to go well with him. Germany was at peace within, on the north, east, and west the borders were secure. So Otto turned his eyes southward towards Italy.

At this time a great part of Italy was under the sway of the Emperor. But the southern part was still in the power of Greeks and Arabs, or Saracens, as we often call them. The Emperor now longed to possess this part also. So he marched into Italy, taking with him his wife and child. Little Otto was only about three months old when he was thus carried away from his northern home to sunny Italy.

At first all went well with Otto. The dark-faced Saracen host fled before him. But the Saracens were hard to subdue, and at length, near Rossano, they defeated the Emperor and his army. Otto himself was nearly captured, and only after many adventures did he reach Rossano in safety. There his Empress and his little son, now two years old, awaited him. And from there with great difficulty, for the enemy were everywhere in wait for him, he escaped to Salerno.

From the sunny South of Italy to the grey

shores of the Baltic the news of the Emperor's defeat was greeted by his enemies with joy. The foes he had but lately subdued once more made ready to fight him, and again the Empire was threatened on all sides. The German princes saw that now, if ever, they must hold together. And they sent a letter to the Emperor assuring him of their loyalty and begging him to call a Parliament.

Otto was right glad when he received the letter, and he called the princes of the realm together at Verona. So over the Alps there passed a great concourse of German princes. From Italy too came many a mighty noble, so that the splendour of the Empire seemed all gathered at Verona.

To this great concourse of knights and nobles Otto brought his little three-year-old son, and bade them choose him as their future ruler. This both the German and the Italian nobles willingly did.

So the little, wondering, fair-haired boy was set upon a throne with a purple robe about his shoulders and a gold circlet upon his head. And to him the nobles, the dark men of the South and the fair men of the North, knelt to do homage. There were wise counsellors among them, and tried soldiers. Yet in simple

16 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

faith they knelt to swear fealty to a helpless child.

But it was with forebodings of evil that the nobles separated once more and turned homewards. "Believe me," said one, as he bade the Emperor farewell, "believe me, if you go to Rome you will never see your fatherland again, but will find a grave there."

Otto, however, was not to be turned from his purpose. He had sworn to avenge his defeat and drive the Saracens out of Italy. So he marched southward, while the German nobles, taking their little King with them, turned northwards over the Alps once more.

Little Otto had been chosen to succeed his father, but he had yet to be crowned. On Christmas Day, 983, the coronation took place at Aachen amid great rejoicings. But in the middle of the feasting and merrymaking a messenger of sorrow came. He brought the terrible news that the Emperor was dead. And thus the child of three, who had been chosen to succeed his father, became king indeed.

II

How Henry the
Quarrelsome
made strife in
the land.

The news of the Emperor's death filled all Germany with unrest. It was one thing to swear fealty to a child while his father still lived. It was quite another thing to keep that faith now that his father was dead. So strife soon raged round the child King's throne. He was a King crowned and anointed, but he was, too, a lonely little boy. For his mother was far away in Italy, and he was alone among rough men who had more thought of making themselves powerful than of being true to their King.

Soon all Germany was divided into two parties. One wanted the Empress Theophano to be made Regent, the other would not suffer it. They would not bow to the rule of a woman, and above all of a foreigner. Theophano, they said, was still a Greek at heart. It was well known that after the Emperor's defeat at Rossano she had spoken scornfully about German courage, rejoicing that the Germans had been defeated by the Greeks.

For a whole year the struggle lasted. And besides the Empress there was another claimant for the office of Regent.

18 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

During the last reign the little King's uncle, Henry the Quarrelsome, had been put in prison for rebellion. Now he was set free, and with Count Egbert the One-Eyed, and others of his followers, he marched to Cologne. Here he took possession of the little King and declared that he and he alone should be Regent.

But Henry the Quarrelsome wanted to be more than Regent. He wanted to be King, and heedless of their oath to Otto, many of his followers gave him the title.

Seeing this, others of his followers fell away from him. They were willing enough to help him to be Regent and thus keep the hated Grecian from power, but they were not willing to help him to be King. And so powerful was the party against him that Henry soon began to fear that his cause was lost. But still he kept possession of the little King.

Meanwhile Otto's mother and grandmother had been hastening from Italy, and in June of 984 there was a great gathering of the nobles of the realm at Gross Rohrheim, near Worms.

Here, on the one side, came the wise old Empress Adelheid, with her beautiful daughter-in-law Theophano; on the other side was Henry the Quarrelsome. Both had a great following, for all the nobles and great prelates

of the realm were gathered to uphold one side or other. But it soon became plain that more were against Henry than for him. Yet Henry still held out, although in his heart he knew that his cause was lost. He had possession of the King, and he was loath to give him up.

Long the talk and argument lasted, and the quarrel grew ever more and more bitter. Henry's pride and insolence seemed to increase daily, and there appeared little hope of his giving way.

Then suddenly one day, it is said, a new star appeared in the heavens. It was so large and bright that it could be seen clearly at midday.

In awed wonder all gazed at it. It was the star of Otto, said the wise men. It was a sign from heaven, and with one accord they burst forth into a hymn of praise. Then both lords and priests crowded round Henry, imploring him no longer to fight against God's will. So at length he yielded. He brought the little King to his mother and solemnly renounced all claim to the throne.

With great joy and tenderness Otto was received by his mother and grandmother. Yet even after he had given up possession of the little King, Henry himself still remained re-

20 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

bellious. But at length he became sorry for his rebellion and resolved to give himself up. Clad in the robes of a penitent, with bare feet and folded hands he came before the two Empresses. Kneeling before them in the sight of all the people he confessed his fault, begging for forgiveness.

Theophano not only forgave Henry, but received him once more into favour. His duchy of Bavaria was given back to him, and for the rest of his life he lived quietly, rebelling no more against his King.

Theophano now became Regent, and for seven years she ruled the great Empire. She ruled so well and firmly, that after a year or two she was able to leave Germany and travel to Rome, there to secure that kingdom for her son. And although Rome was seething with rebellion, the citizens received Theophano without opposition, and promised to accept little Otto as their King.

Meanwhile Otto was growing up under the care of wise and learned men. And he learned so well that he became the wonder of his time. He could speak German, Latin, and Greek all equally well. He was taught all knightly arts, and as a mere child he was taken about from one battlefield to another, so very early

he learned the use both of sword and spear.

And now, when Otto was still only eleven years old, his wise mother Theophano died, and the Empire was once more left without a real ruler.

The little King was overcome with grief at the loss of his mother. But his grandmother, the Empress Adelheid, hurried to him to comfort him. She too was a wise and clever woman, and for a short time she acted as Regent, along with the Chancellor Willigis and a council of the great dukes of the realm.

III

The Emperor comes to his own. When Otto was fifteen he was declared to be of age and fit to rule.

He was tall and handsome, learned in all knightly ways and in all the knowledge of his time. He would no longer submit to be ruled by another, and the old Empress Adelheid gave up her task and went away to live quietly in the country.

But already Otto was not content to rule only over the rough Germans. His mind was full of dreams of greatness. He wanted to

22 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

establish again the old power and might of the Roman Empire and make Rome once more the centre of the world. So early in 996, with a glittering train of knights and nobles, he crossed the Alps, in order to be crowned as Emperor by the Pope.

Everywhere the Italians received him with joy. But as he journeyed southward the news was brought to him that the Pope was dead. Then hard upon the heels of the news came a messenger from the Italian nobles asking him to choose another Pope.

This was the first real act of power that Otto had been called upon to perform. He chose as Pope his own cousin Bruno, who was only twenty-four. Bruno was the first German ever to become Pope, and he took the title of Gregory V.

Less than three weeks after he had been raised to this high dignity the young Pope crowned the still younger Emperor. Then the new Pope and new Emperor set themselves to govern Rome together. "The afflicted widow, and the oppressed poor rejoiced," said a writer of the time, "when the new Emperor and the new Pope spoke again of the 'Rights of the people.'" For during many years the people had suffered from tyranny and misrule.

After a few months, leaving Gregory to rule in Rome, the Emperor turned homewards. And here we leave him, for although still a boy in years, he had reached the height of his ambitions. He was the greatest ruler in Christendom, greater even than the Pope. He was the "Emperor of all Emperors."

I have told you about this boy ruler not because of any great adventures he went through, but because he was the marvel of his time, and even after the passing of ten centuries Germany has not forgotten this Wonder Child.

GO FORTH, KING

Go forth, King, rule thee with sapience ;
 Bishop, be able to minister doctrine ;
 Lord, to true counsel give audience ;
 Womanhood, to charity ever incline ;
 Knight, let thy deeds worship determine ;
 Be rightwise, Judge, in saving of thy name ;
 Rich, do alms, lest thou mix bliss with shame.

People, obey your King, and eke the law ;
 Age, be thou ruled by good religion ;
 True servant, be dreadful, and keep thee under awe,
 And thou, Poor, fie on presumption ;
 Inobedience to youth is utter destruction ;
 Remember you how God hath set you, lo !
 And do your part as ye be ordained to.

ABOUT fifty years after Otto III died, Henry IV, another child Emperor, came to the throne. There were three Emperors between Otto and Henry—Henry II, Conrad II. and Henry III.

THE STORY OF HENRY IV EMPEROR OF GERMANY

I

How the little
King was
stolen from
his mother.

HENRY IV was born in 1050. He was the son of the Emperor Henry III and his wife Agnes of Poitiers, a beautiful and gentle French princess. Until Henry was born the children of Agnes had all been girls, so at the birth of an heir to the throne there was great rejoicing. For although the German crown did not of necessity descend from father to son, but each new Emperor was chosen by the princes of the realm, still when there was a prince he was as a rule chosen to follow his father upon the throne.

Already on Christmas Day of 1050, when Henry was little more than a month old, his father brought him before the people and bade them swear fealty to him. And as the tiny baby lay upon his mother's knee the great lords knelt before him, and laying their hands upon his head, swore to be true to him.

When he was three years old the little Prince

26 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

was once more brought before the assembled nobles. This time they chose him as their King, and a few months later he was crowned at Aachen. The Emperor was still a young man, and likely to live for a long time. So although the princes of the realm had promised to take Henry for their King, they thought that many years would pass before they need keep their promise. But they were mistaken, and in 1056 the Emperor fell ill and died.

As Henry III lay on his sick-bed his heart was sorely troubled, for he left only a six-year-old child to succeed him, and he knew well that with a child on the throne there was danger both for that child and for the kingdom. So before he died he forgave all the nobles who had rebelled against him, giving their lands back to them again, in the hope of thus winning their friendship for his son. This son he left under the special care of the Pope, Victor II, who was a German.

Thus for a little time things went well, but in a year the Pope died, and Henry and the Empire were left to the care of the Empress Agnes.

The Empress was young, beautiful, and gentle, far too gentle for these rough times. "The hand of Agnes was too soft," it has been

said, "her child's hand was too little; both hands were too weak" to rule in those troublous times. Agnes tried to make friends with the unruly nobles by heaping favours upon them, and giving them all they asked. But in this way, instead of binding them to their Emperor she only made them more powerful against him. "The King was a boy," said an old writer, "and his mother listened first to one and then to another adviser. And those who were great about the Court sought only for money. No man would do ought without money, and the difference between right and wrong was forgotten."

Soon murmurs of discontent were everywhere heard against the Empress. "It is shameful that we should be ruled by a woman," said some. "We will not have a woman and a child to rule over us," said others. So a plot was formed to gain possession of the Emperor and overthrow the Empress.

At the head of this plot was Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne. He was hard, cruel, and cunning, and a bitter enemy of the Empress.

In the spring of 1062 Agnes and the young Emperor were at Kaiserswerth, an island on the Rhine. And here one day came Bishop Hanno with a great following, sailing up the river.

28 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

The Empress received him courteously and made a great feast for him and his friends. As they sat at table there was much laughter and talk, and so friendly did the visitors seem that no man thought of treachery.

When the feast was over the little Emperor went down to the river-side with his guests to look at the tall ships as they lay at anchor.

The sight of the ships with their flags and coloured sails, their high sides carved and gilt, delighted the Emperor's boyish heart. He gazed at them with longing eyes.

"Would you like to come aboard, Sire, to see my ship?" said Hanno. "There are many fine things there."

It was just what Henry longed to do.

"Gladly will I go," he answered. And without more ado, surrounded by the friendly nobles, he stepped on board. But hardly had he done so when all was changed. The smiling, friendly nobles grew stern and anxious; men ran hither and thither, orders were shouted, and the ship moved from the shore, and was quickly rowed down-stream.

Too late Henry understood. The friendliness of the nobles had been a trap. He was being kidnapped. As he looked from one to another of the exultant faces about him sudden

fear fell upon him. They were about to murder him, he thought. Escape he must, at all costs, and with a wild cry he broke from them, and running to the side of the ship threw himself over.

The current was swift, and the river deep, and the boy was borne helplessly along. It seemed certain that he would be drowned. But quickly one of the conspirators, Count Egbert by name, leaped into the river after him. With great difficulty he reached the sinking boy and brought him aboard once more.

Still Henry struggled and wept, and begged to be put on shore again. But he begged in vain, and at length he was coaxed and flattered into silence.

Faster and faster now the ship sailed on its way. On the shore the Empress wept and wrung her white hands helplessly, while the people followed the ship with shouts and cursings against the robbers.

Agnes made no effort to regain her son or her lost power. She grieved indeed bitterly for her son, but that the care of the realm was taken from her she rejoiced, and she went away to live quietly on her own estates, and took no more part in governing the kingdom.

II

Hanno and
Adelbert
divide
the power.

Henry was now taken to Cologne that he might be under the eye of the Bishop. But Hanno soon found that the other nobles and prelates did not mean to allow him to have sole power over the Emperor. So it was arranged that Henry should move about from place to place, and that the Bishop of the See in which the Emperor happened to be should be Regent for the time being. But, as a matter of fact, the power fell chiefly into the hands of Hanno and of another Bishop, Adelbert.

Hanno was cold and stern, yet passionate. "When anger filled him," it was said, "he was no longer master of his tongue, and he poured out upon everyone, without respect of persons, torrents of bitter words. But he was sorry for it the moment his anger was over."

Adelbert, on the other hand, was smooth and calm; he was fond of ease and pleasure, and he sought to win the Emperor by flattery and indulgence.

Hanno and Adelbert pretended to be friends. "But," says an old chronicle, "although their tongues spoke peace, in their hearts they

fought with each other in deadly hate." So between the two Henry was very badly brought up. He hated Hanno and could neither forget nor forgive the day at Kaiserswerth when he had been stolen away from his mother. So he spent as much time as he could with Adelbert.

As Henry grew older he became more and more impatient of being ruled and led by Hanno. In this Adelbert encouraged him, for he hoped to get rid of Hanno altogether and rule the King alone.

Then when Henry was not yet fifteen he was declared of age. At Worms the princes of the realm were met together, and here, with solemn ceremony, the Emperor was girt with the sword of state as a sign that from henceforth he should rule himself.

Henry's joy at being at length free from the hated rule knew no bounds. He wanted at once to turn his newly received power against Hanno, and waste his land with fire and sword. From this he was only held back, it is said, by the entreaties of his mother. With his friend Adelbert to help him, Henry now thought himself free to do as he would. But not for long did he enjoy his new freedom. For Adelbert, by his pride and insolence, had made many enemies, both among the nobles and the

32 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

great prelates. They now swore to bring about his downfall, and once more get possession of the Emperor.

In the beginning of 1066 a Parliament was called, and to it the nobles came filled with hate against Adelbert. As the Emperor entered the hall they greeted him with dark and angry looks and with still more angry words.

Adelbert, they said, had enticed the Emperor into much wickedness, and had taught him all manner of evil. Either he must go or Henry must cease to rule.

Henry was utterly taken by surprise ; he was filled too with indignation and wrath, but his wrath was impotent. As he looked round upon the sullen, angry faces, he knew not what to do. For the time being he gave the nobles no certain answer, and then he sought council with Adelbert.

Together Adelbert and the Emperor resolved to flee, taking with them the crown jewels. Soon all was ready for the flight. But there were traitors within the camp, and before the hour came all their plans were known to the nobles.

At once they armed themselves, and gathering their men they surrounded the Emperor's palace. Escape was now impossible. The

night passed in anger and disappointment, and when morning came Adelbert was hunted from the Court in shame and disgrace.

Once again, as on the never-to-be-forgotten day at Kaiserswerth, the King was a prisoner. Then, although but a boy, he had felt the bitterness of it. Now that he felt himself a man the bitterness was fourfold, and his heart was filled to overflowing with hatred against Hanno and his followers.

But for a time at least he was helpless, and what the nobles commanded him to do he was obliged to do. Among other things, they commanded him to marry. When little more than a baby Henry had been betrothed to the Countess Bertha. Now the princes ordered him to marry her. Henry obeyed because he could not help himself.

Countess Bertha was good and beautiful. But because he had been forced by men he hated to marry her, Henry was cruel to her. She was for him a mere tool through whom the nobles hoped still further to enslave him. So he insulted her in every way, and even tried to persuade the Pope to allow him to divorce her. This the Pope refused to do.

And at length even Henry's hard and angry heart was softened by Bertha's gentleness and

34 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

beauty. He began to love his wife and found in her at length one of his best and truest friends. And here we leave Henry IV, no longer a boy, and soon to wring himself free from the bondage of the nobles. With the rest of his reign we have no concern here. It was long and troublous. He found no peace in life, and even after his death for many years his body was refused a peaceful grave.

THE KING AND THE BISHOP

THE bishop bent his proud, proud knee,
And smiled the King upon,
“ Oh, sire,” he said, “ my ship lies here,
The fairest that ere was known.

“ If you but step aboard my ship
Great wonders you will see.”
“ Oh, I will step aboard your ship,
For I put my trust in thee.”

The King put on his golden crown,
Put on his mantle fair,
And by his side the bishop proud
Went walking down the stair.

They pass'd through bower, they pass'd through hall,
They pass'd through all the land,
Until they came unto the ship,
Was waiting by the strand.

The King has mounted in the ship,
The lords him follow'd fain.
“ Pull up ! Pull up, the anchor fast,
Shake out the sails amain.”

The good ship leap'd unto the tide,
 The sails were flowing free,
 But the King he look'd to the proud bishop
 And aloud, aloud cried he :

“ Oh, Mary Mother in heaven, me fend,”
 He leap'd into the tide.

“ I'd rather seek an early grave
 Than with the bishop bide.”

“ Now, God forbid our King should drown,”
 The bold Sir Guyon cried,
 As in the waters wild he leap'd
 And brought him to the side.

Oh, sorely, sorely wept the King,
 And sore the Queen wept she,
 And wrung her lily hands in vain,
 For she had no remedy.

The bishop proud he sail'd away,
 With the King fast by the hand,
 But the people curs'd him as he sped
 Curs'd him by sea and land.

ABOUT two hundred years after Henry IV ruled in Germany there was a girl Queen of Scotland named Margaret.

THE STORY OF MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND—THE MAID OF NORWAY

I

How a Scot-
tish Princess
became Queen
of Norway. ALEXANDER III, King of Scotland, had been at war with Haco of Norway. But at length peace was made between the two Kings. And when Haco died and his grandson Eric, a boy of fourteen, came to the throne, it seemed good to the peoples of Scotland and of Norway that there should be a marriage between the young King of Norway and the Princess Margaret of Scotland, in order that the peace between the lands should remain good and lasting.

Margaret, indeed, was six years older than the boy King, but that seemed to matter little. Soon all was settled, and one August day Margaret said farewell to Scotland, and taking great riches with her, and surrounded by a glittering train of lords and ladies, she set sail for her new home.

Two days later she arrived safely, and was received with honour and rejoicing. With

38 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

great splendour she was married to Eric, and afterwards crowned Queen of Norway.

For a year and a half all went happily. Then one sad day Queen Margaret died, leaving behind her a little baby girl. King Eric called his little baby Margaret after his wife, who was now gone from him. And he sent a messenger to Scotland with the glad news that a little daughter had come to him, and the sad news that Queen Margaret was dead.

It was a mourning country the messenger left. It was a mourning country to which he came. For he found all Scotland weeping for the death of the King's son, the heir to the throne. He died, it was said, "amid the boundless grief of the whole people and the endless tears of the King." And when the King heard that his daughter too had died, his grief was greater than ever. For now there was no one to inherit the throne of Scotland, but the baby girl across the water.

Yet, though his heart was full of grief, King Alexander treated the messenger with kindness and honour, and sent him home to his country laden with rich gifts.

Then he called all his nobles together at Scone, where the Scottish kings were used to be crowned. And here with solemn ceremony

the little Maid of Norway was declared heiress of the throne.

II

The Maid of Norway becomes Queen of Scotland.

Little more than three years later the Maid of Norway became Queen of Scotland. For one stormy night, riding homeward in the dark, the King's horse slipped and fell over a cliff, and the King was killed.

Kingless now, and with their little Queen over the water, the nobles met together at Scone, and chose six guardians of the realm from among their number.

But already there were plots against the little four-year-old Queen. It was no new thing, alas! for Scotland to have a child as ruler. But that that child should be a girl was new indeed, and many of the haughty, unruly lords scorned the thought. It was disgrace, they thought, to bow the head and bend the knee in fealty to a woman. So they began to plot to set a king upon the throne. But some wanted one king, some another, and soon the whole country was plunged into confusion and warfare.

Meanwhile across the border the mighty

40 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Edward of England watched. For he was ever eager to win Scotland by one means or another, and add it to his kingdom. Now he saw his chance. When he heard that Alexander was dead he cried in joy, "Now is the time come at last when Scotland and its petty kings shall be brought under my power."

But he did not march into Scotland with an army. No, he thought to gain his end by other means, and he asked King Eric to allow his little daughter Margaret to marry his son Edward. He sent messengers to the Pope also asking for his consent. For Margaret and Edward were cousins.

King Eric was quite willing to arrange this marriage. So at Salisbury nobles from Scotland, Norway, and England all met together to consult about it. All went well. The Scots consented readily to the marriage, on condition that Scotland should be "as free and quit of all thralldom and subjection, as ever it had been, at its best and freest," and that Edward of England should claim no right over the land. To gain his end Edward was ready to promise much. So he declared that "the kingdom of Scotland shall remain separate and free in itself, without subjection to the kingdom of England."

The Scottish people, on their side, promised that before the little Queen arrived there should be peace and good order in the land, so that she might go there in all safety, and remain there in freedom and comfort. The Pope, too, gave his consent to the marriage. So everyone seemed pleased.

King Edward now sent to Scotland a gift of gold and silver cups and platters and basins for Queen Margaret's use. He also provided a ship splendidly furnished and filled with all manner of things for the comfort and delight of the little Queen on her journey to Scotland. King Edward made his own butler look after the providing of this ship. It was freshly painted and made gay with the flags of England. And the accounts for the furnishing of it have been preserved to this day. We find that it was provided not only with necessary things, such as beef and ham and salt fish (from Aberdeen), but with figs, raisins, almonds, and nuts and even cakes ; for among the accounts is one for twenty-eight pounds of gingerbread.

But, after all, the little Queen did not sail in this ship, and all the good things provided for her were eaten by the messengers and wasted by the sailors.

III

How the little
Queen set
forth to her
kingdom.

Two great Scottish lords went to fetch the little Queen to her kingdom, and it was hoped that King Eric himself would come with his little daughter, who was now almost eight years old. But he did not, and with a train of knights and ladies in rich array the little Queen set out alone. As she passed from the gates of Bergen the priests chanted Latin hymns. And with the sound of this solemn singing in her ears Margaret left her native land and stepped upon the ship which was to carry her to her kingdom.

But to that kingdom she never came. For on the way she became very ill. So ill was she that those around her feared to keep her longer on the stormy sea. So the captain steered for the Orkney Islands, and there the Queen was carried ashore.

In the wild and barren island upon which she landed there was no fit dwelling for a Queen. The houses were hardly more than hovels. But into one of these the little maid was carried. There, in the arms of the old Bishop Narve, who had come with her from

her home, and with her sorrowing ladies around her, this child Queen died.

Born to be a Queen, she had never so much as seen her kingdom. Even in death she found no resting-place there. For she was carried back to Norway, and laid to rest in Christ's Kirk, in Bergen, beside her mother. She was not yet eight years old when thus she died.

Meanwhile a messenger had been sent to tell the lords of Scotland that their Queen was lying ill in Orkney. And they were about to start to meet her there when a mournful rumour came to them that their Queen was dead. At first the people refused to believe it. But soon it became known that the news was indeed true. Then the people of Scotland were filled with grief. "The whole kingdom was troubled," says a bishop who lived in those days, "and the people sank into despair." And well they might. For now there was no heir to the throne. The nobles were quarrelling among themselves. This was Edward's great chance, and he took it.

You have read in history books how he tried to conquer Scotland, and of Scotland's long struggle against the might of England. Had the Maid of Norway lived, who knows but that the history of England and of Scotland might

44 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

have been changed. Many a battle might have remained unfought, and the two countries might have been united three hundred years sooner than they were.

The Maid of Norway's life was but short, and there is little to tell of it, and even her death is surrounded by doubt and mystery. For ten years later a German woman appeared who said that Queen Margaret had not died in Orkney, but that one of the ladies of her suite had sold her as a slave. This German woman declared that she herself was Queen Margaret. She was, however, already growing old and grey-haired, and the little Princess, had she lived, would have been only eighteen. Yet there were people who believed the woman's tale.

By this time King Eric was dead, and his brother King Hakon was on the throne. Hakon did not believe this woman's story. But some of the great lords and clergy and many of the people did. So King Hakon, fearing lest for her sake the people might rise in rebellion against him, commanded this false Margaret to be burned, and her German husband to be beheaded. This was done, but to the end the woman persisted that she was indeed the Queen. And many of the common

people had believed so thoroughly in this false Margaret that they made songs about her and called her a saint. They also built a church on the spot where she was burned, and for a long time people made pilgrimages to her shrine.

THE BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENS

It has been thought by many that this ballad is founded on the story of the Maid of Norway.

THE King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blood-red wine ;
“ Where will I get a bold skipper,
To sail this ship of mine ? ”

Oh up and spake an eldern knight ;
Sat at the King's right knee :
“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.”

Our King has written a broad letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

“ To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the foam ;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
’Tis thou must bring her home.”

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
So loud, loud laughed he ;
The next word that Sir Patrick read
The tears blinded his ee.

46 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

“ O who is this has done this deed,
And told the King of me,
To send us out at this time of the year
To sail upon the sea ?

“ Be it wind, be it wet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the foam ;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her home.”

They hoist their sails on Monday morn,
With all the speed they may ;
They landed brave in Noroway,
Upon a Wednesday.

They had not been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae
When that the lords of Noroway
Began aloud to say :

“ Ye Scottish men spend our King's gold,
And also our Queen's fee ! ”

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars bold,
Full loud I hear ye lie !

“ For I have brought as much white money
As serves my men and me,
I brought a half sack of good red gold
Out o'er the sea with me.

“ Make ready, make ready, my merrymen all,
Our good ship sails the morn ” :

“ Now, ever alack ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

“ I saw the new moon late yestreen,
With the old moon in her arm ;
And if we go to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.”

THE STORY OF MARGARET 47

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurlly grew the sea.

The anchors broke, and the topmasts snapp'd
It was such a deadly storm,
And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
Till all her sides were torn.

“ O where will I get a good sailor
To take my helm in hand
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I spy land ? ”

“ O here am I a sailor good
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast ;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.”

He had not gone a step, a step,
A step but barely one,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship
And the salt sea it came in.

“ Go fetch a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And wrap them into our ship's side
And let not the sea come in.”

They fetched a web of the silken cloth,
Another of the twine,
And they wrapped them round that good ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O loath, loath were our good Scots lords,
To wet their cork-heeled shoon ;
But long ere all the play was played,
They wet their hats aboon.

48 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

And many was the feather bed
That fluttered on the foam,
And many was the good lord's son
That never more came home.

The ladies wrung their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
All for the sake of their true loves,
For them they'll see no mair.

O long, long may the ladies sit,
With their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And long, long may the maidens sit,
With their gold combs in their hair,
All waiting for their own dear loves,
For them they'll see no mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scots lords at his feet.

ABOUT a hundred years after the Maid of Norway died a little French Princess became the wife of Richard II and Queen of England.

THE STORY OF ISABELLA OF VALOIS THE LITTLE QUEEN

I

How the little Princess was sought in marriage by the King of England.

IN Paris there is a great museum called the Louvre. It is a museum now, but once it was a royal palace. There the King and Queen of France lived, and there one bleak November morning more than five hundred years ago a little girl was born. This little girl was received into the world with great rejoicing, and was given the name of Isabella. She was the eldest child of King Charles VI of France and of his lovely Queen Isabeau.

Those of you who know a little of French history will remember that King Charles was a most unhappy King, and that during the latter part of his life he was nearly always mad. Queen Isabeau was not a very good woman, so it would seem as if little Isabella had not been born into a very happy home.

Both the King and Queen, however, loved

their little daughter dearly. And as the baby grew to be a little girl everyone loved her because of her beauty and her winning ways. But she was not only beautiful, she was clever too. So, beautiful, clever, and beloved by all, she grew to be seven years old.

Then a wonderful thing happened. Richard II, King of England, said that he wanted to marry her. Even in those far-off days when people married much younger than they do now this was an astonishing thing, and it pleased few.

Richard had already been married to Anne, the gentle daughter of Wenceslaus, Emperor of Germany. But two years before this she had died of the plague. Those were stormy days in England and the King was little loved. But all the people had loved Anne because of her kindly, gentle ways. They called her the Good Queen, and they greatly mourned her loss. The people mourned indeed, but the King's grief knew no bounds. He was passionate in all things. He had loved Anne passionately, and his grief at her death was as passionate as his love had been. "The King took her death so heavily," we are told, that besides cursing the place where she died, "he did also from anger throw down the buildings."

52 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Anne had left no child and so the people urged Richard to marry again. But the King could not bear to think of anyone else in his beloved wife's place, and he would have nothing to say to any one of the beautiful ladies who were quite willing to become Queen of England. At length, weary of their persuasions, he said he would marry the French King's daughter, or none other.

At this the English were both angry and amazed. France had always been England's great enemy. The two countries were actually at war with each other at this very time. And yet the King not only wanted to make peace, but wanted besides to marry the daughter of this great enemy. "All the country had great marvel that Richard would take his enemy's daughter," says Froissart. "The King is not the best beloved Prince of the world with his people, but he setteth little thereby. He sheweth always how he had rather have war with any other realm than with France. But it is not pleasant to the realm of England that he should marry with France."

The people of England told Richard that it was absurd to talk of marrying little Isabella, that she could only be like a daughter to him, not a wife at all. "Yes," said Richard, "that

is quite true. But she will grow, and meantime I will bring her up as an English Princess, and when she is old enough we will be married in good truth." For every argument Richard had an answer, and, says Froissart, "no man could break the King out of this purpose." So messengers were sent to the Court of France to ask for the hand of the little Princess.

King Charles received these messengers with every mark of honour. They were feasted and fêted and made much of. The days sped past in merry-making, but when these messengers tried to get an answer to their question, "they were ever fed forth with fair words."

For the French lords were just as astonished at Richard as the English lords had been. "They marvelled that the King of England would marry with France, seeing that the war had been so cruel and so long endured."

"How is it possible," said some of the French King's counsellors, "that our King should agree to give his daughter in marriage to his adversary? We think we shall have peace with England by some other way."

Now there was at that time at the Court of France a brave and far-seeing knight. So he said to the King and his uncles, who were his advisers, "My lord and masters, a man should

54 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

enter in at the right door into a house. It seemeth that King Richard of England would nothing to you or to the realm but love and all favour, seeing that by reason of marriage he would ally him to you. Two times your counsellors and his have met together to treat for a peace, and yet they could never agree. And, Sire, it is well known that Robert Duke of Gloucester, King Richard's uncle, is against the King and his other two uncles in this matter. Neither the King nor any other can make him willingly agree to have peace. Howbeit his power cannot resist the King's power. Therefore, Sire, after mine opinion receive this offer, and refuse not this treaty, and let these lords have such answer as shall content them."

The King and his uncles listened to this counsellor, and "the Frenchmen determined to make a good and sweet answer to the Englishmen and to put them in the hope that this King of England should have his desire."

So when at length the English ambassadors received their answer they were very pleased. But before going home they begged to be allowed to see the little Princess. At first the French were not very willing to allow this. They feared that the English lords might be

disappointed when they saw what a little child their future Queen was.

“She is a very little girl,” they said, “not yet eight years old. You must not expect very much of so young a child. You must be content with her as you find her.”

“We expect neither great wisdom nor prudence at such an age,” replied the ambassadors.

So the English lords were brought before the little French Princess. With her mother beside her, and surrounded by a splendid array of lords and ladies, this little child received the tall Englishmen with stately ceremony, for she had been well taught the part she had to play.

The Earl Marshal of England knelt before her. “Fair lady,” he said, “by the grace of God you shall be our lady and Queen of England.”

Little Isabella stood alone. There was no one near to whisper to her what to reply. But she had no need of help. “Sir,” she replied steadily, “if it pleases God and my lord my father that I shall be Queen of England I shall be glad thereof, for it is told to me that I shall then be a great lady.”

Then she put out her hand, and taking that of the Earl Marshal tried to raise him from his

56 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

knees. So the tall earl stood up, and Isabella, still holding him by the hand, led him to her mother.

The Queen was delighted with her little daughter's behaviour, and so were the great English lords, and they would very gladly have made arrangements at once for the wedding. But the Queen of France said that her daughter was still too young to leave her home, and that Richard must send again next year.

So, having been well and courteously entertained by the French, the Englishmen returned home full of praise for the little Princess, and carrying a portrait of her with them. King Richard rejoiced greatly when he heard how well his messengers had been received, and after he had looked at the portrait and seen how lovely Isabella was he was more anxious than ever for the marriage, and seemed to think of little else but of how to bring it about.

II

How the little Princess was married.

Many people, however, were still against the marriage. "What good shall it be for France," said many of the French people, "seeing that the truce

between us is only for two years. After that we shall fall again into war, and each of us hate each other as we have done before." Many of the English people too complained against the marriage.

In France the King's uncle, the Duke of Orleans, was most against the marriage. In England the King's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, was most against it.

But in spite of everyone Richard had his way. Once more noble lords were sent to Paris; once more they were received and entertained with great honour. This time everything was arranged as Richard wished. Isabella gave up all claim to the French throne, she was given the great sum of eight hundred thousand francs as a wedding dowry, and a truce of twenty-eight years was signed.

Then with gorgeous ceremony the little Princess was married in the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. But this marriage was only by proxy. Isabella had not yet seen her tall, fair-haired English husband, and his place in the ceremony was taken by the Earl Marshal. But after this she was called Queen of England, and young though she was she felt the dignity and the greatness which was now hers, and it was pretty to see her trying to act like a Queen.

58 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

The French people were now quite pleased. At last they thought the peace for which they had longed for fifty years would come, that the wars which had begun through Isabella the wife of Edward II would be closed by Isabella the wife of Richard II. Only the Duke of Gloucester still remained sullen and angry. He wanted Richard to marry his own daughter, so he hated this French marriage. "He was nothing joyful thereof," we are told, "for he saw well that by that marriage there should be great considerations between the two Kings, and their realms should live in peace, which he was loth to see, for he desired rather to have war."

But at last Richard bribed his uncle into pretending at least to favour the French treaty. He promised him a great sum of money and made his son Humphrey an earl. "So that by reason of these gifts the Duke of Gloucester's hardness was well allayed. So that the lords of France saw well his opinions were not so obstinate as they were before, for they found him then sweet and meek."

Now King Richard came to Calais and met the French King not far from Guisnes. It was almost on the same spot that many years later Francis I and Henry VIII met. And this

meeting between Richard and Charles must have been almost as splendid as the Field of the Cloth of Gold, as the latter meeting was called for its splendour.

Both Kings came with a great train of knights and nobles, gorgeous in gold and colours. Far and near the plain was covered with tents and pavilions, gay flags fluttered in the wind, and everywhere the gleam of gold and glitter of gems was to be seen.

Then at ten o'clock one beautiful October morning four hundred English knights gathered on the plain fully armed. And with drawn swords in their hands they ranged themselves in a long line stretching from the tent of the French King to that of the English King. Opposite them stood four hundred French knights also with drawn swords.

Then the curtains of the royal tents were thrown back and in glittering splendour the Kings stepped forth. The Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester led the French King, the Dukes of Berry and of Burgundy led the English King. In stately magnificence they stepped slowly down the glittering lane of knights until they met each other.

And when the two Kings met all the eight hundred knights knelt down upon the

60 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

ground, many of them bursting into tears of joy.

Bareheaded, the two Kings bowed to each other. Then the French King took the English King by the hand and led him to his tent. The four dukes also took hands and followed the Kings. The eight hundred knights remained kneeling until the Kings had entered the tent. Then rising Frenchmen and Englishmen kissed each other and hand in hand followed the Kings. Within the tent Richard and Charles talked apart for a little, then wine and spiced cakes were brought, and everyone ate and drank. Two splendid thrones had been set up within the tent, and here the two Kings sat, Charles on the right and Richard on the left. For although Charles had offered, and indeed insisted, that Richard should take the place of honour on the right, Richard steadily refused and seated himself on the left.

There was much talk and exchange of compliments and rich presents, and at length the two Kings parted, greatly pleased with themselves and with each other. From this time Richard called the French King "my father," and Charles called Richard "my son," although really Richard was rather older than Charles.

Thus the meeting was begun in splendour, and in splendour the days followed each other. There was feasting and present-giving and all imaginable grandeur while the Kings awaited the coming of the Princess.

But meanwhile the rich tents and pavilions were nearly destroyed by a terrible storm of wind and rain. On the English side, the camp being sheltered by a hill, very little damage was done. But in the French camp hundreds of cords were snapped and the gorgeous tents were cast in the mud, the silken curtains were soiled and wet and torn to tatters by the wind, so that when the storm was passed the camp was a sorry sight.

Those who were against the marriage and the peace said that the storm was a judgment of God. Those who were for the treaty said it was caused by the rage of the evil one, who was the enemy of peace, and who was angry because he had not been able to hinder the French and English making peace.

At length the Princess arrived. She came in great splendour with trumpets blowing and drums beating, mounted upon a horse, the trappings of which were of gold and velvet, clad in a magnificent robe embroidered with the fleur-de-lis of France and glittering with

62 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

jewels. She was followed by a train of richly dressed knights and nobles. Never before had such magnificence been seen.

As the Princess came near to where the two Kings awaited her she got off her horse, and with her crown upon her head and her shining robes flowing round her, she walked towards them. Twice she paused to curtsy deeply. She looked such a child amid all her grown-up splendour that Richard's heart went out to her more than ever. And rising from his seat as she came near he lifted her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. And thus for the first time little Isabella saw the tall husband to whom she was already married. She saw a fair, handsome face, and blue eyes which looked kindly on her at least. And when she saw these kindly eyes she was no longer afraid to go with this stranger across the sea, far away from her father and her mother.

Tears rose in the French King's eyes as he watched his little daughter. "My son," he said, "this is my daughter, whom I have promised to you. I give her to you, and I pray you to love her truly henceforth as your wife."

"With all my heart," replied Richard, "that will I do."

Then after more feasting and giving of rich

presents the two Kings parted. Charles set out for Paris and Richard returned to Calais, taking with him his little lady.

“The young Queen,” we are told, “was set in a rich litter, and there went no more French ladies with her but the lady of Coucy.” There were, however, many ladies of England about the Queen, who received her with great joy.

At Calais there was another stately pageant in the Church of St. Nicholas, when for the second time Isabella went through the marriage ceremony. But this time the King himself was beside her, and the Archbishop of Canterbury placed the wedding ring upon her finger.

After this there was still more feasting and present-giving. Then at length the King and Queen took to their ship. It was now November, but the day was clear and fine. Wind and waves were kind to the little Queen, and less than three hours after leaving Calais she arrived in Dover.

Poor little Isabella must have felt sad and lonely. For she was in a strange land, all her brothers and sisters and child friends were left behind, she was married to a man older than her father, and there was only one lady beside her who could speak her own language. She was soon to find out too, if she had

64 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

not found out already, that although King Richard was always kind and loving to her, he was by no means kind to everyone, and that he was indeed hated by many of his people.

By slow stages Isabella journeyed from Dover until she reached London. Here Richard, who had gone on before, was ready to greet her at his palace of Westminster. And when she made her state entry into London the people crowded to see her to such an extent that many were crushed to death.

Doubtless by this time the little Queen was tired of pomps and ceremonies. But there was still one more to be gone through. This was the coronation. And in January, just two months after her arrival in England, she was crowned at Westminster with great state.

III

After all these excitements were over the little Queen's life began to flow calmly again. She lived now in one, now in another of the King's palaces near London, but chiefly at Windsor.

Although a Queen crowned and married, Isabella was still but a little girl, and still had

How the Duke
of Gloucester
was slain.

much to learn. So with the lady of Coucy for governess, lessons went on, and the days passed in calm quiet. Now and again, however, the quiet was broken by the tall, fair-haired King, who came to see his little Queen, and laugh and play with her.

But while for Isabella the days passed peacefully, for Richard they were full of trouble.

Richard had spent an enormous amount on his wedding, he was extravagant in many ways besides. So now, although there were no wars with France to pay for, the people were sorely taxed. The Duke of Gloucester had ever been the enemy of the King and of the peace. Now he did his best to stir up anger against the King. He plotted to take both Richard and the little Queen prisoner and shut them up for life. And many of the people were very willing to join him in his rebellion.

Richard could not help knowing that the hearts of many of his people were turned from him. Soon all began to take sides. Some stood for the King, but these were few, while those against him were many. Others rather than be drawn into the quarrel left the Court altogether. So the King began to find himself forsaken.

Richard's friends now began to warn him

66 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

against the plots of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester.

“Sire,” said they, “we know for truth that as long as he liveth there shall be no peace in England. Also he threateneth you and your wife to close you up in a castle, there to be holden under subjection. Sire, ye be a King lost if ye take not heed to yourself. As for your wife, she needeth not to care, for she is young and daughter of the French King. They dare not displease her, for much evil might come thereby in England. Your uncle of Gloucester, to the intent to make you hated of your people, hath sown divers slanderous words about you throughout London and in other places, saying how ye be not worthy to bear the crown, nor to hold so noble a heritage as is the realm of England.”

Much more to the same effect was told to the King. The words sank into his heart and made it hard. “It is better to destroy than to be destroyed,” he said, and he resolved to rid himself of his enemy.

So one day as he went a-hunting he rode to the Duke’s country house. When the Duke heard of the King’s coming he, with his Duchess and children, went down into the great court to greet him. Then he made a splendid

feast for the King. But Richard was in haste to do what he had set his mind on doing. So he ate but little, and that hastily. Then rising from the table he cried, "Fair uncle, cause five or six horses of yours to be saddled, for I will pray you to ride with me to London, for I would have your advice upon the demands of the Londoners."

The Duke, thinking no evil, readily agreed, and soon, followed by but a few servants, he was riding on his way to London with the King.

As they rode along Richard talked gaily to the Duke. But all the time his thoughts were upon a certain spot on the road, where he well knew that his soldiers lay in wait. And as he came near the spot he suddenly put spurs to his horse and dashing forward left the Duke far behind.

It was now late. The sun had long since set and night had come. Then suddenly through the darkness came the thunder of hoofs, and immediately the Duke saw himself surrounded.

"I arrest you in the name of the King," said the Earl Marshal as he rode up.

At these words the Duke was greatly taken aback. He could not believe that this was the King's will, and he called aloud after him.

But whether he heard or no, the King made

68 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

no sign, but rode on faster than before. And so without more ado the Duke was taken prisoner, thrust into a ship, and carried over to Calais.

And now great fear fell upon the Duke, for he doubted him that the King had brought him there to slay him. But his death was even nearer than he imagined. For suddenly one day four men rushed into his room. They threw a towel round his neck and, two at one end and two at another, they drew it tight until he fell to the ground strangled to death.

Then they lifted him up and closed his eyes and laid him upon his bed. And going forth they spread it abroad in Calais that the Duke had died of a stroke.

In France many were glad when they knew that their enemy was dead. But in England many heard it with consternation, and the King's other uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster and York, were deeply grieved and full of anger against their nephew Richard.

But Richard soothed their anger, and promised henceforth to be guided by them. This, however, he did not do, but ruled more despotically than ever, so that the hate and murmuring against him were as great as when the Duke of Gloucester lived.

IV

How Henry of
Bolingbroke
was banished.

In spite of Richard's cruelty and despotism Isabella still loved her husband, for he was always kind to her. She knew little of what he did in the great world beyond her castle walls, and of how the people hated him. But even she must have heard hard things said of him. For Richard now seized all the dead Duke's land and possessions, and sent his sorrowing Duchess and her daughters to live at Windsor with the little Queen. But whatever hard things the widowed Duchess said of Richard they did not turn Isabella's heart from her husband. And he was now so powerful and despotic that few dared to question his deeds openly.

Richard had hoped to win peace by killing his great enemy. And it seemed for a time as if he had succeeded.

But soon the seeming peace was once more broken. For the King's cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Norfolk, began to quarrel.

The Duke of Norfolk declared that Henry had spoken traitorous words against the King. Henry retorted that the Duke was a liar and a

70 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

traitor. And flinging down his glove he challenged him to mortal combat, so that God might judge between them and all men see which spake the truth.

At this King Richard was very ill-pleased, for he knew that Henry was greatly beloved by the people, and he feared what might happen if evil befell him. Yet he said no word, and the two angry lords made ready to fight each other.

Trial by combat was quite common in those days. It was looked upon as an interesting spectacle, and so from far and near people crowded to Coventry, where the lists had been set out. Both champions had made great preparation, sending to the best smiths of Italy and Germany for arms and armour. And when at length the day came a brilliant crowd of knights and nobles and fair ladies had gathered to watch the combat.

Mounted on a white charger, with harness all of blue and green velvet, richly embroidered in gold, Henry presented himself at the barrier of the lists. The Constable and the Marshal went forth to meet him.

“Who are you?” they asked. “What do you want? and for what purpose are you come hither?”

“I am Henry of Lancaster,” he replied. “And I am come here to do my duty, to fight Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who is a false traitor, disloyal to God, the King, the realm, and to me.”

Then the Constable and the Marshal made Henry swear the customary oath. And having done so Henry signed himself with the sign of the Cross, and so entered the lists, and rode to his pavilion, which was all covered with red roses.

The Duke of Norfolk next arrived, and having taken the oath, he too entered the lists, and crying “God speed the right,” went to his pavilion to wait.

The King was in his place. All was ready. With lance in rest the two champions awaited the signal to dart upon each other. Then suddenly the King rose in his place, and throwing down his baton, he cried, “Ho ! ho !” and bade the combat cease.

Great was the amazement among the people present, and many were the cries of astonishment, loud the murmurs of discontent.

Then suddenly above the uproar the voice of a herald rang out.

“Oyez ! oyez ! oyez !” he cried. “I make known unto you on the part of the King that

72 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Henry of Lancaster shall be banished from the realm for ten years. And if he shall return before these ten years are over he shall be hanged and his head shall be cut from his body."

When the people heard these words they were sorely astonished. Everyone cried to his neighbour that it was great pity and shame, and the noise they made was so great that they could scarce hear each other speak.

Then once more above the tumult the voice of the herald rose. And when they heard his cry of "Oyez ! oyez ! oyez !" the people fell silent again. "Hear the judgment of the King and council," the herald cried. "It is this : Thomas of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, shall depart out of the realm for ever, and all his goods and money shall remain in the King's hands."

The King's word had gone forth, there was no gainsaying it, for he was a right despotic lord. So taking a humble farewell of both the King and Queen, the two nobles departed into banishment.

Few perhaps cared greatly for the going of Norfolk, but Henry was followed by the tears and lamentations of the people. "Oh, gentle Duke of Hereford," they cried, "must you

indeed leave us ? This realm shall never be in joy until you return again. But the day of return is long, for envy, falsehood, and treason have put you out of this realm.”

Now, though the people grieved, Richard thought that he was at last rid of his enemies, and that he might govern as he would. And so when the Duke of Lancaster died, scarce three months after the banishment of his son, Richard seized all the Duke's lands and possessions. And when in his banishment Henry heard how his father was dead and his lands taken from him, his heart burned hotly with anger and desire for revenge. The people of England too were very angry with the King for his treatment of their favourite.

V

How a great tournament was held in honour of the Queen and how the King took leave of her.

But Richard recked nothing of all this. He thought that now he had the people of England utterly in subjection, and he made ready to sail to Ireland to crush a rebellion there.

Before he went he proclaimed a great tournament throughout the land to be held at Windsor in honour of the Queen. Forty

74 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

knights and forty squires all clad in green, and wearing a white falcon, which was the Queen's device, were ready to do battle for her honour against all comers. So from far and near came many knights and squires to show their prowess.

The little Queen, very gorgeously dressed, sat in the place of honour with the King by her side, and a glittering array of ladies round her, while in the lists beneath men dashed upon their fellows, lance in rest, wellnigh slaying each other for the sake of her smile.

It was a brilliant sight, but although there were there many knights and esquires, but few of the great nobles came to fight for their sovereign Queen. For most of them were in great wrath against Richard because of his treatment of Henry of Bolingbroke.

After the tournament Richard made ready to depart for Ireland. But first he had to say adieu to his Queen and order all things for her comfort in his absence. He had become greatly dissatisfied with the lady of Coucy, who, you remember, had come with Isabella from France, and had remained with her ever since. But now Richard began to think that she was not the best person to be governess to the Queen, who was by this time eleven years old.

So Richard called his confessor and physician to him privately in his chapel. "I pray you," he said to them, "to answer me truthfully, as before God, that which I shall ask you."

And when they had sworn to answer truthfully the King asked them, "Is the lady of Coucy good and prudent enough to be the guardian of such a lady as the Queen of England, my wife?"

"Dear Sire," answered the physician, "it is the confessor who knows best about the ladies from beyond the sea. Let him say what seems good to him."

Then the King charged the confessor to speak the truth. But he begged the King to pardon him and to make some other man speak, for he feared lest the lady of Coucy should be angry with him.

But again Richard urged him to speak.

So at length the confessor was persuaded. "No," he said, "on my conscience I do not think that she is prudent enough to be the governess of such a lady as the Queen of England."

Then, seeing that the confessor had spoken, the physician also took courage and spoke his mind. "I do not think either that she is a fit person to be the governess of your lady," he

76 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

said, "for she keeps greater state than does the Queen. She has eighteen of your horses which she keeps in her own livery, besides those of her husband, she has two or three goldsmiths, seven or eight workers in embroidery, two or three tailors, and two or three furriers, as many as you or the Queen. Also she has built a chapel which will cost fourteen hundred nobles."

When Richard heard all this he was much displeased. He called his treasurer to him. "Hearken," he said, "and hear what you shall do. When I am gone to Ireland you shall cause to be paid all the moneys which the lady Coucy owes to anyone in my kingdom. Then you shall give her enough money to take her back to Paris and purvey her a ship to take her there. Then you shall send to the lady Mortimer, and appoint her in my name as governess to the Queen."

Richard also bade the treasurer to take right good care of the Queen, and to see that neither she nor her people lacked anything. He charged his physician also that he should take as much care of the Queen as of himself.

And having ordered everything as he would have it the King left his counsellors and sought out the Queen. And when he was come to her

he took her by the hand. And together hand in hand they passed out of her chamber and through the great courtyard of the palace, he looking down, as they walked, into her dark eyes, she looking trustfully up to the fair face which for her was ever kindly and smiling.

And so onward they went till they reached the chapel. Here with the splendid mantle of St. George about his shoulders, the King, with his Queen beside him, knelt to hear Mass. Sweetly and solemnly the music rose and fell, and Richard, who loved music, himself sang a collect. Then having made a rich offering he rose from his knees.

His heart was full of vague grief, and bending he lifted his little Queen in his arms, kissing her many times before all the people. "Adieu, Madame," he said sorrowfully, "adieu till we meet again, I commend myself to you."

Then an unreasoning fear suddenly laid hold of Isabella. She clung to the King, weeping. "Alas, Sire," she sobbed, "will you leave me here alone?"

At that the King's eyes filled with tears. "No, no," he murmured with choking voice, "not that, Madame; I do but go first, and you will come after me."

Then having comforted her as best he could

78 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

he set the little Queen again on the ground and led her to the porch of the church. Here wine and sweetmeats were served, and the King and Queen ate and drank together, and as many as chose did likewise.

Then the King stooped again and took the Queen in his arms. He held her so a long time, kissing her again and again. "Adieu, Madame," he murmured, "adieu till we meet again." Then he set her once more on the ground, once more he kissed her many times, and at length, taking her clinging arms from about his neck, he turned swiftly away.

"And by our Lady," says an old chronicler, "I have never seen so great a lord make so much of, or show such great love to any lady as did King Richard to his Queen."

The King rode away, and poor little Isabella felt so lonely and cried so much that for a fortnight she was sick with grief. When the King heard of it he wrote her a loving little letter as he lay at Milford waiting for a fair wind to take him across to Ireland. In it he told her many times that she was ever in his heart. So the Queen was comforted a little.

At length, after ten days, a fair wind blew, and the King commanded his men that they should set sail in the name of God and St.

George. And so the King and his followers passed over into Ireland. And there he was still fighting when on the 4th of July, 1399, Henry of Bolingbroke landed at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire.

VI

How King
Richard was
parted from
his Queen.

At first Henry said he had only come to claim his own possessions which Richard had wrongfully taken from him. But when he saw how the people flocked to him, and how ready they were to rebel against Richard, he was ready enough to seize the throne. Everywhere he was received with rejoicing, and from all sides the people flocked to his banner, until his few followers had become a mighty army.

Richard's few friends were filled with consternation and knew not what to do. The Duke of York fortified Wallingford Castle, where the little Queen was, and leaving a strong garrison to protect her he marched to meet Henry. But with his little force he could do nothing against Henry's great army. So he deserted Richard's cause and joined the enemy.

As soon as Richard heard of the rebellion he hastened back to England with a large

80 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

army. But this army was of little use to him. For two or three days after he arrived Richard, having risen early one morning to say his prayers, leaned from his window and looked forth upon the fields where his army lay. And lo ! where the night before there had been thousands there was now but a very small company. When the King saw that his heart misgave him.

Turning to the lords about him, he asked what it might mean.

“ Alas, Sire ! ” they replied, “ we know not. The army has departed and we know not what to think.”

Deserted by nearly everyone Richard could not fight, and so he fled, taking refuge first in one castle, then in another, among the Welsh hills. Here he suffered many miseries, having often neither bed to sleep on nor bread to eat. And while he suffered these miseries he thought much of his little girl wife, and longed to see her again. “ My lady and my consort,” he cried, “ cursed be the man who thus keeps us apart. I die for grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my one desire, since the joy of seeing thee is stolen from me, such pain and affliction oppress my heart that oft-times I am near unto despair. Alas, Isabel,

rightful daughter of France, thou wert wont to be my joy, my home, and my comfort. And now I well see that through the violence of fortune that hath slain many a man thou art taken from me. Whereat I endure so many and sharp pangs that day and night I am in danger of bitter death. And it is no marvel when I from such a height hath fallen so low, and lose my joy, my solace, and my consort."

At length Richard sank into such deep despair that he gave himself up to Henry, resigning his crown to him.

It was at Flint Castle that the King and his rebel cousin met. With bare head and bended knee Henry greeted his King.

"Fair cousin of Lancaster," said Richard, "ye are right welcome."

"My lord," replied Henry, rising, "I am come before you sent for me; and I am come to help you to govern this realm of England, which you have governed but ill these twenty-two years."

"Since it pleases you, fair cousin, it pleases me," said Richard sadly.

"Have you dined?" then asked Henry sharply.

"Why do you ask?" replied the King.

"Because you have a journey to go."

82 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

“Why, whither should I ride?”

“You must ride to London,” said Henry, “therefore I counsel you to eat and drink that you may ride with more mirth.”

And so, though his heart was heavy, and he had little desire for food, the King sat down to table.

Then when the meal was over the Duke in a high, sharp voice cried, “Bring forth the King’s horses.”

Whereupon two poor nags, not worth two pounds, were brought, and on one of these Richard was set. And thus the fallen King set forth for his capital.

In London Richard was sent a prisoner to the Tower. There he suffered many indignities, enduring much sorrow of mind. His thoughts still turned to his little wife, and he begged to be allowed to see her. This was refused.

“It is forbidden by the Council,” said Henry.

At that the King was right angry, but well knowing that he was in the hands of his cousin, and that he could not help himself, he tried to conceal his wrath. “You do me great wrong,” he said persuasively, “and the Queen too.”

“My lord, we cannot do otherwise till Parliament meets,” replied Henry.

At these words the King became so angry

that he could not speak. In silent wrath he paced up and down the room. Then when he had somewhat recovered himself he cried aloud in despair, "Oh God in heaven, how can you suffer the great wrongs and treasons which this people do against me, and against my dear lady my wife, the daughter of my very dear and beloved lord and father, the noble King of France. Ah! little does he dream of the danger in which we are placed. For I see well that you are false traitors against God and my lady."

All Richard's tears and prayers were in vain, and he was not allowed to see his Queen.

Meanwhile she too had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

When the lady of Coucy heard that Richard was a prisoner she hastened back to Isabella. For she had not returned to France as the King had commanded; she was not allowed to remain long, however, with the little Queen. For Henry at once sent messengers to her and bade her depart. "And at your departing see that you make no moaning before the Queen," they said sternly, "but say that your husband has sent for you, and for your daughter also. Ask no more questions, but go. And see that you do what we command at

once," they added fiercely, "or you shall pay for it with your life."

And the lady of Coucy was so frightened by the fierceness of these men that she and all her train fled away at once.

Then the poor little Queen was left in great loneliness, for her household was entirely changed. Every man, woman, or child who had been with her before, and who might be friendly towards Richard, was taken away from her. She was given new ladies-in-waiting, and new servants, who were all strictly forbidden to speak of King Richard even among themselves. And thus with strange faces all about her, and kept in ignorance of all that was happening to the King, Isabella was hurried from one castle to another.

VII

How French
knights came
to visit the
Queen.

As soon as the lady of Coucy got back to France she went to see the King and Queen. And when they heard of all that had happened to their little daughter and to her husband they were filled with grief. Indeed the King's grief was such that it brought on a fit of madness. So in France there was great anger against the

English. "Had this marriage never been," they said, "our King would not now be mad."

"I never thought it could bring anything but evil," said the Duke of Burgundy, "I said so plainly enough when it was first spoken of, but no one would listen to me. I knew well that the Londoners never liked Richard. And now, since they have taken their King and put him in prison, in all likelihood they will put him to death. For they never loved him, because he loved not war, but peace. And they will crown the Duke of Lancaster as their King."

The Duke of Burgundy was right. Richard's spirit was utterly broken, and he yielded his throne and crown to Henry, who was crowned with great splendour.

And when the French people heard that Richard was deposed they greatly feared for the safety of their little Queen. So they decided to send some "notable wise personage into England to know the state of the Queen." Two French knights were therefore appointed to go to England. But first they sent two heralds to King Henry, for in spite of the truce between the kingdoms they feared to go until they knew how the new King would receive them.

Henry, however, felt grateful to Charles VI,

86 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

for he had received him at the French Court, and been very kind to him during the time in which he had been banished from England. So now he sent word to the French knights that he would gladly receive them, but that they must come straight to him, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left without leave.

So the knights made haste and came to England. And there they were received with great honour and kindness. But when they told Henry that they wanted to see the Queen, Henry replied that he must first take the advice of his counsellors.

When Henry had spoken with his counsellors the knights were again called before him.

“You desire to see the Queen,” he said, “and I will not say you nay. But you must first swear and promise that neither you nor any of your men shall speak a word unto her of all that has befallen to King Richard. For if you do you will fall in great displeasure with the people and be in danger of your lives.”

“We will obey your commandment,” replied the French knights, “and will in no way break your orders. And when we have seen the Queen we will depart once more.”

So the French knights were brought to the Queen in her bower. She was right glad to see them, and receiving them very graciously, asked many questions about her father and mother and all the dear people she had left behind her in France.

And when the knights saw that the little Queen was well lodged and cared for, and that she held great state as befits a Queen, they were well pleased. They talked for a long time with her. But they kept their promise and said no word about King Richard. At length they took farewell of her and went away, leaving her very sad and lonely, but comforted by the thought that at least her father and mother still thought of her and loved her.

Before leaving England the knights again saw King Henry, who gave them many great presents and sent them away with fair words.

“Sirs,” he said, “when you come into France ye may say that the Queen of England shall have neither hurt nor trouble, but shall always keep her state as to her belongeth, and shall enjoy all her right.”

At these words the two knights were well content. So they departed from Dover, and coming to Paris told the French King and Queen all that had befallen them in England.

88 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

And when they heard the knights' tale the French people were somewhat comforted about the little Queen, but they grieved much for Richard's sad plight.

VIII

The little Queen
a widow. Although most of the people had received Henry with shouts of joy, Richard had still a few friends left. Among these was his little wife, and soon plots were afoot to set him on the throne again. The conspirators dressed up a priest, who was very like Richard, in royal robes, and making believe that the King had escaped from prison set him at the head of their army.

The Earls of Salisbury and of Kent, who were the leaders of this conspiracy, came to the little Queen and told her that Richard had escaped, and that he was marching to join her at the head of a hundred thousand men. Isabella was delighted at the news. She ordered her servants to tear off the badges of Henry IV which they wore, and replace them by those of Richard. She issued a proclamation, too, in which she declared that Henry of Lancaster was not the King of England. Then joyfully she set out to meet Richard.

Eagerly she rode along, hoping and expecting that each turn in the road would bring her in sight of Richard and his army. But her hopes were vain; neither Richard nor his army appeared. And perhaps as they rode along the hearts of the leaders sank within them. For well they knew that when they met the rebel army only sorrow and disappointment were in store for Isabella. For the King was but a make-believe one, and not the kind, tall husband she knew. Other people they might deceive, but Isabella they knew they could not deceive.

But Isabella did not know that the Richard she rode to meet was a false Richard, and as she passed through towns and villages she spoke to the people and urged them to rise and fight for their true King. And although there was little love for Richard the beauty and eagerness of the little Queen touched many hearts.

So full of hope Isabella rode on until she and her friends reached the town of Cirencester, and here the joy and hope were soon at an end. For here that same night the conspirators were betrayed and defeated. The leaders were beheaded and Isabella once more made prisoner. She was taken to the palace of Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, and there she

90 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

was kept very closely guarded for the rest of the time during which she remained in England.

And here it was that one spring day sad news was brought to her, the news that Richard was dead, and she, a child of twelve, a widow.

The exact date of Richard's death is not quite certain. Neither is it quite certain exactly how he died. Some say that, hearing of the defeat of his friends, he fell into utter despair and pined away and died. Others say that he was starved to death by his jailers. "Men say for hungered he was," says an old writer. Others again say that he was murdered, if not by the orders, at least with the knowledge of Henry.

Those who surrounded Henry were never tired of telling him that so long as Richard lived he could never be safe upon the throne. And after the rising in Richard's favour they spoke even more often in this way.

"I believe what you say is true," said King Henry, "but as for me I will not cause him to be slain. For I have so promised him, and I will keep my promises."

"Well, Sire," said his counsellors, "it were better for you that he were dead. For as long as the Frenchmen know that he is living they

will make war upon you, because of his wife, the French King's daughter."

To this the King answered nothing, but taking a falcon on his wrist went away and thought no more of the matter.

But it is said a knight named Sir Peter Exton took horse and rode to Pontefract, where Richard was now kept prisoner. With seven others with him he entered into the castle.

It was the custom in those days for the butler always to taste the King's food in his presence, lest it should be poisoned. Now Sir Peter called the King's butler to him and forbade him to taste the King's meat any more. "Let him eat as he will," said he, "for he will never eat again."

So when next Richard begged his squire to carve his meat and taste it the squire fell upon his knees imploring pardon. "I have been forbidden to taste your food any more by King Henry's orders," he said.

At that King Richard was right angry, and seizing a knife from the table he struck the squire on the head with it, crying out, "Cursed be Henry of Lancaster and thou too."

As he uttered these words Sir Peter and his seven men, all armed to the teeth, rushed in.

When King Richard saw them come he

92 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

pushed back the table with great force, and springing into the midst of them wrung an axe from the hands of one of the men. And with this he defended himself so valiantly that soon four men lay dead at his feet. But Richard could not fight against such fearful odds. And at length Sir Peter Exton, springing upon a chair, dealt him a heavy blow upon the head.

“Lord have mercy upon me,” cried King Richard, and fell to the ground.

This is one story of King Richard's death. Whether it is true or not is hard to say. But whether King Richard had died thus by violence or by starvation, certain it was that he was dead. Yet some were found who refused to believe it. So on a black bier, drawn by black horses, and covered with a black cloth all except the face, the King's body was carried through the streets of London, and left to view for a long time in St. Paul's, so that all might see that Richard was indeed dead. After this the dethroned King was buried at the village of Langley, about thirty miles from London, King Henry himself being among the mourners.

But even after this some were found to say that Richard yet lived. It was said he had escaped and fled to Scotland, and that the body

which had been shown in the streets of London was not that of King Richard, but of the priest who was so much like him and who had been dressed up to look like him during the rising in Richard's favour.

IX

The little Queen returns to France. All this time the King and Queen of France had been very anxious to regain possession of their little daughter. But Henry always put them off with one excuse or another. Now, however, when the news reached France that Richard was dead, the King and Queen demanded ever more eagerly that their daughter should be sent home.

Still Henry would not hear of it. "She shall live still in England," he said, "and though she has lost her husband we will provide for her another, who shall be fair, young, and gentle, with whom she will be better pleased than with Richard, for he was old."

This young, fair Prince was no other than Prince Hal, the son of Henry IV. The French, however, would not hear of this marriage, and neither would Isabella. She declared that she did not look upon Henry as King of England,

94 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

but rather only as the murderer of her husband, and she would have nothing to say to his gay young son.

Again and again Henry tried to make Isabella change her mind. But she would not. For she could feel nothing but hatred for her husband's enemies.

So at length, finding Isabella quite determined, Henry consented to allow her to return to her father.

She had come to England with great magnificence, with gorgeous dresses of silk and velvet and cloth of gold, with jewels and such splendour as had rarely been seen before. She returned as poor as any of her ladies. For Henry had divided her treasures among his own children. Now he wrote to them bidding them give back these jewels to their "dear cousin Queen Isabella." But the children did not obey. So Isabella returned home without her jewels and without her rich dowry. For that King Henry said he would keep in place of the French King John's ransom, which had been owing ever since the day of Edward III, and which the French had never paid.

New clothes were needed for the little Queen, for she had outgrown those she brought with

her, or had lost them in the troublous times. But even these were refused to her.

So sadder and poorer than she had come the little Queen returned to her home. Yet she departed with some state and with a goodly train of servants. King Henry himself came to bid her adieu as she passed through London. But Isabella would scarcely speak to him. Clad all in black she stood before him sullen and silent, and with a dark look of hate on her lovely face.

Isabella was attended by English knights and ladies as far as Leulinghen, in France, where the French awaited her. And now that the parting was near her English guardians and ladies wept bitterly. For the little Queen had made herself beloved by all who knew her. But she comforted them with gentle words and divided among them such jewels as she still had, so that they should each have some remembrance of her. Then, having kissed them all, with tears she bade them farewell.

Himself in tears, Sir Thomas Percy then took Isabella by the hand and led her to the Count St. Pol. "I bring to you the Queen of England," he said, "who is both maiden and widow. And if any man will gainsay it, be he king or duke or count, or in whatsoever state,

he will find a man in England to do battle with him."

"To God be the praise," said the Count, and taking the Queen by one hand he waved adieu with the other, and so he led her to the French tents. There the French were drawn up ready to attack the English if they had changed their minds and tried to take the little Queen back. They were purposed "stoutly to charge the English over hill and plain and vale, till by force, and in spite of them, they had carried her off to her fair father, the King of France."

As the little Queen passed through the towns of France she was everywhere greeted with joy. Her coming, it was said, caused many a tear and many a smile. And when she at length reached Paris she was greeted with an outburst of rejoicing.

But many of the French were very angry that Isabella should have been sent back without her dowry. And the Duke of Orleans was so enraged that he sent Henry a letter accusing him of the murder of Richard and of cruelty towards the little Queen.

"Is it not so," he said, "that my dear lady, the Queen of England, has by your harshness and cruelty returned to her home desolate,

after the death of her lord. She has come devoid of her dowry, which you have detained, despoiled of all her goods, both those she took with her and those she received from her lord. Where is he who will fight for her cause? Where are the champions who ought to guard the rights of widows and maidens, who live good lives, as you know well my niece did? And as I am so nearly related to her, and to acquit myself before God and before her, I challenge you to single combat, or with as many more as you may please.”

This letter made Henry very angry. But he refused to fight. Never had he heard, he replied, of a crowned King fighting in mortal combat against a subject, be he never so high in rank. “And as to what you say of the death of our very dear lord and cousin, whom God absolve! God knows how and by whom he came to that end. But if you dare to say that it was by our wish and consent that he is dead, you lie, and each time you say it you lie evilly. And as to what you write of your dear and honoured lady and niece that through our harshness and cruelty she is come to her home desolate after the death of her lord, devoid of her dowry, which you say we have detained, despoiled of her goods, both those she brought

98 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

with her and those she received from her lord, God knows, from whom nothing is hid, that we have used neither harshness nor cruelty towards her, but that we have shown her all honour and love and friendship. And who says otherwise will lie falsely."

Other lords too sent challenges to Henry, but he heeded none of them, and he still kept on trying to win Isabella as wife for the Prince of Wales. He even sent ambassadors to France to try to arrange the wedding. But although the French discussed the matter for several days they refused in the end, and the ambassadors returned to England "much displeased that they had had their pains for nought."

X

The little Queen marries again. But if the French people hesitated about their answer to Henry,

Isabella never hesitated, both because she hated Henry and his son, and it may be also because she was not quite sure that Richard was really dead. For it was whispered abroad that he had not been killed at all, but that he had escaped from prison and fled to Scotland.

Certain it is that someone calling himself King Richard appeared at the Scottish Court and was kindly treated by the Scottish King, Robert III. Letters supposed to have been written by him were brought to Isabella. These letters greatly disturbed her. She became at once eager to join her husband, and after hasty preparations she set forth from France. But great storms arose and the ship in which she sailed was driven back to land.

Isabella was now forced to give up all thought of going to Scotland, but she was more than ever anxious and in trouble. Seeing how she grieved, the French King and Queen were very sorry for their little daughter. And to set her mind at rest they sent messengers to Scotland to see the man who called himself Richard. These messengers found only a poor witless creature of whom they could make nothing. If he was indeed Richard, grief and sorrow had made him mad.

Whether he was really the King or not, the Scots believed that he was, and when he died in 1419 they buried him in Stirling, and over his grave they carved, "Here lies Richard, King of England."

Meanwhile once more Isabella was urged to marry. It was not the Prince of Wales this

100 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

time who was her suitor, but Charles of Orleans, the son of that Duke of Orleans who had challenged Henry IV to fight. The little Queen was now a tall and very beautiful girl of seventeen. Sorrow had made her older than her years, she felt herself a woman grown. Charles, on the other hand, was only a boy of fifteen, and Isabella had no mind to marry him.

At length, however, she yielded to the persuasions of her friends, and on 29th June, 1406, she was married. But all through the grand ceremony Isabella wept bitter tears. Were they tears for herself or for the tall, kindly man who ten years before had become her husband? Who can tell. Some said that Isabella wept because henceforth she would have to give up the proud title of Queen of England. But that could hardly be. For had she so chosen she might have married Henry V and still been Queen.

But although Isabella wept she soon dried her tears, and for a little time she was happy. For these big children, who were now husband and wife, grew to love each other. And if Isabella's second husband was not a King, he was a man who was in another way quite as famous. For Charles of Orleans was a great poet. And even

to-day after all these hundreds of years his name is remembered and his poems are read.

Little more than a year after Isabella was married her father-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, was murdered in the streets of Paris. The Duchess, nearly mad with grief, went to the King and demanded justice. With her went Isabella. Clad all in black, her beautiful face stained with weeping, Isabella threw herself at her father's feet. But the poor King was mad, and there was little justice to be found. A year later the Duchess died of a broken heart, so great was her grief for her murdered husband.

Isabella was now Duchess of Orleans, and for a year or two more she lived happily with her husband. Then suddenly and sadly one day she died, a few hours after a little baby girl had come to her.

The grief of Charles was terrible. He wept and would not be comforted. But when at length his little baby girl was put into his arms he felt that he was not left utterly desolate, and he found comfort in taking care of his baby girl. Poetry too helped Charles to forget his grief, and one of the first of his poems to become well known was one which he wrote in memory of Isabella. So the little Queen was

102 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

made thrice famous : once by the beauty and sweetness that were her own ; once by being the wife of a great King ; and once by being the wife of a great poet.

Charles of Orleans lived a long time after his wife. At Agincourt he was sorely wounded, and being taken prisoner he was sent to England, to the Tower. There it was that he wrote many of his poems, for his captivity lasted twenty-three years, Henry V refusing all ransom for him. Perhaps Henry had not forgotten and could not forgive that Charles had married the little Queen whom he himself had wished to marry. And it may perhaps interest you to remember in this connection that Henry V in the end married Isabella's youngest sister Catherine.

FOR SOLDIERS

OH ! news is carried to and fro, and we must forth to
warfare go ;

Men muster now in every place, and soldiers are press'd
forth apace.

Faint not, spend blood, to do your Queen and country good ;
Fair words, good pay, will make men cast all care away.

The time of war is come, prepare your corslet, spear, and
shield,

Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful marches to the
field :

THE STORY OF ISABELLA 103

Tantara ! Tantara ! the trumpets sound, which makes
our hearts with joy abound,
The roaring guns are heard afar, and everything de-
nounceth war ;
Serve God, stand stout, bold courage brings this gear
about,
Fear not, forth run, faint heart fair lady never won.

Ye curious carpet knights, that spend the time in sport
and play,
Abroad, and see new sights, your country's cause calls you
away.
Do not to make your ladies game, bring blemish to your
worthy name,
Away to field and win renown, with courage beat your
enemies down ;
Stout hearts gain praise, when dastards sail in cowards'
seas ;
Hap what hap shall, we sure shall die but once for all.

“ To arms ! ” methinks they cry, be packing, mates, be
gone with speed,
Our foes are very nigh, shame have that man that
shrinks at need ;
Unto it boldly let us stand, God will give right the upper
hand.
Our cause is good we need not doubt ; in sign of courage
give a shout,
March forth, be strong, good hap will come ere it be long ;
Shrink not, fight well, for lusty lads must bear the bell.

As you have read in the last chapter, Richard II was deposed by Henry IV. Twenty-three years later Henry's grandson came to the throne of England as Henry VI at the age of nine months.

THE STORY OF HENRY VI, KING OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND

I

How Henry
was pro-
claimed King
of France
and England.

THE gallant King Henry V was fighting in France. He lay with his army before the town of Meaux, which was making a desperate and stubborn resistance. For although Henry had married the French Princess Catherine, and had been proclaimed Regent of France and heir to the French throne, there were many Frenchmen who would not acknowledge him. The treaty by which Henry had won France seemed to them both "marvellous and shameful." They took sides therefore with the Dauphin and would have none of Henry.

So through the long winter Meaux held out with dogged courage, and Henry with as dogged patience lay before the walls, vowing to have the town soon or late.

But even while he fought the Frenchmen his thoughts were often far away in Merry

England, with the fair French wife who there awaited his return.

Then one cold December day a messenger newly arrived from England came galloping post-haste to the camp of the King. He brought the great news that a son had been born to Henry and Catherine. And when Henry heard it he fell upon his knees and gave thanks to God that He had given him so "goodly an imp which should succeed in his crown and sceptre."

But when Henry heard that his little son had been born at Windsor he grew grave, and turning to his Lord Chamberlain he said, "My lord, I, Henry, born at Monmouth, shall small time reign and much get, and Henry born at Windsor shall long reign and all lose. But as God will, so be it."

Meanwhile through winter days and spring days Meaux held out. But at length in the beginning of May the town yielded. Ten days later Queen Catherine landed in France, and with her little son went to meet the King.

Together they journeyed on to Paris. There the French King and Queen and the English King and Queen held state together. But the French King was old and mad, and scarce anyone went to his Court, while "every French-

man was joyous to view and see the estate and magnificence of King Henry."

After a few weeks King Henry said good-bye to his wife and child and once more set out for the war. He was never to see them again. For he had not gone far when he became very ill and died.

Thus little baby Henry, who was not yet nine months old, became King of England and heir to the throne of France.

Queen Catherine resolved to go back to England, taking her baby and the body of her husband with her. But the progress of the stately funeral car was slow. And long ere the mourners reached the coast of France news was brought to them that Charles VI of France was also dead. In Paris the heralds proclaimed the new King, "Henry, by the grace of God King of France and England," and thus a baby not yet nine months old became King of two realms.

A little baby could, of course, not rule. So one of his uncles, John Duke of Bedford, was chosen Regent of France; another uncle, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, was made Lord Protector of England, while the care of the little King himself was left to Queen Catherine.

Little King Henry was brought up with great care, and surrounded with much state and splendour. His nurses were chosen with anxious thought, and their salaries were as large as those of high State officials. Indeed, the question as to who should look after the "King's Majesty" was a serious matter of State. And we can imagine proud prelates and warlike dukes knitting their brows in grave perplexity, trying to decide whether or no Dame Alice Butler was a fitting person to assist Mistress Joan Astley in managing the precious child.

Among the papers of the Privy Council we find one addressed to Dame Alice Butler. It is written in French and in the first person, as if the child of two had dictated it himself.

"Very dear and good friend," it begins, "because of our youth and tender age it is convenient that we should be taught and learn courtesy, manners, and other things which a royal person must know, so that we may preserve our honour and estate when we are come to a great age, as with the aid of God we hope to come. And it seems to our Council that you are a very expert person, and wise enough to teach us. We command you then by the advice and consent of our Council diligently to employ yourself to wait on our

person. And we give you licence by these presents to chastise us reasonably from time to time as the case shall require without that you shall be, because of this, molested, grieved, or damaged in time to come."

From this it is plain that no one would venture to smack the royal infant without written leave, lest in time to come when he came to power he should take vengeance upon the daring one.

Having provided for the King's nurses, the Privy Council sought out playfellows and schoolfellows for him. They ordered that the sons of the great nobles who were wards of the Crown should come to live at Court, to be brought up along with the King. Schoolmasters were provided for them by the State, so that soon, says an old writer, the palace became a school for young nobles.

While still a mere baby King Henry took part in, or at least was carried about to, many State functions, even to Parliament. When he was about two years old the Queen wished to go from Windsor to London so that he might be present at the Parliament. Nowadays it is nothing of a journey. But in those days the roads in mid-November were almost impassable. The Queen with her baby beside

110 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

her was carried in a litter, and the journey took several days. The first night the Queen rested at Staines. The next morning being Sunday she made ready to set out again. But when little Henry was carried towards his mother's chair he shrieked and cried terribly. Nothing that the Queen could think of would stop him. So, being afraid that he was going to be ill, the Queen got out of her litter and carried him back to her room. As soon as he got there he was quiet and good.

“This,” says an old writer, “of some writers, is noted for a divine monition that he would not travel upon Sunday. But how it was the Queen tarried with him there that night, and upon the morrow he was borne to the chair with glad semblance and merry cheer.”

When they reached London the Queen was carried through the city in her open litter with her baby sitting on her knee. All the streets were thronged with people, who cheered them on their way to Westminster. When they arrived there the little King was carried into the great hall and set among the lords. The Speaker then made him a long speech, during which doubtless the King sucked his thumbs and stared about with his big blue eyes, and

paid little attention to what was going on around him.

A year or so later the King made a state visit to St. Paul's. Again he was carried in the Queen's litter. When they came to the great west door the Lord Protector lifted him to the ground. And, says the chronicle, "he was led upon his feet, between the Lord Protector and the Duke of Exeter, unto the steps going into the choir, from whence he was borne unto the high altar."

Then when the ceremony was over "he was set upon a fair charger" and so led through the city to his palace.

At this time Henry stayed some time in London, and while the Parliament sat "the King," we are told, "was sundry times conveyed to Westminster, and within the Parliament chamber kept there his royal state." But by Christmas-time he was back in the country again playing games with his companions.

So between childish play and State functions the years went by. Meanwhile Duke Humphrey was not ruling very well. He left the government to the Council while he went off to Flanders to fight battles for a fair Princess in distress, Jacqueline of Bavaria. He did

little good to the Princess and made new enemies for England, and at length came home, deep in debt, broken in health, and soured by his ill-success.

Soon after his return Duke Humphrey began to quarrel with the Chancellor, his uncle Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. The quarrel became so bitter and the country so disturbed by it that the Council at length wrote to Bedford begging him to come home from France and put an end to the feud.

Bedford came, but the quarrel still continued. At length, however, a Parliament was held at Leicester, and there Bedford made a last effort to reconcile the two.

The King, who was now six, opened this Parliament in state. It is known as the Parliament of Bats. For, knowing the angry state of the two parties, Bedford caused it to be proclaimed that all those who attended it must leave their swords and other weapons behind, for he dreaded lest they should break forth into fighting. Upon this men armed themselves with great batons (bats) and staves, which they hid in their cloaks. But when these were discovered they were forbidden also. So they took stones and lumps of lead and hid them in



THE CORONATION OF HENRY VI. AT PARIS.

(JOHN OPIE.)

their sleeves or in their shirts, so that they might not be quite unarmed.

At first it seemed impossible to reconcile the angry Duke and Bishop. But at length Bedford made them make peace, at least in seeming, and with friendly words they took each other by the hand, but in their hearts there was no friendship.

Upon Whitsunday after this Bedford dubbed King Henry knight. The little boy knelt before his uncle, who struck him on the shoulder three times with his drawn sword. "Be good knight," he said, "and St. George aid thee."

Then rising the little King took a sword in his childish hands and in his turn dubbed many of the young nobles knight. Among them was Richard Duke of York, then a boy of fifteen. Little did Henry think that the son of this boy would one day usurp his throne and rule over England as Edward IV.

II

How Henry was crowned King of England and of France. Until Henry was seven years old he was left to the care of his mother and his nurses. But after that it was thought well that he should be put

under the charge of a man. So the Earl of Warwick was appointed to be his "master."

Among the State papers there is the order for this appointment given in much the same language as that for the appointment of Dame Alice Butler. "Because of our youth," it runs, "it is expedient and right that we be instructed and taught in good manners, letters, language, bearing, and courtesy, and other virtues which a royal person ought to learn, to the end that by this knowledge we may govern the better and preserve our honour and estate when we shall come by the grace of God to a great age." Therefore, by the advice of the King's uncles, the Duke of Warwick was appointed to see that the King learned "good manners, letters, and languages," and above all to "make his loyal devoir diligently, to teach and exhort us to love, honour, and dread the Lord God."

The Earl too was given leave, like Dame Alice, "to chastise the King after his good advice and discretion, when the King trespasseth or doth amiss, or strangeth him to learn or to do that the said Earl shall bid him."

Warwick was both wise and kindly, and he did his best to train Henry in all kingly matters. But Henry, if we may believe an old chronicler,

was by no means a bright boy, and Warwick found his task no easy one.

Among other things Warwick tried to teach Henry to be manly. He had swords made for him just the right length for him to use. And there still exists a list of these swords, "some greater and some smaller, which were made for to learn the King to play in his tender age."

When Henry was nearly nine years old he was crowned at Westminster with great and solemn ceremony. He was led into the Abbey by the Earl of Warwick, and there on the dais set up for him he sat, "beholding the people all about sadly and wisely." And throughout the ceremony he behaved with great gravity, showing all "humility and devotion."

After the long ceremony came an equally long feast, "where the King sitting in his estate was served with three courses." Between each course a kind of tableau was presented. Each course consisted of about twelve dishes. Those who partook of the feast must have been glad of the pause. Perhaps you might like to know what splendid dishes were set before the little King.

First came—

Venison boiled in milk.

Beef royal planted with lozenges of gold.

116 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Boars' heads in castles of gold.

Stewed fowl.

Roast signet.

Roast heron.

Great pike.

A red cream with crowned lions therein.

Royal custard with a leopard of gold
sitting therein holding a fleur-de-lis.

Fritters shaped like a sun with a fleur-de-
lis therein.

After that came a tableau of St. Edward and
St. Louis holding between them a figure like
unto King Henry.

The next course consisted of—

Blancmange barred with gold.

Coloured jelly written and noted with the
Te Deum.

Glazed pig.

Roasted crane.

Bitterns.

Rabbits.

Chickens.

Partridges.

Peacock.

Great bream.

A white cream planted with a red antelope ;
a crown about his neck with a chain of gold.

THE STORY OF HENRY VI 117

A fritter garnished with a leopard's head,
and two ostrich feathers.

Here came a tableau representing the
Emperor Sigismund and Henry V with a figure
like unto King Henry kneeling at their feet.

The third course consisted of—

Compote of quinces.

Sour cream powdered with gold shamrock.

Venison.

Egrets (a kind of heron).

Curlew.

Blackcock and partridge.

Plovers.

Quails.

Snipes.

Great birds.

Larks.

Carp.

Crab.

Cream of three colours.

A baked meat like to a shield quartered
red and white set with gilt lozenges, and
flowers of orange.

A curled fritter.

This last seems a somewhat tame conclusion
after the gorgeousness of some of the dishes.

The whole ended with another tableau.

118 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

This was the Virgin sitting with the Holy Child in her lap and a crown in her hand. St. George knelt on one side and on the other St. Denis, the one being the patron saint of England, the other of France. Between them they held the figure of King Henry.

Henry had only been crowned King of England. But he had been proclaimed King of France as well as of England. The English had quietly accepted the nine months old baby as their King. Not so the French. One party indeed held to the English, but the other declared for the Dauphin, and he too was proclaimed King of France as Charles VII.

Charles, however, was weak and spiritless. He did little to make good his claim, and the English called him in scorn the King of Bourges, which town for the time he had made his capital, Paris being in the hands of the enemy.

John of Bedford, who ruled for Henry, was, on the other hand, wise and vigorous. So for a time it seemed as if France indeed might become a province of England. Then a change came. From a distant village a young peasant girl named Joan of Arc came riding to the Court of Charles. God had sent her, she said, to save France from the foe. At first neither Charles nor anyone else would believe her.

They laughed her to scorn. But she was so earnest, and so sure that God had called her to this great work, that at length she forced others to share her faith.

Joan was given a company of soldiers, and sitting upon a great white charger, her splendid banner of white and gold carried before her, she rode forth to war. From that hour everything changed. The English lost, the French won battle after battle, and at length the Dauphin was crowned at Rheims.

After this still more of the French went over to the side of Charles, and at length Bedford feared that the cause of England in France would be lost altogether. Then it was determined that Henry also should be crowned at Rheims. Great preparations were at once made for his journey to France. Among other things, Warwick ordered for him a little suit of armour inlaid with gold, so that if they should pass through any part where there was fighting he should be safe from chance shots.

An army of ten thousand men was gathered, besides a great array of bishops, knights, and nobles.

At length, everything being ready, on St. George's Day, 1430, the King set out for France, and landed safely in Calais. It seemed

120 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

at first as if the little King's coming had brought good luck to the Englis'. For at the siege of Compiègne brave Joan of Arc was taken prisoner. She was taken to Rouen, and there King Henry shortly followed her.

During all the time that the gentle "Maid of God" was kept in prison Henry was at Rouen. He saw her once or twice, for sometimes during the trial the King was brought in to sit in state and watch. But whether in his boyish heart he felt any pity we cannot tell. Even if he would he could have done nothing to save her. So brave Joan was condemned to death as a witch, and cruelly burned in the market-place of Rouen.

The witch being dead the English hoped that they would begin to win again, and that very quickly the war would come to an end. But they were mistaken. They had killed the Maid, but they could not kill her work. For she had awakened in the hearts of many Frenchmen such a true love of their own country that they would no longer fight for the strangers. So, instead of ceasing, the war went on as fiercely as before.

The English tried hard to get possession of Rheims, so that their King might be crowned there. For Rheims was the town in which the

Kings of France were always crowned. But they tried in vain. So at length they gave up the struggle, and decided to crown Henry at Paris, which was still in their possession.

On the 2nd of December, 1431, King Henry rode in state into his second capital. The streets were hung with flags and wreaths and filled with people in holiday attire. The magistrates in their robes and chains of office came out to meet him, together with the professors of the University, and as the young King rode through their midst the people cheered and shouted.

In Paris, Isabeau, the Queen-Mother of France, still lived. She was mother of Charles and grandmother of Henry. Henry now went to pay her a visit. When he came into her presence he took off his hat and bowed low. The Queen too curtsied deeply. Then turning away she burst into tears. For she did not greatly love her son, and she would perhaps rather have seen her grandson than her son upon the throne.

About a fortnight after his solemn entry into Paris Henry was crowned at Notre Dame. But very few French took part in the ceremony, and it was not a French but an English bishop—the Bishop of Winchester—who put

the crown upon his head. Two crowns were used. One the Bishop placed upon the King's head. The other was held near him in such a way that it might be seen by everyone. These two crowns were meant to represent the two kingdoms of England and of France.

After the coronation Henry left Paris and went back to Rouen, where he kept Christmas. Then in the beginning of the year he sailed home again.

When he arrived in England he was greeted with great rejoicings. Between Dover and Canterbury a great company of gentlemen all clad in red cloaks met him and escorted him as far as Blackheath. Here the Lord Mayor and the citizens of London came out to meet him. The citizens were all dressed in white and the Mayor and his company in scarlet, so as they rode along they made a splendid show.

But this splendour was nothing to what greeted the King in London. For the city was changed into one great pageant. The houses were hung with silk and cloth of gold and wreathed in flowers. In many places richly decorated stages had been erected, and at each the King paused to watch some little play.

As the procession came to London Bridge, which had to be crossed to enter the city, a

mighty giant standing with drawn sword was seen. By him were written these words :

All they who be enemies to the King,
I shall them clothe with confusion.
Make him mighty by virtuous living,
His mortal foes to oppress and bear adown.
And him to increase as Christ's champion,
All mischiefs from him to abridge,
With grace of God, at the entry of this bridge.

When the drawbridge was reached a tower was seen hung with silken cloths and splendidly decorated. Out of this there suddenly appeared three beautiful ladies, who said each a verse of poetry.

And so on, all through the city, the King had to draw rein every now and again to watch some wonderful and beautiful show got up in his honour.

At length he reached Westminster ; there the Te Deum was sung. " And that finished, he was of his lords conveyed unto his palace, and then the Mayor with his citizens returned joyously to London." Thus was the young King welcomed home once more.

III

And now after his travels abroad
How the King
 sought to go
 his own way. and his two coronations Henry
 began to feel that he was grown up,
 and the Earl of Warwick began to find that
 it was no longer an easy matter to teach and
 guide him. Indeed, Henry became so self-
 willed that when he was eleven Warwick
 appealed to the Council for help.

“For now,” he says, “the King is grown in
 years, in stature of his person, and also in con-
 ceit and knowledge of his high and royal
 authority and estate. The which naturally
 causeth him, and from day to day as he groweth
 shall cause him, more and more to grudge with
 chastising and to loath it. So that it may
 reasonably be doubted lest he will conceive
 against the said Earl, or any other that will
 take upon him to chastise him for his defaults,
 displeasure or indignation. The which without
 due assistance is not easy to be borne.”

The Earl, therefore, prayed all the lords of
 the King’s Council that they would help him,
 and if at any time the King should be angry
 with him that they would do their best to
 soothe him.

The Earl also told the lords that the King had some friends who were not good for him. They had "turned him from his learning," he said, "and spoken to him of diverse matters not behovefull." So the Earl asked the Council to remove these friends, and also to speak seriously to the King, "so that he should forbear the more to do amiss, and intend the more busily to learning."

The Council agreed to all that the Earl asked. And when next the King came to London all the lords of the Council went to him and counselled him to pay more attention to the advice of the Earl.

Their admonitions, however, did not seem to have had any great effect. For Henry's uncle, Gloucester, who from the beginning had been a firebrand and a danger to the kingdom, was always encouraging him to assert himself and interfere in matters of State. Warwick and his great-uncle, Beaufort, on the other hand, were always trying to restrain him.

But Gloucester's advice pleased the King best, and he interfered so much in matters of State that at length the Council took upon themselves solemnly to warn him that he was not old enough yet to rule. They mixed their warnings with some flattery. "We thank

God," they said, "that he hath of his Grace endowed the King with as great understanding and feeling as ever we saw or knew in any Prince, or other person of his age. Nevertheless to quit us truly to God and the King, and to his people, we dare not take upon us to put him in conceit or opinion that he is as yet endued with so great feeling, knowledge, and wisdom, the which must in great part grow of experience, nor with so great foresight nor discretion to decide in matters of great weight and difficulty."

Therefore they humbly beseeched the King not to rebel against the commands of the Earl, which they assured him were for his good. They begged him to not to try to take part in weighty matters of State till he was a little older. Let him wait, they said, a short space until by "hearing, seeing, and experience he be further grown and increased in feeling and knowledge of that which belongeth to good rule and governing."

Which knowledge and feeling, they said, "with God's grace he is like to reach as soon as is by nature possible or as soon as any before his time."

All this time Bedford had been struggling to regain his lost power in France. But he

struggled in vain. At length he died, and very soon after the Duke of Burgundy, who had up till then sided with the English, fell away. Paris too yielded to the French. The English cause in France now seemed utterly lost. But nevertheless Warwick was sent there as Regent.

At home no one was appointed to take Warwick's place as the King's master, so now he began to do more as he liked.

He began to attend the meetings of the Privy Council, and was at length allowed to take some part in the Government. He was allowed to sign pardons, "and other things which stand in grace" were left to him "to do as him good seemeth."

No very great step was now taken without consulting the King, and it was settled that when two parties quarrelled over any point, and could not come to an agreement, the King should have power to settle the matter.

But Henry made such wild and reckless use of his new power that very soon the Council were alarmed, and they warned him solemnly to be more careful. Among the State papers we find a note: "Remember to speak unto the King to be warned how that he granteth pardons, or else how that he doth them to be amended, for he doth to himself great hurt."

Or again : “ Remember to speak to the King what loss he hath by the grant that he made to Inglefield.”

Meanwhile the war still went on with France. But it became ever more disastrous for England, and many of the English began to wish for peace. Among these was Cardinal Beaufort, the King’s great-uncle. He thought that the best way to secure peace was to arrange a marriage between the King of England and a Princess of France. But the French were not eager for such a marriage, and the English refused to think of their King marrying a daughter of their great enemy.

Still in spite of all opposition Beaufort went on with his efforts for peace. And to this end he persuaded the King to set free Charles Duke of Orleans.

Charles of Orleans had been taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Agincourt, and had been kept prisoner ever since. He was a cultured gentleman and a poet, and during his long captivity of more than twenty-five years many of his poems were written. His first wife, as you have read in another chapter, was once a Queen of England.

The Duke of Orleans was a very important Prince, and some of the English, especially the

Duke of Gloucester, were very angry that he should be set free. But the Duke of Gloucester was silenced by the Council, and told that it had been done by the King's own wish, and that besides it was the best way to win peace with France.

But still time went on, and there was neither peace nor a marriage with France. For Charles VII would not hear of any of his daughters marrying the King of England. So at length, seeing it was hopeless, Cardinal Beaufort gave up the idea. Then he made a treaty with King René of Sicily, who was Charles VII's brother-in-law, and a marriage between his daughter Margaret and Henry was arranged.

Charles VII was quite pleased with this. He signed a truce of two years with England, and he and his Queen came to the splendid wedding which King René held at Nancy for his daughter. This was, however, only a wedding by proxy, for King Henry did not go to France to fetch his bride. Two months later, when she arrived in England, Henry went to meet her, and at the little village of Fareham, in Hampshire, they were married. Then the King and Queen returned to London in state "with noble and great and costly array." And here now we must leave King

130 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Henry. For he is no longer a boy. You will read more about him in English history. He was learned and good, but weak both in mind and body, impulsive and too easily led. "Neither a fool nor very wise," says one chronicler. He would have made a better private gentleman than a King. He was always very studious and fond of learning, and he founded King's College in Cambridge, and the great school of Eton, the real name of which is the King's College of Our Lady of Eton by Windsor. "This college," says a writer a hundred years later, "at this day so flourisheth, in all kinds, as well of literature as of tongues, that above all other, it is worthy to be called, the Prince of Colleges."

POEM BY HENRY VI

KINGDOMS are but cares,
State is devoid of stay,
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy prick
Which vice doth still provoke.
Pomp, imprompt ; and fame, a flame,
Power, a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock,
Out of the slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.

HENRY VI was not yet fifteen years old when James II came to the throne of Scotland at the age of seven. So there were boy Kings in the sister kingdoms at the same time.

THE STORY OF JAMES II OF THE FIERY FACE

I

How good
King James
was killed.

IN October of 1430 twin sons were born to King James I of Scotland and his wife Queen Jane. There was great rejoicing over the birth of these two little Princes. They were named Alexander and James, and at their baptism fifty new knights were made. At the same time the two babies were also knighted. James and Jane had already two little girls, so there were four children now in the royal nurseries. But before the boys were old enough to play about with their sisters, Margaret and Elizabeth, Alexander died, and James became heir to the throne. He had no brothers, but he was not altogether lonely, for he was brought up with his sisters, of whom there were six, some older, some younger than himself.

These were stormy days in Scotland, for when he was a boy James I had been taken prisoner by the English. For many years he

had remained a prisoner, and when at last he was allowed to return to his own land he found it in a wild state of confusion.

The nobles had grown haughty and overbearing. Each man wanted to go his own way, none wanted to obey the King. The land was little better than a vast den of thieves and cut-throats.

But James determined to put an end to this. "King James," it was said, "did what in him lay to bring the realm of Scotland in such quiet of tranquillity that passengers by the highways might travel without dread of any evil-disposed persons to molest them."

But to do this was no easy matter, and the sounds of strife and warfare rang through Scotland from end to end. Little of the noise of strife, however, reached the royal children in their quiet nurseries at Holyrood or Perth. For them the days passed happily and peacefully. Queen Jane was much with her children. But sometimes her heart was heavy. For when James was away she knew that he was often in danger, fighting his unruly nobles. But sometimes too James was with his children, and these were happy days. For the stern King was a loving father. He could play all sorts of games with his children, could sing too,

134 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

and tell stories and amuse them in many ways.

Little James liked to hear the stories, but he was perhaps not so fond of reading as his sister Margaret. Margaret was his big sister. She was a delicate, studious girl, fond of reading rather than games. She must often have read and told stories to her brother and sisters. But she did not stay at home very long. For when James was about six there was one day great stir and excitement among the children when it was known that Margaret, who was twelve, was to be married.

Ever since she had been a tiny child of two she had been promised to the Dauphin of France. Now a number of French nobles came to Scotland, and with great feasting and present-giving and splendour Margaret was married by proxy. Then with a brilliant train of knights and ladies she set sail for France. King James was very loath to let her go. The tears stood in his eyes as he held her in his arms and bade her good-bye.

It was for the last time, and King James never knew that he had sent his little daughter to a life of misery. For less than a year later he was cruelly murdered by some rebellious nobles. Then his son, a boy not yet seven, became King.

Those who slew James I thought that the people would thank them for having rid the kingdom of a tyrant. But they were mistaken. The people mourned deeply for their King, and in less than a month they had seized the murderers and put them to death with fearful cruelties.

Then the nobles gathered to Holyrood, and there they crowned the little King. As a rule the Scottish kings were crowned at Scone. But Scone was surrounded by wild and lonely country, and among the heather-clad hills traitors might lurk. It was at Perth, not far from Scone, that James I had been murdered. Therefore it was thought too dangerous to take the boy King there. So in Edinburgh he was crowned.

II

How Livingstone and Crichton fought for possession of the King.

Queen Jane remained guardian of the King and his sisters, and Earl Douglas, one of the greatest of the Scottish nobles, was made Regent. The Douglasses were very great and splendid; they kept state like kings, and made war or peace as they willed. But this Earl of Douglas seemed to trouble himself little

about the kingdom, and the power really lay between two men, Sir William Crichton, the keeper of Edinburgh Castle, and Sir Alexander Livingstone, governor of Stirling.

Both these men were greedy of power. They were jealous of each other, and each wanted to get the young King into his keeping. For the possession of the King meant power.

For a time the little King lived in Edinburgh Castle under Crichton's care. But soon the Queen began to be afraid of Crichton. She feared that he meant traitorously towards his King, and she resolved to take James away from him.

So she told the governor one day that she wanted to go on a pilgrimage to a place called White Kirk, there to pray for the health and success of her son. She would have to take with her, she said, two large boxes for her clothes and ornaments. The governor had no objections to this, so the Queen made all her preparations. But she filled only one box with her clothes. In the other she placed the King, and packed him round with clothes. Horses were in waiting, the boxes were bound on their backs, and the whole party set off for Leith. There they got aboard a ship, and

before the governor had missed the King he was well on his way to Stirling Castle.

Without further adventure the ship sailed on, and the Queen with the little King landed safely not far from Stirling. A swift messenger ran forward to tell the governor that she was coming with the King. And when the governor heard the news he mounted his horse, and, followed by all his men, he set out to meet the King, and with great rejoicing brought him into Stirling Castle.

Wise people tell us now that this story of King James being carried away in a box is all a fairy tale. That may be so. We cannot tell for certain. But this we do know, that in the beginning of 1439 James was at Stirling under the care of Sir Alexander Livingstone. Before that he had been in Edinburgh under the care of Sir William Crichton.

Livingstone now set out to besiege Crichton in Edinburgh. And Crichton, finding himself hard put to it, sent to Earl Douglas asking for help. But Douglas refused. He would help neither one nor other, he said, for they were both greedy scoundrels, seeking not the good of the kingdom, but their own greatness. So seeing nothing else for it, Crichton made peace with Livingstone. Crichton was now made

Chancellor of the kingdom, but Livingstone kept possession of the King.

Very soon after this the great Earl of Douglas died. His son was little more than a boy, no one else was appointed to take his place as Regent, so Crichton and Livingstone did more and more as they liked, and the country sank more and more into a state of utter misery. For while those in power quarrelled over the possession of the King, the country was filled with strife and bloodshed. "There was no other thing but theft, reiving, and slaughter," says an old writer.

Amid all this discord and strife the Queen was anxious and troubled. She knew not what to do. At first she had thought that she had found a friend in Livingstone. But now that Crichton and Livingstone had made friends, or at least pretended to make friends, she was utterly alone.

So to provide a protection for herself and her son she married Sir James Stewart, the Black Knight of Lorne. But the Black Knight could not help her at all. For as soon as Livingstone saw that he wanted to have some say in the government he seized him and his brother and cast them into prison. The Queen too he seized and imprisoned, and they

were only set free after the Queen, in terror for her own life and that of her husband, had promised to give up all rights over her son.

After this James remained little better than a prisoner in Livingstone's hands. Livingstone had thus all the power, and Crichton became more and more jealous and angry. From the first the friendship between them had been mere pretence, and at length Crichton determined once more to get possession of the King. So one night, having found out that Livingstone had gone to Perth for a few days, he rode to Stirling with a hundred armed men at his back.

It was a black dark night, and before they reached Stirling Crichton divided his men into small companies, and by different ways, so as not to arouse suspicion, they gathered to the woods about the castle.

In the woods they lay concealed waiting for daybreak. For they knew that it was the King's custom to ride out very early in the morning to hunt, and they hoped then to be able to capture him.

"Upon the morrow in the morning the chance happened better nor any man supposed," we are told, "for even at the breaking of the day the King came out of the castle to hunt."

James rode out gaily with only a few companions, and before he was aware of it he had ridden right into the midst of Crichton's company. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by armed men. For a moment James was startled. What did this mean? he wondered.

The men, armed though they were, did not seem in the least threatening, and they saluted the King with great respect. Dismounting from his horse Crichton knelt before James. Very gently and affectionately he spoke to the boy King. "Sire, fear not, we are but come to deliver you forth from that prison," he said, pointing to the gates of Stirling. "The governor most wickedly keeps you there, to the great hurt and damage of your kingdom. Come then with us to Edinburgh, or to any other part of Scotland which pleases you. I will take you there safely, and guard you against all who would do you hurt. For it becometh a Prince to live freely, ruling over others, and not subject to any vassal's correction. I speak for those who wish you well."

As he listened to these words the King began to smile. He was very tired of being ruled by Livingstone, and the idea of being free once more made him glad.

When Crichton saw James smile he knew that he had gained the day, and taking the King's horse by the bridle he turned it towards Edinburgh. But when they saw that, the King's followers and servants, who had looked on in astonishment, now began to protest. Sir Alexander's eldest son, however, who was with them, bade them be silent. "It is vain to strive with so many armed men," he said, "especially as there is no danger to the King. It is better to suffer this defeat than to attempt anything that is far above our strength."

So the King was allowed to ride away with his new friends, and he had not gone far before he was met by an army of 4000 of Crichton's men, who greeted him with delight, and led him into Edinburgh in high state.

But James soon found that Crichton's promises of freedom were all false. In Edinburgh Castle he was no more allowed to do as he liked than he had been in Stirling Castle. In escaping from Livingstone, he had merely changed masters, not won freedom.

III

How Crichton
and Living-
stone became
friends.

Meanwhile, as soon as Livingstone heard that the King had been carried off, he hastened back to Stirling, burning with wrath against everyone. He was angry with himself for having kept the King so carelessly, he was angry with his friends for letting him be stolen so easily, and he more than suspected that there were traitors among them. Above all, he was angry with Crichton.

Livingstone was afraid too. For he saw that he was now friendless as well as powerless. Crichton, of course, had always been his rival and enemy. But the Queen-Mother had been his friend. Now she too, since he had insulted and imprisoned her, had become his enemy. Livingstone was now afraid of her and her husband, the Black Knight. He was afraid too of the Douglas. Whichever way he turned he saw only enemies and danger. So seeing no safety in any other course he decided once more to make friends with Crichton, and mounting his horse he rode to Edinburgh.

Now there happened to be in Edinburgh at this time two bishops, the Bishop of Aberdeen

and the Bishop of Moray. They had been friends of both Livingstone and Crichton, and now they very willingly did their best to bring about a good understanding between the two.

Upon a day appointed both Crichton and Livingstone came to the great Church of St. Giles. They came without arms or armour, and each was followed by a few friends only. Beneath the arching roof of the dim and silent church the two rivals greeted each other gravely. Then Livingstone spoke. "These cruel wars and discords make us both odious to the people," he said, "and because of them our fame and honour is greatly lessened. I am, i' faith, the more grieved that we two, to whom the great governance of this realm has been given, by the consent of the whole nobility, should be esteemed as prideful and ambitious tyrants. Let us remember that the nobility have put us in this place to hold this realm in peace, until the King's Majesty come to perfect age. I beseech thee, therefore, if thou hast any love or favour to the realm or Prince, thou wilt renounce all rancour of heart and let us be reconciled again to the old friendship which was between us. I forgive all wrongs done to me. Also I shall repair all wrongs and offences done by me. Also the King shall

remain in thy keeping until he come to perfect age, because his father, when he was in life, committed him to thy care and charge. And for my own part I desire no more than that each of us should love the other heartily as it becomes us to do."

And when Livingstone had thus spoken Crichton made answer: "It is not unknown to the lieges of this realm," he said, "that I detested at all times sedition and wars. And as to this present discord, newly raised among us, which is invented through prideful and vain ambition, gladly, with my whole heart, I would that it were utterly quenched and set aside, that there should not be so much as a spark, or any kind of memory thereof in time coming. I know well that so long as discord and hatred lies between us there will never be grace nor riches within this realm. Therefore it is necessary, it seems to me, that some prudent men should be chosen before whom we may lay our case, and to whose judgments we will both bow. Thus henceforth there shall be love and peace between us two."

And when both Livingstone and Crichton had had their say, the friends on either side began to cheer and applaud. Then both Crichton and Livingstone swore to abide by

the decision of those who should be appointed to judge between them, and thus peace was made.

IV

About the
Douglasses
and the
Black Dinner. While the Chancellor and Governor had been quarrelling the country had sunk still further into a state of misery. The harvest failed, the land lay untilled, and the poor died in hundreds from sheer starvation. Those who escaped starvation were swept off by the plague, which was so terrible that it was known as the Pestilence without Mercy. None who took it ever got better, but died within twenty-four hours. Between these two terrible scourges whole towns and villages were left desolate and empty.

Added to this the land was filled with lawlessness and bloodshed. For the young Douglas had been growing more and more haughty, and he did just as he liked. He obeyed neither Chancellor nor Governor, who both hated him. He kept greater state than the King, and rode about the country with two thousand men at his back as wild and daring as himself. They burned and plundered, and filled the country

with tears and discord, and none dared stand against them.

Now about this time a Parliament was called to Edinburgh, and to this Parliament people came flocking from far and near to complain of the wrongs done to them by the Douglas. Widows came mourning for their husbands, orphans weeping for their fathers. There was neither peace nor rest in all the kingdom, they said, because of this proud young noble.

Now Crichton and Livingstone resolved to rid the land of the Douglas. But he was so powerful that they dared not attack him openly. So Livingstone wrote him a flattering, kindly letter, saying how sorry he was that there had ever been any misunderstanding between them, and begging him to come to Court, so that the King might have his advice in ruling the kingdom.

Although Douglas was haughty and turbulent, he was unsuspecting and simple. Now he fell into the trap laid for him, and set out for Edinburgh with his younger brother David and a few followers.

On his way Douglas was met by Crichton, who led him to his castle and there entertained him splendidly for two or three days. Then once more the company set out for Edinburgh.

But as they neared the city some of the young Earl's followers began to grow uneasy. It was whispered abroad that all was not fair and above board, that indeed treachery was afoot. So his friends begged Douglas to turn back, or at least to send his young brother back, so that they should not both be taken in the same trap.

But Douglas would not listen. Then his own brother begged him to turn back. At that Douglas was angry. "It is not decent," he said, "that a great noble should give ear to tale-bearing. Let no man in my company think of treachery, much less speak of it." And setting spurs to his horse he rode on towards Edinburgh.

There Livingstone received him with pretended joy and led him to the King. James was really delighted to see the young Earl and his brother, for he had few boy friends, and he was weary of being merely a cause of quarrel between the grown-up folk who surrounded him. For a few days all was peaceful and quiet. The young King grew to love his guests, and delighted in their company. Livingstone and Crichton were perhaps not sorry to see this, as they needed a few days to complete their wicked plans. But at length they were ready.

148 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

By one pretence or another nearly all Douglas's followers were got rid of. Then the conspirators prepared a great feast. At this the King as well as the Earl and his brother were present. All went well. Amid talk and laughter the splendid dishes followed one another. "But," says an old writer, "in the midst of this sweet meat sour sauce was provided." And when the last dish had been carried away, and the table was clear, a great platter upon which was the head of a black bull was brought in and set before the Douglas. With a cry he sprang up hand on sword. Too well he knew the sign. It was the sign of death. Too late he remembered the many warnings he had had.

Together the Earl and his brother tried to fight their way to the door. But it was in vain. From every side armed men rushed upon them. They were seized and bound in spite of their entreaties and threats.

Livingstone and Crichton were triumphant, but the little King was overcome with grief. He clung about Crichton weeping bitterly, and praying him to set the Earl free.

But Crichton would not listen. Right sharply he bade the King dry his tears and cease to plead for rebels. "It is no private

hate that I have against the Douglasses," he said. "They shall suffer death this day because they are the plain enemies of your person and manifest traitors to the common weal. So long as they live the realm will never be at peace and rest."

And so after a mere pretence of a trial the two boys were hurried out to the courtyard, and their heads were cut off without more ado.

Although wise folk tell us that there was no black bull's head at this dinner, it was afterwards known as the Black Dinner. It did no good, but rather evil.

Edinburgh Castle, town and tower,
 God grant you sink for sin ;
 And that even for the Black Dinner
 Earl Douglas got therein.

So sang the friends of the Douglas. But for a time at least there was more peace, for the young Earl was succeeded by his great-uncle James. This James had in his young days been as fierce and haughty as any of his clan. But now he was fat and old, and too lazy to avenge the death of his nephews. However, James the Gross, as he was called, did not live long. He soon died, and was succeeded by William, the eldest of his seven sons.

V

How Douglas filled the land with bloodshed. William was one of the proudest and haughtiest of the Douglasses, and after he became Earl he filled the land more than ever with war and bloodshed. He saw that so long as Livingstone and Crichton worked together there was little chance of any other person gaining power. So he set himself to part Crichton and Livingstone once more. To this end he made friends with Livingstone. Then one day he rode to Stirling with a few followers behind him, and there, throwing himself at the King's feet, he begged forgiveness for all his insolence and rebellion.

The boy King received Douglas kindly, and not only forgave all his past misdeeds, but soon made a great friend of this haughty Earl. For Douglas when he chose could be very winning. Now he did all he could to win the love of the King, and he was soon made Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

When Crichton saw the friendship between the King and Douglas, and Livingstone and Douglas, he became afraid for his life. So he gave up his office of Chancellor and fled to Edinburgh Castle. There he gathered an army,

strengthened the fortifications, and laid up a great store of food in preparation for a siege. Meanwhile Douglas as Lieutenant-General swept through the land with an armed host behind him, wasting Crichton's land and laying his castle in ruins. In reply to these lawless deeds Crichton's friends marched into the Douglas country and laid it waste.

Then Douglas marched to Edinburgh Castle and besieged Crichton there. For nine weeks the siege lasted. Then Crichton yielded. He made his peace with Douglas and with Livingstone, and once more received back much of his old power.

But still feud and bloodshed went on, and in the midst of the turmoil the young King was tossed now to one side, now to another. For given up wholly to their private quarrels, there were few who had a thought of loyalty to him. All they cared about was keeping possession of him. For possession of the King meant power. His mother indeed loved him dearly. But she had long ceased to have any power in the State, and when her husband, the Black Knight of Lorne, tried to help his stepson he was exiled. Now worn out by her many troubles the Queen-Mother died. After her death two of the King's sisters were sent to

152 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

France to visit their elder sister, who had married Louis the Dauphin. Thus James was left still more lonely and unprotected among a crowd of self-seekers.

But the King was now fifteen, and already he had begun to give trouble to his governors, and to show that he could think and act for himself. But for two or three years longer he was forced to submit to the rule and misrule of Livingstone, of Crichton, and of the Earl Douglas.

VI

*The King's
marriage.*

In 1449 James married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Guelders, and niece of the powerful Duke of Burgundy.

With many tears Mary took leave of her friends and set sail from Flanders, with a great train of nobles and of men of war in thirteen ships.

In those days the voyage to Scotland was no easy matter. For England and Scotland were almost constantly at war. Now the Flemish ships crept fearfully along the English coast, every moment expecting an attack. But no attack was made, and after six days'

sailing they arrived safely in the port of Leith.

Here the Duchess was met by a great concourse of people, who led her joyously into the capital of Edinburgh. The people were eager to do her honour. But to the fastidious Burgundian nobles it seemed but a poor and rough country to which their Princess had come. "The people came to do reverence to their new Queen," says a French writer of the time, "according to the custom of the country. But it is not such as we are accustomed to in France, for this is a very rude country, and with their strange dress some of these people seem little better than savages."

The wedding, however, was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. Feasts and tournaments followed each other day after day. In one tournament three of the most famous Burgundian knights challenged three Scottish knights to a joust with lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger. The challenge was accepted; two of the knights on the Scottish side being Douglasses. On the appointed day the six champions entered the lists dressed in silks and velvets. After saluting the King they entered their tents, and having armed themselves from top to toe they came forth ready to do

battle. But before the tournament began each man knelt before King James, who solemnly knighted him.

Then rising from their knees at the sound of the trumpets they dashed upon each other. Lances were soon shattered to atoms. Then with sword and battle-axe the fight became furious. For long the struggle seemed quite equal, but at length one of the Douglasses was felled to the ground by a battle-axe. Then, seeing that the fight had become unequal, and unwilling that the rejoicings at his wedding should be darkened by the death of such brave knights, James threw down his baton, and the tournament ended.

At length all the feasting and merry-making came to an end, and the Burgundian nobles said farewell to the young Queen and set sail for home.

James was now nineteen, and with his beautiful and wise wife to help him he gradually took more and more of the power into his own hands, until at length he was the real ruler of the kingdom.

He was called James of the Fiery Face because of a broad red mark which he had on one cheek. He might have been called James of the Fiery Temper too. For once at least

his fiery nature caused him to commit a terrible crime. In other books you will read of this, and of how in a fit of passion he rid himself of the Douglas, leaving thus a blot upon his otherwise fair name.

MAGDALENE of France became the Queen of James V of Scotland. He was the great-grandson of James II, of whom you read in the last chapter. James V came to the throne fifty-three years after the death of James II.

THE STORY OF MAGDALENE OF FRANCE—THE MIDSUMMER QUEEN

I

How the King
of Scots
sought to wed
a French
Princess.

MAGDALENE was the daughter of Francis I of France. She was born in August, 1520, less than two months after the splendid Field of the Cloth of Gold, where Francis I of France and Henry VIII of England met together in much splendour and pretence of friendship.

Magdalene was one of a large family, having two sisters and two brothers older than herself, and one sister and one brother younger. But the two elder sisters were never strong and they died while still children. Magdalene herself was a sickly child. She might have died too had not her good and gentle mother Queen Claude taken great care of her.

Queen Claude was a tiny woman, very stout and motherly. She loved her children dearly, and taught them everything which was good and noble. But sad to say, this good, kind mother died when Magdalene was hardly more

than four years old, and the little Princess was henceforth left to the care of governesses and guardians. The chief of these guardians was her aunt, Margaret of Valois, a very beautiful and clever woman.

Now, although Magdalene was not more than four years old, there was already talk of her marriage. The husband who had been chosen for her was King James V of Scotland, a boy of thirteen. Before this it had been arranged that he should marry one of Magdalene's elder sisters. But she had died. So Francis I proposed that when she was old enough he should marry Magdalene instead.

At the same time Henry VIII suggested that James should marry his daughter Mary. Mary and James were cousins, for Henry VIII's sister, Margaret, was James V's mother.

The people of Scotland were delighted at the idea of a French marriage, and not at all delighted at the idea of an English one. At thirteen James himself was too young to care greatly whether he married an English or a French Princess, and his mother, Queen Margaret, found it hard to make up her mind which marriage would be wisest. Scotland and England were deadly enemies and almost constantly at war. A marriage between James

and Mary might help to keep peace between the two countries, thought Margaret, although, as she well knew, her own marriage had not prevented war.

On the other hand, France and Scotland had always been friendly, and a marriage between James and Magdalene might strengthen that friendship, and at the same time strengthen Scotland against England. For France, besides being Scotland's friend, was England's deadly enemy, in spite of the pretended friendship between Francis and Henry.

So Margaret, unable to make up her mind as to what was best to do, tried to please both Kings. And instead of giving either of them a decided answer, she told them both that she was honoured and delighted at the idea of a marriage between her dear child and theirs. But although Queen Margaret hesitated, there was no doubt that the Scottish people wanted the French marriage, and arrangements between the two countries were begun.

This King Henry well knew. He had no wish that the friendship between France and Scotland should be strengthened, and he was determined to stop the marriage.

Now at the battle of Pavia Francis was taken prisoner and carried off to Spain. His mother

Louisa became Regent, and to her Henry VIII wrote telling her that if she did not give up all thoughts of the marriage between his nephew and her granddaughter he would not help to free Francis from prison.

Louisa loved her son better than anyone in the world, so for his sake she broke off the Scottish marriage. Thus for a little time longer Magdalene was left to the care of her kind and beautiful aunt.

But although Henry promised to "use all possible friendly efforts towards his very dear brother and cousin the Emperor, for the speedy deliverance of the most Christian King," Francis remained a prisoner. In prison the splendid King became so miserable and ill that his sister Margaret, who loved him very much, made up her mind to go to visit him. So she said good-bye to grave, staid little Magdalene and hurried off to Madrid. Princess Margaret was able to comfort King Francis a little, and give him good news of his children, but she was not able to persuade the Emperor to set him free. So she was obliged to return with sad news for little Magdalene, who loved her handsome, splendid father and longed to have him home again.

At length, however, when King Francis had

been a prisoner for a year, the Emperor set him free, but only on condition that he should give up Burgundy, and send his two eldest sons to Spain as hostages. To this Francis agreed.

Little grave-eyed Magdalene was glad when she heard that her handsome, merry father was coming back. But she was sorry too when she learned that in order that he might come back her two brothers must go away.

In the middle of the River Bidassoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain, a great barge was anchored. Here from the Spanish side came Francis, well guarded by Spanish soldiers. From the French side came his little sons. Upon the barge in the middle Francis met his boys. He took them in his arms and kissed them tenderly. Then they went on to Spain and prison, and he to France and freedom.

Upon the French shore a horse stood waiting for Francis. Quickly he sprang upon it, and waving his great feathered hat joyfully, he cried, "I am a King once more," and galloped away towards Bayonne.

Here Magdalene and her little brother and sister awaited him, and they did their best, in many loving ways, to make him forget the dreary weeks of prison life. Francis, however,

could neither forget those days nor forgive the Emperor, and he did not give up Burgundy, in spite of the fact that his sons were in the hands of the Emperor, and might be made to pay dearly for their father's want of faith. Francis was encouraged in not keeping the treaty by Henry VIII. "To whom," said Francis, "after God, I give most thanks for my freedom."

As Francis would not keep his word war broke out again, as fiercely as before. It was ended at last by the Treaty of Cambrai, known as the Ladies' Peace, because it was arranged by the Emperor's aunt and the King's mother.

Among other things it was arranged by this treaty that Francis should marry the Emperor's sister Eleanor. But although Francis, for the sake of peace, promised to marry his enemy's sister, he was in no hurry to keep his word. And four years went past before Eleanor of Spain became Queen of France.

Meanwhile Magdalene's aunt married the King of Navarre, and Magdalene went to live with her at the Court of Bearn. There she passed happy days, growing up among the clever men and women who crowded round her beautiful and witty aunt. But still, in spite of the peace, Magdalene's two brothers re-

mained prisoners in Spain. For Francis found it difficult to gather money enough together to pay their ransom. But at length it was done.

Once again, as when Francis was set free, both French and Spanish gathered to the shores of the Bidassoa. A stately barge gay with gold and colours was anchored mid-stream. Then at a given signal boats put off from either bank. From the French side came a boat heavily laden with boxes of gold. From the Spanish side came another carrying the royal children and their new stepmother, Queen Eleanor. For this day upon which the young Princes were set free was also the day chosen for Queen Eleanor to enter her new kingdom in state.

She came with a great train of knights and ladies and no fewer than five hundred horses. The two companies met and crossed upon the barge, but it took so long for all the Spanish Queen's train to pass over the river that it was dark before she and the children reached the French town where they were to spend the night.

Francis now came to meet his bride, and they were married in great state in a small town not far from Bordeaux. Everywhere there was

great rejoicing at the return of the young Princes. And as they passed through the land both they and Queen Eleanor were greeted with cheers. For the people believed that their new Queen was good and kind and that she had helped to make peace between the two countries.

Princess Magdalene now came home to live with her stepmother. In her she found a friend. For although Francis never loved Queen Eleanor, and had only married her for reasons of State, she loved his children, and was kind to them.

Princess Magdalene was nearly ten when she came back to Paris to live with Queen Eleanor, and very soon King James began again to try to win her for his wife. But at first Francis would not listen to him. He dare not, for he knew the King of England would be very angry at such a marriage. He wanted to keep the friendship of James, but he feared to offend Henry. So he wrote James kind letters always putting him off, and at length he offered him one of his nieces for a wife instead of his daughter. And in order to make this marriage more fitting for a King he offered to adopt this niece and treat her as his daughter in all things.

When the Scottish King's ambassadors came

back from France with this message James was both astonished and angry. He had never seen Magdalene, but he had quite made up his mind to marry her, and he was not going to be put off with just anyone. Now he did all he could to persuade or force Francis to permit the marriage. He even promised to allow Francis to rule Scotland. "Tell the French King," he said to his messengers, "that when this marriage is fulfilled we shall offer ourselves and our realm to be guided and ordered at his will and pleasure as his own, and as if we were his own proper son."

On the other hand, if the French King would not listen to his entreaties, he threatened to marry some enemy of France, and it would be no fault of his, he declared, if the old friendship between France and Scotland was broken off for this cause. "If this matter be not granted," he says, "it is to be shown to our dearest brother, the most Christian King, that we have lost much time in awaiting the completing of this marriage, and we may not tarry longer, but must seek alliance and friendship in other places for the weal of our realm. We take God and the world to witness how desirous we have been at all times, and still are, to stand with him and his realm in perfect friendship

and hearty kindness. And if we seek other alliance that may be the occasion for altering the old friendship and kindness that has endured so long between the realms, it shall be through his fault only, and greatly against our will and mind."

But if James threatened King Francis, so did Henry. And as Henry was the more powerful Francis listened to him and refused to allow James to marry Magdalene.

The Emperor next stepped into the discussion, for he too was anxious to prevent the French marriage. He offered James the choice of three ladies of his own family, one of them being his cousin Mary of England. But James, having seen the portraits of all three, said, "No, thank you."

II

How the King
of Scots went
to see his
bride.

Meantime while all these Kings were fighting about her marriage, Magdalene was growing more and more ill. She became so ill at length that those around her who loved her feared that she would die.

Now, too, James, weary of all the trouble and opposition, consented to marry Marie of

Bourbon, the French King's niece, and so it seemed that at last the struggle over the little Princess's marriage was at an end.

James, however, was not really satisfied. He had always wanted to marry Magdalene, and he had been more or less forced to consent to take Marie instead. He was, besides, very romantic. He loved dressing up and wandering about in disguise. So now he determined to go to France to see the lady he was going to marry without letting her know who he was. "For," says an old writer, "he thought to spy out her fairness and her behaviour and be unknown to her or her father."

He kept his intention very secret, for he was afraid of his uncle Henry. So making believe that he was going to sail round the north of Scotland, but really meaning to go to France, he set out from Leith with a hundred knights and nobles.

The ship, however, had not gone very far when a great storm arose. "Sire," said the captain, "to what port shall I steer, for some haven I must certainly seek from the storm?"

"Steer anywhere you like," replied the King, "save to England."

James then being very weary went below to sleep. Whereupon one of his nobles, who was

very much against the marriage with Marie of Bourbon, told the captain to alter his course and steer back to Leith. This the captain did willingly, for nearly everyone in Scotland was against this marriage, because, said they, if James was not going to marry a royal Princess he might just as well stay at home and marry a Scottish lady, instead of going far away to seek a foreigner.

The captain, therefore, did not need much persuasion to make him turn back. But when James awoke and found himself off the coast of Scotland once more instead of near the coast of France he was very angry. He was so angry that he ordered the captain then and there to be hanged. When, however, he grew calmer he thought of the poor man's wife and children who would wait in vain for him to come home. And he felt so sorry at the thought of their grief that he forgave the man and let him go free.

James was not easily turned from his purpose, so he set out for France once more, and this time arrived safely.

Having landed in France, James dressed himself as a servant, and with only one or two followers set out for Paris. Here he thought himself unknown, and he walked about the

streets almost alone, and bought all sorts of things in the merchants' booths. But far from being unknown, "every carter," it was said, "pointed with the finger, saying, 'Look, there goes the King of Scotland.'"

From Paris the King went on to the castle where the Princess Marie lived with her father. He took with him only one friend named John Tennent, one of whose servants he pretended to be.

Arrived at the castle John Tennent was received as an honoured guest, and the King took his place among the servants at the lower end of the hall. But James was comely and of kingly stature. He was not easily hid, and now his red-gold hair, his tall, kingly figure, and handsome face caused many to turn and look at him.

Among these was Marie of Bourbon. She was quite sure that she had seen the face of that handsome servant before, and as soon as she could she slipped away to her room, and opening her jewel casket she took from it a picture. It was the portrait of the King of Scotland which she had ordered to be sent to her. As soon as she looked at it she knew that it was indeed James who stood among the servants in her father's hall. Her heart

beat high, and the colour came and went in her cheeks, for already Marie loved this unknown suitor, and she was very eager also to be a Queen.

Now she returned quickly to the hall. Through the glittering throng of gaily dressed knights and nobles she passed, looking neither to right nor to left, until she reached the plainly dressed serving-man. Curtseying low before him she took him by the hand. "Sire," she said, "you stand too far aside. Therefore if it please your Grace for your pastime and pleasure talk with me and my father for a little ; you may if you will."

Seeing that he had been so quickly found out the King was a little ashamed of having disguised himself at all. But he took it in good part, and now that he was known, he went to the Duke and Duchess and greeted them and all their household in right princely fashion.

After that there was great rejoicing and merry-making. The Duke did everything he could to please and honour the King, and so in jousts and tournaments, feasting and dancing, a week went by. But in spite of the gay and kindly entertainment James was ill at ease. For although Marie was beautiful and gracious he did not love her, and he made up his mind

that he could not marry her. So he rode away leaving Marie very sad indeed.

III

How the King
of Scots won
the French
Princess.

James rode away from the Duke of Vendome's castle, but he did not at once return home. For he had decided to see King Francis before he left France. He, at this time, was staying at Lyons, grieving deeply for the loss of his son, the Dauphin, who had died but a short time before, some said by poison.

Francis was so sunk in grief that he was in no mood to receive visitors. Had he known that James was coming he might have tried to stop him. But the Scottish King rode so quickly that he reached Lyons before anyone in the King's household was aware that he had set out.

Prince Henry, who was now Dauphin, greeted James with great joy. "As soon as the Dauphin of France saw the King of Scotland," we are told, "he ran to him and took him in his arms and welcomed him very favourably, and told him that his father would be marvellous blithe and rejoiced at his coming, sad though he was at that time."

At the moment when James arrived King Francis had gone to his room to rest. But the Dauphin would have no delay. He led King James straight to the door of his father's room and knocked loudly upon it.

"Who is it who knocks so loud and disturbs my rest?" asked Francis.

"It is the King of Scotland come to see your Grace and give you comfort," replied the Dauphin.

When Francis heard these words he bounded from his bed and opened the door. Then taking the King of Scotland in his arms he kissed him.

But although Francis greeted James with such effusion, afterwards he would have treated the Scottish King with great ceremony and state. But James begged him not to. "Treat me rather as your son," he said.

"Whereupon," we are told, "King Francis thanked God for His many good gifts, and that having taken one son from him He now sent another to fill his place." Then he commanded the Dauphin to treat James as his own brother, and also gave orders that the Dauphin's servants should wait upon James even as upon the Dauphin.

Encouraged by this kindly treatment James

told King Francis that he could not marry Marie of Bourbon, and once more asked for the hand of Magdalene.

Once again Francis was between two fires. He wanted to please everyone, and it seemed that he could please no one. If he gave his consent to this marriage now he would be in a worse position than ever, for not only would Henry of England be angry, but also the Duke of Vendome, whose daughter now wept bitter tears for the loss of her royal lover. Francis knew not what to do. So to gain time he begged James to wait for an answer until at least he had seen the Princess. They would travel together, he said, to where the Queen and her children were, and there James should have his answer. To this James agreed. So as slowly as he could, hoping always that something would happen to put an end to his difficulties, Francis set out with his obstinate guest.

But nothing happened, and at length James and Magdalene met.

The Princess came to meet her Prince like a fairy Princess in a gilded chariot. But she drove thus in state not for pride or show, but because she was so ill that she could no longer ride upon a horse. Illness, however, only

made her look more beautiful, and James, who had always been determined to marry her, now fell in love with her at the first minute and she with him.

But now everyone tried to dissuade Magdalene from marrying King James. For though he himself was handsome and courteous, he lived, they told her, in a barbarous country, where the sun seldom shone, where rain and mist covered the land, and where the people themselves were half savage. She would very quickly die, they told her, in that sad land. But Magdalene would listen to no one. "At least," she said, "as long as I live I shall be a Queen, and I have always wanted to be a Queen." And now that she was so happy she began to grow well very quickly.

Seeing this Francis could hold out no longer, and he gave his consent to the marriage. He appeased the Duke of Vendome by arranging a splendid marriage for his daughter. But Marie would not have it. If she might not marry the King of Scots she would marry no man, she said. And so broken-hearted was she that she went into a convent, where not long after she died.

Francis also sent a message to Henry VIII to tell him what he had done, and Henry was

so angry that for four days he refused to see the French ambassador.

But James and Magdalene cared little for any King's anger, for they were quite happy and contented with each other. James was a very silent man, and even now he spoke but little. "He is a man of the fewest words that may be," wrote one of his lords. Magdalene, however, had plenty to say. "His wife shall temper him well, for she can speak. And if she spake as little as he the house would be very quiet," he said.

Great and splendid preparations were now made for the wedding, and Henry of England, seeing he could not stop it, decided to make the best of it. He wrote to his nephew to wish him joy. "Having certain knowledge," he said, "of your determination for marriage with the daughter of our dearest brother and constant ally the French King, our nearness of blood and our friendship towards you move us to congratulate with you in the same."

On the 31st of December James entered Paris in state. The magistrates came out to meet him dressed in scarlet robes and velvet hats, and with their chains of office about their necks. For Francis insisted that James should be greeted with as great honour as himself.

176 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

“For,” he said, “as the King of Scots has asked for the hand of my daughter, and I have granted it to him, I ordain that he shall be honoured more than any strange Prince who may pass through the land, and be treated with like honour as myself.”

The next day with great magnificence the wedding took place in the Church of Notre Dame. So at last the King of Scots’ long ten years’ wooing of the child Princess was at an end.

IV

How the King
and Queen of
Scots went
home.

After the wedding there was much feasting and rejoicing. Poets sang of the mating of the Lion and the Lily and of “the well kept ancient alliance between Scotland and the realm of France.” Tournaments and balls and fêtes of every description were held, and all Paris rang with merriment. Money was poured forth like water, and Francis and James vied with each other in magnificence and liberality. At supper one evening every guest received a golden cup with a cover.

“They are filled with the fruits of my country,” said James. And when the covers

were lifted the cups were found to be full of nuggets and gold dust. It had come from the mines in the West of Scotland, where in those days much gold was found.

The girl Queen took her part in all the gaieties ; but they were more than her frail health could stand, and the strength which love and happiness had brought to her soon melted away. When at length the new Queen of Scots set out for her kingdom she became so ill that it was feared for a time that she would die. And although she grew better again, she remained too ill to cross the stormy seas to the misty island beyond.

The journey might have been risked could the short sea crossing from Calais to Dover have been taken, and the Queen then have travelled through England to Scotland. But that she could not do. For when James wrote to King Henry asking for a safe-conduct through his kingdom, Henry refused to give it. "The King's honour is not to receive the King of Scots in his realm," he replied, "except as a vassal, for there never came King of Scots into England in peaceful manner otherwise."

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to wait until the worst of the winter was over, and then take the long sea voyage.

So week after week went by and the King and Queen remained in France waiting for sunshine and fair weather. At length, in the middle of May, the sun shone fair and they made ready to depart. Francis loaded them with presents of unheard-of riches. He told his daughter to go to the royal wardrobe and choose from it everything she liked best, of cloth of gold and velvet and silk. He gave her, too, great gifts of chains and bracelets and rings set with all manner of precious stones, "the finest that might be gotten for gold or silver."

Such jewels and splendour had never been seen in Scotland as this young Queen brought, "for there was never the like in no man's time in Scotland," it was said. King James too received rich gifts of horses and armour and ships of war. And so with many farewells the King and Queen at length set out.

But although on land the sun had been shining and the birds singing the sea was rough and cold, and the royal vessel was driven hither and thither by wind and waves for five days and nights. With the royal vessel King Francis sent ships of war laden with "powder, guns, and warlike weapons." For the Scottish King and Queen had a greater danger to fear

than any wind. For Henry was on the watch, ready if chance offered to capture James and his bride.

James knew this right well. And as he had no safe-conduct from Henry, however wild were wind and waves, he dare not put in at an English port for shelter. For well he knew that if he did both he and his Queen would sleep that night in an English prison.

One night, indeed, it was so stormy that they were obliged to anchor near the town of Scarborough. These were anxious hours, and as the wind howled through the rigging watchmen kept a sharp look-out for attacking Englishmen. At length dawn came and the storm died away. Then a few fishing boats put out from Scarborough bringing some of the neighbouring people to visit the Scottish King. James talked with them freely enough. "You Englishmen would have hindered my return," he said, "or I had been home forty days ere this. But now I am here and will be shortly at home whosoever sayeth nay."

Some of the Englishmen tried then to entice James to England. They fell on their knees before him, telling him how they were oppressed

and slain by King Henry, and promising him if he would but come to help them the kingdom would be his. James, however, for the time at least, was too wise to listen to their prayers. But as he passed Berwick and saw the new fortifications which Henry was building he grew angry. "If I do live but a year," he said, "I will break a spear against the breast of an Englishman."

At length, says an old writer, "by God's good will and the aid he had from the French, King James V passed all dangers," and the King and Queen landed at Leith in safety. As Magdalene stepped ashore she knelt down and kissed the ground. Still upon her knees she thanked God for having brought her with her husband safely to shore, and prayed for the happiness of him and his people.

Then with the cheers of the people ringing in her ears, Magdalene went on her way to Holyrood Palace.

The Scottish people were very ready to love their new Queen, and Magdalene was so beautiful and gentle that in a wonderfully short time she had won the love of all around her. Indeed, from the moment she set foot upon the shore the people adored her, and every historian of the time sings her praises.

“When the nobility and common people beheld our Queen,” says one, “at the first sight much pleasure they had of her countenance.” And when the King saw how his people loved the Queen he was so pleased that if possible he loved her more than before.

In the excitement of her home-coming, in the joy of being so loved, Magdalene seemed to forget her illness and become strong and well. But it was not for long. Great preparations were being made for her coronation when she began once more to droop and fade.

At once everyone became anxious. Letters were written to Francis asking him to send another doctor. The Scottish doctors meanwhile ordered the Queen to leave Edinburgh, which was cold and bleak, and go to an Abbey on the Tay where the air was better. So Magdalene went to the little Fifeshire town of Balmerino and stayed in the beautiful abbey there, the ruins of which may still be seen.

At Balmerino Magdalene soon grew better. But before long she became weary of being alone, for the King was not with her, and she returned to Edinburgh. Here her new-found good health vanished as quickly as it had come,

182 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

and on the 10th of July, just forty days after she had landed in Scotland, she died. Then throughout the land there was mourning and sorrow, for it was said there was never a Queen who in so short a time made such conquest of the hearts of her subjects.

In all the large towns the people had been preparing to receive her with splendour and rejoicing when she should make her royal progress after the coronation. Now, "their great joy and merriness and triumph hastily was all turned in mourning, and doulour, and grief for the Queen. And all the great blitheness and joy of her coming, farces and plays that should have been made to her, were all turned in soul masses and dirges. And there was such mourning through the country and lamentation, that it was great pity for to hear it. And as for the King himself, the heavy moan that he made for her was greater than all the rest."

The greatest writers of the day made poems about her death, bewailing the shortness of her life. And it is said so eager were the men and women throughout the land to show their grief in some way, that it was at this time that the fashion of wearing mourning began in Scotland.

ELEGY

The following are the last two verses of a poem called
“The Deporation of the Death of Queen Magdalene,”
written by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount :

OH Death, though thou the body may devour
Of every man, yet hast thou no puissance
Of their virtue, for to consume the gloire,
As shall be seen in Magdalene of France,
Sometime our Queen, whom poets shall advance,
And put her in perpetual memory.
So shall her fame o’er thee have victory.

Though thou hast slain the heavenly flower of France,
Which grafted was into the Thistle keen,
Wherein all Scotland saw their whole pleasance,
And made the Lion rejoicèd from the heart.
Though root be pullèd from the leaves all green
The smell of it shall in despite of thee
Keep aye two realms in peace and unity.

EDWARD IV deposed Henry VI, whose story as a boy King you have read. Twenty-two years later Edward IV's son came to the throne as Edward V.

THE STORY OF EDWARD V THE CAPTIVE KING

I

How the
Prince was
born in poverty
and misery.

THE land was ablaze with civil war. King Edward IV had ridden to Yorkshire to put down a revolt. There the rebels fled before him, but scarce had he drawn breath when he heard that in the south the standard of rebellion was raised once more.

Warwick the King-maker, who but six months before had fled to France, had now returned with ships, and men, and money, given to him by the French King.

Through Devonshire he passed onward to London, proclaiming Henry VI King once more. This poor old, broken-down King had been a prisoner in the Tower these nine years past. It was Warwick himself who had helped to thrust him there, Warwick himself who had set King Edward in his place. But it was not for nothing that he had won the name of King-maker. He made and unmade them at will.

And although he had helped to win the crown for Edward IV, now, when it pleased him, he declared him to be a most unjust usurper of Henry's crown, and once more deposed him. He called upon every man between sixteen and sixty to take up arms and fight for his lawful King. And wherever he passed, cries of "King Henry! King Henry! A Warwick! A Warwick!" resounded in his ears. In every town and village bonfires were lit and bells were rung, and the King-maker's army grew daily greater and greater.

Meanwhile Edward idled in Yorkshire. He believed himself strong enough to crush Warwick. This lord and that had promised him troops. But although the lords raised the troops in Edward's name, the men went over in a body to the King-maker. And when Edward called his knights and nobles together but few came, and of those who did some came in fear, others right unwillingly.

Now when Edward heard how in all the towns they sang songs of King Henry and cried "A Warwick! A Warwick!" his heart failed him. And when messengers came who told him that the whole people had risen, and that everywhere by open proclamation they were commanded to make war against him as

an enemy both of King Henry and the realm, he fell into utter despair. But still he did nothing. At length one night as he slept a hot and breathless messenger came to warn him to be gone, for Warwick's army was upon his very heels.

Then hastily casting on his clothes, and mounting a horse, Edward rode forth in the darkness, with but a few followers behind him.

He crossed the Wash, "in greater jeopardy than it beseemed a Prince to be in," and at length arrived in the town of Lynn. By good fortune, here he found one English ship and two Dutch ships, and in these he set sail.

Edward and his few friends left their land beggars. They had neither bag nor baggage, neither armour nor arms, nothing but the clothes they wore. They went "perchance with a great purse," says an old chronicler, "but little treasure." And Edward was in such terror and agony to be gone that he would not stay even an hour to procure food or warm clothing for the journey. So in hunger and cold they set forth. But although Edward fled from England his dangers were not over, for he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by pirates in the North Sea. His ship, however, was a fast sailer, and so he fled before

them, and reached Holland in safety. But he had nothing wherewith to pay the captain of the vessel for having brought him over the sea save his fur-lined coat. That he gave him, and went ashore in his shirt-sleeves, a truly beggared King.

While these things had been happening to King Edward the Queen had been living in the Tower of London. Daily as news was brought to her of disaster after disaster her anxiety increased. She trembled for the King, she trembled for herself and her young daughters. She looked upon the faces of those who surrounded her. Some smiled falsely, others frowned. She knew not whom to trust, and in this time of misery she felt most desolate and forsaken.

At length the news of Edward's flight was noised abroad. Beneath her windows Queen Elizabeth could hear the shouts of "King Henry! King Henry!" and she well knew that the King the rabble shouted for was a miserable prisoner in that same fortress where she lived in state. Should the rabble break in, what might not happen? The walls were strong and well able to withstand a siege. With wise forethought the Queen had laid in great stores of food and ammunition, so that she might be

able to hold the fortress against the King's enemies. But now she knew full surely that the King's enemies were within the fortress as well as without. Against treachery she was powerless. There was no man whom she might trust. If her enemy the Duke of Warwick came she would be delivered to him a prisoner. That the Queen knew right well.

She could not bear that thought. So "almost desperate of all comfort" she stole away from her stately home and took sanctuary in the Church of Westminster, "where like a woman forsaken she solitarily remained."

A few days after the Queen fled Warwick arrived in London. As the Queen had feared, the governor of the Tower yielded to him at once. King Henry was brought from prison, installed in the King's apartments, and waited on with all his former state. Then, dressed in a long blue velvet cloak, the crown upon his head, and riding upon a splendid horse, he was led through the streets of London, while round him the people shouted, "Long live King Henry! God save King Henry!"

In the safety and the loneliness of her little room at Westminster Queen Elizabeth heard of all these doings, and her heart was heavy.

190 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

But when her sorrow was deepest a great joy came to her. For within the narrow walls of the Sanctuary one dark November day her little son was born.

A few months before how the nation would have rejoiced at the birth of an heir to the throne. Now, alas ! with his father a fugitive, his mother in hiding, with scarce clothing enough to wrap him from the cold, he was born "heir apparent only to his father's misery." But even so, the Queen's mother heart was glad. She loved her baby boy, and she called him Edward after his father. And in the Sanctuary he was baptized with no pomp or ceremony such as befits a Prince, but like the child of a poor man.

In trouble and in want the Queen of England lived in the Sanctuary the winter through. She and her children were forsaken by all save one faithful lady who shared their prison (for it was little else). They were, it seemed, almost forgotten by the world, and only saved from starving by one faithful butcher, who brought meat to them every week.

The days were long and gloomy in the fortress-like abode of the Sanctuary, but at length the winter dragged to an end. The sun grew warmer. The birds began to sing,

the leaves to grow green again upon the trees. And then one day news came that Edward had landed in England once more, and that with an army he was marching upon London.

Then Elizabeth's heart grew light again. She kissed her baby boy, and whispered in his ear that the father he had never seen was coming. And six-months-old Edward laughed and crowed and understood nothing at all about it.

As King Edward drew near to London he sent loving messages to his brave Queen, whereat she was much comforted.

But the Duke of Warwick's men were greatly troubled. So once more they set King Henry upon his horse and made him ride through the city. The people, however, had learned that this poor old King had no real power, but was utterly in the hands of the Duke. So they were no longer so eager as before to cry, "God save King Henry!"

Therefore, because of the love that some had for King Edward, and the fear that others had, the citizens opened their gates to him. And on the 11th April, 1471, King Edward rode once more into his capital. The Tower was quietly surrendered to him, King Henry once more became a prisoner, and Edward rode to

Westminster to give God thanks for his safe return.

Then his "devout prayers" being over, he returned to the Sanctuary to greet his Queen and comfort her for her long abiding in that gloomy spot.

With her boy in her arms the Queen met her husband. And when the King put his arms about her, and looked into the blue eyes of his baby boy, his heart was filled with "singular comfort and gladness."

It was a joyful meeting, though tears and smiles were mingled. Then as soon as might be Queen Elizabeth and her children left the Sanctuary and, accompanied by the King, went to a palace in London which belonged to his mother, the Duchess of York.

Here for one night the King stayed with his wife and children. But the kingdom was not yet won, and so saying farewell once more he set out to fight.

When he went, the Queen, for greater safety, returned once more to the Tower from which six months before she had fled to the Sanctuary. King Edward, as you know from history, won the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury. The King-maker was slain, and the cause of Henry VI utterly lost. But meanwhile the Queen was

once more in danger. For a rebel host attacked the Tower. So the citizens of London sent urgent messengers to the King praying him to come with all speed to the defence of the Queen, then in the Tower, with "my Lord Prince and my ladies his daughters, who were likely to stand in the greatest jeopardy that ever they stood."

This news made the King very anxious, and he made what speed he could southwards. But soon on all sides the rebels were driven back, and Edward gained such complete victory over his enemies that the rest of his reign passed almost in peace.

As soon as Edward was once more safely on his throne he richly rewarded all who had been kind to the Queen during his time of exile. Among those the kindly butcher was not forgotten. And, on the other hand, the Queen herself was praised by the Speaker of the House of Commons for her "womanly behaviour and great constancy."

II

Little Edward was now created Prince of Wales. A month later the lords in Parliament acknowledged him as heir to the throne, and took the oath of allegiance to him as the

How the
Prince passed
his childhood
in happiness
and splendour.

“very and undoubted heir of our sovereign lord.” They were the more easily persuaded to do this because Henry VI had died in the Tower (of a broken heart said some, by the treachery of Gloucester said others). His son Edward had also been slain after the battle of Tewkesbury. So it seemed as if there was no one left likely to dispute little Edward’s right to the throne.

And now for twelve years the life which had begun so gloomily flowed on peacefully and happily. The young Prince was surrounded with great state. He had his own household and chamberlain, he was loaded with honours and lordships, his schoolmaster was a bishop, his governor an earl.

Even as a mere infant, dressed in robes of state, the Prince was carried about in the arms of his chamberlain from one State function to another. When he was four years old he was knighted, and when in the same year King Edward went to France to fight he left his little son as Regent. But of course a child of four could understand nothing of affairs of State, and this new honour mattered as little to him as all the others.

Two years later there was great stir and excitement in the royal nurseries. For a

wedding was afoot. But the two who understood least what all the fuss meant were the bride and bridegroom. These were Edward's five-year-old brother Richard, Duke of York, and the still younger Lady Anne Mowbray.

Edward was present at his little brother's wedding. It was a very splendid affair, followed by an equally splendid feast which no doubt all the children enjoyed. They could not know that this strange wedding had been planned by the grown-ups simply that the King might keep control of all the broad lands and great wealth belonging to little Anne.

But although Edward was present at many Court functions, he spent much of his time, too, quietly in the country. And he was by no means idle. For Edward, who loved all his children dearly, loved his eldest son perhaps best. He calls him "our dearest son, the Prince, whom it hath pleased God to give unto us." Every child, he says, should be brought up in wisdom and right, but a Prince more than any other. So he drew up a set of rules for his little son's guidance, that following them, he said, "our most desired treasure, our first begotten son, shall be brought up to serve Almighty God, christianly."

From these rules we learn that little Edward

rose fairly early and heard Mass in chapel before breakfast. After breakfast he did lessons. In them he was to be given "such virtuous learning as his age shall suffer to receive."

Then at ten o'clock came dinner. And while he ate, stories were read to him, "such noble stories as behoveth to a Prince to understand and know." The talk in his presence was to be of "virtue, honour, wisdom, and of deeds of worship, and of nothing that should move or stir him to vice."

After dinner he again did lessons, and when these were over until evensong was play-time. This was spent in games, riding, and other amusements with his playfellows. These playfellows were about his own age, the sons of lords and gentlemen, who were also to be "virtuously brought up, trained in grammar and music, and in other exercises, and in no wise to be suffered to be in idleness or in in-virtuous occupation."

After evensong came supper about four o'clock, and after that the time was given up to "honest disports," fun and games. Then, about eight o'clock, bed.

Perhaps bed-time seemed at times to come all too soon to the little Prince, for his servants,

we find, are told to try to make him “ merry and joyous towards his bed.”

After a time the little Prince was sent to live at Ludlow Castle, on the borders of Wales, with his wise uncle Earl Rivers. For, as it was said, “ Wales being far off from the law had begun to be far out of good rule and waxen wild, with robbers and reivers, walking at liberty uncorrected.” So to restrain these evil-doers somewhat the Prince of Wales had been sent to live there. And it was here that Prince Edward was when, in 1483, his father died.

Queen Elizabeth had always tried to surround her children with her own relations, for she knew that King Edward’s brothers and many of the great lords disliked her, and she feared them. Now that King Edward was dead she feared them more than ever. So she sent a message to her brother, Lord Rivers, bidding him gather a large force, and thus strongly guarded bring the young King to London to be crowned. But when one of the lords heard of this he was angry. Against whom, he asked, did Elizabeth think young Edward needed protection ? Where were his enemies ? Only in the Queen’s imagination. And he threatened if the King came to London •

198 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

with an army that he himself would go away to Calais, and come no more to the Council.

It was absurd, said others, to make the King pass through his own country as if through that of an enemy. It would only alarm any discontented lords, and give them an excuse for raising a great army on their side, and then the whole country would be filled with uproar and confusion, to the great danger of the King.

So the Queen let herself be persuaded, and she wrote to Lord Rivers telling him to bring the King to London with only a few followers. Still, although she knew of no certain evil intended against her son, she was yet full of fear.

III

How the young King came into the power of his wicked uncle. Richard Duke of Gloucester, the young King's uncle, was at York at this time. As soon as he heard of his brother's death evil thoughts filled his mind, and he made up his mind to get possession of his nephew the little King.

Meanwhile he wrote letters full of love and sympathy to the Queen. He wrote also to Lord Rivers assuring him of his good intentions towards the King. And Lord Rivers, thinking that all was safe, set off towards London with

Edward. The Duke of Gloucester also set out for London, and at Northampton the two parties met. The Duke of Gloucester and his men arrived there first, and took possession of all the rooms to be had. The town was not large enough to hold another great company, so Gloucester suggested that the King should ride on to Stony Stratford and stay the night there. They, he said, would stay the night at Northampton, and meet the King early next morning at Stony Stratford. He also asked Lord Rivers to stay behind with him. This Lord Rivers did, for he was very anxious to make friends with Gloucester.

Gloucester was greatly delighted. He made a great feast for Lord Rivers, and with much show of friendship they spent the evening together. But as soon as Lord Rivers had gone to bed Gloucester and his friends locked him into his room and took possession of all the keys of the inn, so that no man might leave it without their knowledge. They then sent soldiers to line all the way to Stony Stratford, giving them orders to allow no man whatsoever to enter that town until the Duke himself should come.

When next morning Lord Rivers rose and found all the gates closed and locked, and both

himself and his servants forbidden to leave the house, his heart misgave him. What might this mean? he asked himself. Were the friendship and the kindliness of the night before but so much lying? He knew of no evil that he had done against the King or against the Duke. So he made up his mind to go boldly to the Duke and ask an explanation.

But as soon as the Duke and his friends saw Lord Rivers they began to pick a quarrel with him. "Ah, we know of your evil intentions," they said. "You mean to set the King against us, and bring us all to confusion. But you shall not have the chance."

Lord Rivers, however, was not to be frightened by blustering words. He was a clever man and a good speaker, and now he began calmly to defend himself. But the Duke would not listen, and without more ado Lord Rivers was seized and cast into prison.

Then mounting in hot haste the Duke and his men dashed as fast as horses could carry them along the road to Stony Stratford.

Here they found the King and his company ready to start. As soon as they saw the King, the Duke and his followers leaped from their horses and knelt before him, with every show of homage and reverence. And the King,

neither knowing nor suspecting any treachery as yet, greeted them with joy.

Now Gloucester joined his company to that of the King, and together they rode forward. But the conspirators had now grown more bold, and in a very short time, before the King's face, they managed to pick a quarrel with Lord Grey, who was the King's stepbrother. The quarrel soon grew hot. Pale and anxious the little King looked from one to another as with flushed faces and clenched hands they bandied angry words and flung insults at each other.

"You know well," cried the Duke, "that you and your brother the Marquess of Dorset, and Lord Rivers, have all schemed together to rule not only the King, but the realm. You have tried to set the lords at variance one with the other. And so that you might the better compass your evil designs, the Marquess has even dared to enter the Tower of London and take from thence the King's royal treasure, and send several ships to sea with it."

This he said although he well knew that what had been done had been done with right good reason and for the welfare of the nation.

The King was but a boy, and he knew nothing of affairs of State. But he loved his stepbrothers and his uncle Lord Rivers, and

he feared his uncle Richard. Now he tried to calm the strife.

“I cannot tell,” he said, “what my brother the Marquess has done. But in good sooth I dare well answer for my brother here and for my uncle Rivers that they are both innocent of any such matter. For they have been ever with me.”

“Yea, my liege,” answered Gloucester, “they have kept their dealings in these matters far from the knowledge of your good grace.”

And without more ado he turned to his soldiers and bade them seize not only Lord Grey, but all the other nobles who were with the King and who were true to him. Then instead of going forward he bade the whole company face about and ride back to Northampton.

When the King thus saw his friends made prisoners, and he himself helpless in the hands of his hated uncle, he wept bitter tears. But his tears availed him nothing, for his uncle Richard’s heart was hard set against him.

From Northampton all the King’s friends were sent to various prisons in the north. All his old servants were taken from him and replaced by others who loved the Duke rather than the King. Then once more the company

set forth on the way to London. There, on the 4th of May, the very day fixed for his coronation, Edward arrived. As the King drew near to London the Lord Mayor and all the aldermen came out to meet him in their scarlet gowns accompanied by at least five hundred citizens all clad in purple. And with great reverence and honour they led him into the city.

In this solemn procession the Duke rode bareheaded before the King, and every now and again in a loud voice he cried out to the people, "Behold your Prince and Sovereign." He paid the King such respect, and appeared so loyal and humble, that the people who had heard of his violent deeds, and had begun to suspect him of evil intentions towards the King, now forgot their suspicions.

But in spite of the fact that all respect and deference were shown to him, it was more as a prisoner than as a reigning sovereign that Edward entered his capital and was led to the Bishop of London's palace. Here the Duke of Gloucester did homage to the King, bidding all the other nobles follow his example. Thus he put the suspicions of the nobles at rest, even as he had those of the common folk.

IV

How the young King's brother also came into the power of his wicked uncle. Edward had doubtless hoped to be greeted on his arrival in London by his mother and his brother and sisters. But if so he was sadly disappointed. The palace was empty of the Queen, her children, and her friends, and Edward found himself still alone among his enemies.

For when the Queen heard what had happened to her child she fled, as she had fled once before, for safety to the Sanctuary at Westminster. At first when she heard the news she had been filled only with wild grief. "She fell into a bitter passion of grief, and bewailed the destruction of her child and other friends. She cursed the hour in which she had lightly hearkened to the persuasions of her false friends, and by ordering her son's guards to be dismissed had exposed him and her kindred to the malice and base designs of her enemies."

But after grief came fear. So with all haste possible she gathered her household together and fled through the darkness of the night to the Sanctuary.

To the Archbishop of York, who was Chan-

cellor of England as well, the news was also brought. For one of the lords who had been taken prisoner had managed to send him a messenger. This messenger told how his master had been taken prisoner, and how the King was in the power of Gloucester. "But my master bids me say," he added, "that ye shall fear nothing, for all will yet be well."

"Alas!" replied the Archbishop, "sayest thou that all shall be well? I cannot see what good can be expected from such demeanour. Pray tell thy master that be it as well as it will be, it will never be so well as we have seen it." And so he sent the messenger back again to his master.

It was in the middle of the night that this messenger had come with his heavy news. But the Archbishop was so distressed that he could sleep no longer. So he rose, and dressing with all speed went to find the Queen, taking with him the Great Seal of England.

And when he came to the palace he found all in haste and disorder. With much shouting and noise men were running hither and thither, carrying chests and bundles, some going this way, some that, all in a hurry to carry the Queen's goods to the Sanctuary.

The Queen herself sat alone on the rushes,

her beautiful fair hair streaming in disorder about her. She was a picture of desolation and misery, her face drawn and white, her eyes red from weeping for her own and her children's miseries and misfortunes.

When the Archbishop saw her sitting there alone amidst the noise and confusion his heart was filled with pity. He tried as best he could to comfort her. But Queen Elizabeth refused to be comforted. She feared the very worst for her son the King.

"I at least am true to you," said the Archbishop. "If the lords shall deal ill with the Prince, and crown any other person King beside your son, I will on the morrow crown his brother the Duke of York whom you have safe in the Sanctuary with you. And, madam, so that you may be certain of my truth, lo here I leave with you the Great Seal of England, the badge of Regal power, without which nothing of moment in State affairs can be done. His father your husband gave it me, and I here return it to you, to keep it for his children and secure their right. And if I could give you any greater testimony of my loyalty I would do it."

And so leaving the Great Seal with the Queen the Archbishop departed in the dawning

of the day and reached his own house. But there, as he looked forth from his window, he was dismayed to see the whole river covered with the Duke of Gloucester's boats, full of men, watching the Sanctuary, so that no man might go in or out unnoticed.

And when he saw this the Archbishop's heart began to sink within him at the thought of what he had done. For he had given up the Great Seal to the Queen, to whom it did not belong, without the King's orders. As the day went on he became more and more troubled, and at length he sent secretly to the Queen begging her to return the Seal. This she did, and the Archbishop once more was at rest.

Now Parliament was called together, and as the King was yet too young to rule, Gloucester was chosen as Protector. For, it was said, he was the next Prince of the blood, the person most fit for the trust, one that was most loyal and loving to the King and likely to prove most faithful. "So that," says an old writer, "were it destiny or were it folly, the lamb was betaken to the wolf to keep."

At this same Council the Archbishop, who had, it was now known, given up the Seal of the Queen, was greatly reproved for so doing,

and his office of Chancellor was taken from him and given to another. Other lords known to be on the King's side were also dismissed. Thus one by one all the King's friends were put far from him. And now it was said "the Protector so sore thirsted for the finishing of what he had begun, that he thought every day a year till it were done. Yet durst he nothing further attempt as long as he had but half his prey in his hand." But he soon thought of a way in which to win the other half.

King Edward, who was now under the sole care of his uncle Richard, was very sorrowful because of all the violent deeds that were done against those who were dear to him. Night and day he grieved to think of his mother and sister and young brother, living in fear and discomfort in the Sanctuary. And although he was powerless against his scheming uncle he showed himself neither smiling nor submissive. All day long too he missed his brother, and longed for the sight of him.

Gloucester now determined to use this longing to gain possession of the Duke of York. And he determined also that Parliament should help him. So he called the Council together and made a long speech.

"It is nothing but womanish fear that drove



CARDINAL BOURCHIER URGES THE MOTHER OF EDWARD V.
TO LET HER SON OUT OF THE SANCTUARY.

(JOHN Z. BELL.)

the Queen into Sanctuary," he said, " nothing but malice against me that keeps her there. For she has nothing whatever to fear, and her action makes us ridiculous in the eyes of the nation. Besides this, the King grieves for the loss of his brother, and leads a melancholy and discontented life, which doubtless if not put an end to will endanger his health.

" Therefore since even Kings themselves must have some company, and as they are as a rule too great for subjects, it seems necessary that his brother should be sent for to him. Thus we may hope that the King will be pleased and satisfied. But, besides, the coronation of the King is now the main thing in hand. How are we to go on with it with any heart or earnestness while the Queen and Duke of York are in Sanctuary? What sort of men should we be thought, who at the same time we crown one brother, so terrify the other, that he is forced to abide at the altar of the same church for safety? Who could perform the great ceremony while the Duke of York, whose place is next the King, is absent from it?

" It is therefore my opinion that the Archbishop of Canterbury be sent to entreat with the Queen. Yet if she prove obstinate and

wilful, and will yield to no advice and counsel, then it is my opinion that we fetch the Duke out of that prison by force and bring him into the King's company and presence. In which we will take such care of him, and give him such honourable treatment, that all the world shall perceive, to our honour and her reproach, that it was nothing but her frowardness and groundless suspicion that first carried and then kept her there."

And when Gloucester had finished speaking all agreed that what he proposed was a good thing and reasonable in itself. And after some more talk the Archbishop set out to visit the Queen. But when she heard why he had come she was filled with dread.

"I cannot deny, my lord," she said, "that it would be most fitting for my son the Duke to be in company with his brother the King, as well for society as for love's sake. But since they are both so young it is more suitable for them both to be with their mother. It is better for the King to be with me here, than that I should send the Duke to him. Besides which my son has been ill. He is not well enough to go far from me. And above all," she added, in an outburst of fear, "I cannot endure to hear of parting with him."

Long the Archbishop talked with the Queen, using every argument he could think of. And to every argument the Queen had an answer. She would not let her son go from her.

“The King requires a playfellow,” said the Archbishop. “He grows sad without a playmate.”

“And can there none be found to play with the King but his brother?” replied the Queen. “Must his brother, who has no desire to play because of his illness, be brought out of safeguard to play with him? Princes as young as they be do not ask to play with Princes. And children do not need ever their kindred to play with. For they agree with them often much worse than with strangers.”

At length, seeing he could in no wise move the Queen, the Archbishop threatened to depart and trouble himself no more about the matter. “But,” he added, “trust the Duke to me and I pledge myself, both body and soul, to care for his safety.”

When the Queen heard these words she stood awhile in deep thought. It seemed to her that, however hard she fought against it, she would in the end be forced to give up her boy. If go from her he must, it was better then to trust him to this kindly clergyman than to his

scheming uncle. And so taking her little boy by the hand she led him to the Archbishop.

"My lord," she said, "here is my son. I deliver him into your hands. Faithful you be, that wot I well, and I know well you be wise. And oh ! I beseech you, for the trust that his father ever put in you, and for the trust I now put in you, guard my child."

Then kneeling on the ground she put her arms about the little Duke and held him to her. "Farewell, mine own sweet son," she said. "God send you good keeping. Let me kiss you first once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again."

And with that she kissed him and blessed him, and then putting him from her she turned away weeping.

But Richard clung to her weeping as bitterly. Then the Archbishop, paying little heed to his tears, took him firmly in his arms and carried him away.

And when the Duke of Gloucester saw his little nephew an evil smile came over his dark face. "Now welcome, my lord," he cried, "even with all my heart," as he took him in his arms and kissed him.

V

How the wicked uncle stole the young King's crown. The Duke of York was now at once taken to the King in the Bishop's palace. Edward was right glad to see his brother, for he had been very lonely. But before the first delight at meeting was past the boys were told to make ready for a ride through the city. And thus in great state, greeted on all sides by the cheering people, they were led to the Tower. As the great gates clanged behind them did they know that they were in prison ?

Now that the Duke of Gloucester had both his nephews in his power he began to act more openly. The nobles who had been taken prisoner at Northampton were all beheaded. Lord Hastings, another lord who was true to the King, was beheaded in London without trial and with but short shrift. Others were sent to posts far away, so that by degrees all the little King's friends were got rid of, and all men's minds began to be filled with fear and dread.

Meanwhile, night and day preparations were being made for the coronation which Gloucester intended should never take place.

214 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

In the Council Chamber he talked earnestly about processions and pageants, and immediately went away to secret councils of his own, where with his friends he plotted how he himself might be set upon the throne.

Now when he saw everyone dismayed at the deeds of violence which were done, and not knowing what to think or whom to trust, he decided that the time was come to act openly. So he made a clergyman named Shaw preach a sermon in which he said that the two little Princes were not the true sons of Edward, that they had no right to the throne, and that the real heir was Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

It was arranged that just at this minute Gloucester should arrive, as if by accident, and it was believed that then the people would cry out, "King Richard! King Richard!"

But far from crying out "King Richard," the people stood as if turned to stone. They gazed at each other, full of silent wonder at this wicked sermon. And so ashamed of it was the preacher himself that as soon as it was over he went home as quickly as he could, "and never after durst look out for shame, but kept himself out of sight like an owl." And little more than a year later he died.

But unabashed at the ill-success of his first

venture Gloucester tried again. One of his friends, the Duke of Buckingham, a few days later made a long speech, saying much the same as the clergyman had said upon the Sunday. But when the Duke stopped speaking and expected the people to cry, "King Richard," not a sound was heard.

At this the Duke was greatly taken aback, and calling the Mayor to him he whispered, "What meaneth this that the people be so silent?"

"Perhaps they have not understood you," replied the Mayor.

"Well, we will mend that," answered Buckingham. And thereupon he began his speech all over again. He spoke so well that every man wondered, and thought he had never heard so evil a tale so well told. Still they stood stock-still, and as silent as midnight.

Then the Duke made the City Recorder, "a sad man and an honest," stand up and repeat what he had said. And the Recorder, though very unwilling, did so. Still the people remained silent, and stood gazing like men altogether amazed.

"This is a marvellous obstinate silence," said the Duke angrily, and again he turned to the people and spoke.

This time as he finished the people began to whisper among themselves, till it seemed as if a swarm of bees buzzed about the hall. But aloud they said nothing. Then a few of the Duke's servants, who were scattered about the hall, threw up their caps and shouted, "King Richard."

At that the Duke, pretending that all the people had shouted, thanked them right heartily. "We well perceive," he said, "that it is all your minds to have this nobleman for your King."

So, well pleased, he departed. Then next morning the Duke and the Mayor, and a great company of nobles, went to Gloucester and begged him to take the crown. At first Gloucester pretended to be unwilling, but very soon he gave way and consented. Two days after, in great state, he went to Westminster, and seated himself upon the throne. From that day, 26th June, 1483, the short reign of Edward V was over, and the reign of Richard III had begun.

The great preparations which had been begun for Edward's coronation were now finished for Richard's. With unheard-of splendour Richard and his Queen were crowned at Westminster. And the sounds of the shouting and

the cheers were borne to the Sanctuary near by, where the widowed and forlorn Queen Elizabeth wept for her lost sons.

VI

When little King Edward heard of all that his uncle had done he sighed. "Alas," he said, "I hope my uncle will yet leave me my life, although he hath taken my kingdom and my crown." And as he spoke he seemed so full of fear that all who heard him were touched with pity, and they tried as best they could to comfort him.

But in King Richard's heart there was no pity. Up till now the little Princes had been kept in some state and freedom. Now, however, that was changed. Henceforth they were allowed no more freedom, but were treated as prisoners. All their servants were taken from them except one rough man called Black Will. And he was not so much their servant as their jailer.

After this poor King Edward lost all hope. He took no interest in anything, and did not care even to dress himself properly, and both he and his brother sank into sadness and gloom. The only joy they had was that they

were not separated. They passed the long, dreary days together, and slept at night in the same bed.

But now although Richard had gained his highest ambition, and was crowned and anointed King of England, he could not be happy. So long as his nephews lived he could not feel safe upon the throne. For at any time the people might rebel against his rule and crown Edward in his stead. So he resolved that these pretty, innocent children, who had never done him or anyone else harm, must die.

Having made up his mind, he sent a servant to the Governor of the Tower, telling him to put the two young Princes to death.

When the messenger came he was told the Governor was at his prayers and must not be disturbed.

“But I have weighty business from the King which cannot wait,” replied the messenger.

So the Governor was told that a speedy messenger from the King had come, and rising from his knees he read the letter which he had brought. It filled him with horror.

“I will rather die myself,” he cried, “than put these innocent babes to death.”

And with this answer the messenger rode

back to the King. And he, when he heard it, was right angry. "Whom shall I trust?" he cried. "Even those whom I have brought up myself, those that I had weened would most surely serve me, fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing."

But Richard was not long before he found a man wicked enough to do his will. This man, therefore, he sent to the Governor with a letter commanding him to give up all the keys of the Tower for one night. This the Governor, with a heavy heart, did.

At midnight then two men softly stole up the staircase to the room where the Princes slept. One was a murderer already and cared little what he did, the other, "a big, broad, square knave."

Stealthily they opened the door and crossed the room to the bed. Then hastily seizing the clothes and the pillows they pressed them about the children's faces so that they could not breathe.

In a few minutes all was over, and the pretty boys lay dead, smothered in their sleep.

Then these two scoundrels brought the wicked man who had sent them to do the deed and bade him look and see that they had done their part and that the Princes were really

dead. And when this was done they took up the two children and cast them into a hastily dug grave at the bottom of the stairs.

There, nearly two hundred years later, their bones were found. And by command of Charles II, who then reigned, they were taken up and buried in Westminster Abbey with fitting pomp. Those of you who visit London may see both the grave in Westminster and the place at the bottom of the White Tower marked with a brass plate where the bones were found.

Edward V was never crowned, and never really reigned. Yet he takes his place among the roll of our Kings. His reign, if we may call it so, lasted only two months and sixteen days, and he was not yet thirteen years old when he was thus cruelly murdered.

And perhaps, in case you feel too sad about these poor little Princes, I might end this story by telling you that of late some people have tried to prove that King Richard was not a cruel uncle at all, but a wise and brave young King. They say that the throne of England was his by right, and that he did not murder his nephews, but kept them honourably in his own household. Lastly, they say that if the Princes were murdered at all, it was not by

Richard, but by Henry VII, who took the crown from him at the battle of Bosworth Field. But most people find all this hard to believe.

“The Ballad of the Two Children in the Wood, which is one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.”—ADDISON.

BALLAD OF THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

There is little doubt that this ballad was first made in the times of Richard III, probably about 1484. It is the tale of the murder of the Princes told in disguise. For while Richard lived people feared to tell the story openly. They also feared to write it down. So it was made into a song and sung by singers who wandered about the country from place to place. In those days news was often carried in this way, and thus too the memory of deeds both good and bad was kept alive in times when there were few books and no newspapers. So far as we know this ballad was not printed till 1595. The tale of “The Babes in the Wood” was founded on it. And it is almost certain that Shakespeare knew it when he wrote his play of Richard III.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
 These words which I shall write ;
 A doleful story you shall hear
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolk dwelt of late,
 Who did in honour far surmount
 Most men of his estate.

222 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between those two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

“ Now, brother,” said the dying man,
“ Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here ;
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day ;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

“ You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.”
 With that bespoke their mother dear,
 “ Oh, brother kind,” quoth she,
 “ You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.

“ And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 But if you otherwise shall deal,
 God will your deeds regard.”
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 They kissed their children small ;
 “ God bless you both, my children dear ” ;
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sick couple there :
 “ The keeping of your little ones,
 Sweet sister, do not fear.
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor ought else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear
 When you are laid in grave.”

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them straight unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take these children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife an artful tale :
 He would the children send,
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
 Made Murder's heart relent,
 And they that undertook the deed,
 Full sore did now repent.
 Yet one of them more hard of heart
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch that hired him,
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife,
 With one another they did fight
 About the children's life.
 And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood ;
 The babes did quake for fear !

He took the children by the hand,
 Tears standing in their eye,
 And bade them straightway follow him,
 And look they did not cry.
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain ;
 " Stay here," quoth he, " I'll bring you bread,
 When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and down,
 But nevermore could see the man
 Approaching from the town.
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmeared and dyed,
 And when they saw the darksome night
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till death did end their grief,
 In one another's arms they died,
 For want of due relief.
 No burial these pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast piously
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell.
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell.
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sons did die,
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 To want and misery.
 He pawned and mortgaged all his lands
 Ere seven years came about,
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill
 Was for a robbery judged to die,
 Such was God's blessed will :
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been displayed,
 Their uncle having died in gaol,
 Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such like misery
 Your wicked minds requite.

EDWARD VI was the son of Henry VIII. He came to the throne sixty-four years after Edward V.

THE STORY OF EDWARD VI THE BOY KING

I

How the little Prince had a great love of learning. THERE was great rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the land when it was known that on the 12th October, 1537, a Prince and heir to the throne had been born. The father of this little Prince was the blustering King Henry VIII, his mother Jane Seymour, Henry's third Queen.

Henry had two other children still living—Mary, the daughter of Katherine of Aragon, and Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn. But it had been declared that neither of them might inherit the throne, so the people were very glad when little Edward was born. A Te Deum was sung in St. Paul's and in all the churches of the City. Bonfires were lit, and round them at night people danced and sang, while the bells clashed and clanged joyfully. "And then was there goodly banqueting and triumphing, with shooting of guns all day and night in the goodliest manner that might be devised."

Far and wide throughout the country, too, messengers were sent to bear the joyful news to every city in the realm. And to these messengers were given "great and large gifts for these most joyful and comfortable tidings."

Three days later with gorgeous ceremony the little Prince was baptized. From his stately room in Hampton Court to the chapel the way was hung with cloth of gold and richest silks and velvets, and lined with torchbearers.

All the people of the Court, all the great of the land, were eager to take part in the ceremony. Noble lords held a glittering canopy above the head of the Prince as he was borne between the lines of flaring torches. Others held the train of his robe or carried the towels and basins needed in the ceremony. His step-sister Mary, already a gracious lady of twenty-one, was his godmother, Archbishop Cranmer was his godfather, and little red-haired Elizabeth, although only four, also took part in the ceremony.

And when it was all over the Prince was borne back again to his mother with trumpets blowing and minstrels playing, "which was a melodious thing to hear."

The King and Queen were happy, the nation

was content. But soon both King and people had cause for mourning, for scarcely ten days after the grand christening the Queen died, and Prince Edward, a baby only twelve days old, was left motherless.

He had, however, a kind nurse to whom he gave the name of Mother Jak. And besides Mother Jak he had many servants round him, a chamberlain, a steward, a lady mistress, and four rockers being among the number.

All these servants were charged strictly to watch and guard the Prince night and day, lest any harm should befall him, for, as the King said, he was "the whole realm's most precious jewel."

After a time too Edward found a kind, wise stepmother in Catherine Parr, who had married his fiery-tempered father.

Queen Catherine was very good to her stepchildren. She took a great interest in their education, and it is thought that Edward admired her writing so much that he tried to make his own like it.

While Edward was very young he lived chiefly in the country, now in one palace, now in another. He saw little of his father, and was brought up, as he himself tells us, "till he came to six years old, among the women."

After that learned men became his school-masters, and they "sought to bring him up in learning of tongues, of the scriptures, of philosophie, and all liberal sciences."

Edward was very fond of books and learning, and he and his sister Elizabeth did lessons together. She too was fond of learning, and many were the happy mornings that the Prince spent over his books with his "sweet sister Temperance," as he called her.

But besides his sister Edward had other school companions. For, so that he might not be alone, several boys, the sons of noblemen, were brought up in the palace along with the Prince. One of these, called Patrick Barnaby, was his special friend. Some people say that Patrick was the Prince's "whipping boy," that is, if the Prince did wrong Patrick was punished for it, because it was not thought proper to punish the Prince himself. But this is not very likely. In any case, Edward was such a good boy that his "whipping boy" would get off very easily.

By the time he was eight, Edward could both read and write Latin. He wrote his letters in Latin, and several which he wrote when not more than eight have come down to us. Three of his exercise books have also been kept.

232 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

One is in the British Museum and two in the Bodleian Library in Oxford. They are filled with both Greek and Latin exercises. It is strange to look at them and remember that they were the work of a little boy who lived more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

Edward was diligent, but he was something more than a bookworm. He had winning ways, and made those around him love him well.

One of his schoolmasters wrote to his godfather Cranmer: "My lord's grace, your godson is merry and in health, and of such towardness in learning, godliness, gentleness and all honest qualities that you and I and all the realm ought to think him, and take him for a singular gift sent of God. He hath learned almost four books of Cato to construe, to parse, and to say without book. And of his own courage now, in the latter book, he will needs have at one time fourteen verses, which he conneth pleasantly and perfectly, besides things of the Bible, Æsop's Fables, and Latin-making."

Another says: "He is the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun, the wittiest, the most amenable and the gentlest thing of all the world."

All Edward's time was not spent over books,

however, and he was fond of games like other boys. He learned to ride and joust and perform all kinds of knightly exercises. We hear, too, of his dancing and playing games with a little girl about his own age called Jane Dormer.

II

Edward becomes King and is crowned.

And so the days passed until Edward was nine years old. Then one winter morning as Edward sat over his books in the great house at Hertford, the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard. Heated and muddy from their long ride from London the Earl of Hertford and another gentleman entered. They bade the Prince put away his books, and make ready to ride with them to Enfield, there to join his sister Elizabeth.

Edward was pleased enough at this, for he was fond of his sister. But as he rode along he must have felt that something more than usual was afoot, for there was a grave air of mystery about the gentlemen who surrounded him.

When Edward reached Enfield and met his sister he learned what had made the courtiers so grave. For once the children were together

they were told that their father was dead, and that little Edward was now King.

Both Edward and Elizabeth cried bitterly when they heard the news. But Edward at least had no long time for tears. For once more he had to get to horse and ride to London to the Tower. As he came near salutes were fired both from the Tower and from the ships in the port, and with great rejoicing the nobles and the people welcomed him.

The short January day was nearly over when he arrived, and after all the excitements of the past days he was right glad to get to bed.

Edward's uncle Hertford too no doubt was glad to rest, for he had been playing a difficult and dangerous game. King Henry had left a will by which the power was given to a Council of eighteen, of whom Hertford was one. This did not please him at all. He wanted to get the power into his own hands. And so he had hidden the King's death from the people until he should be able to gain possession of the new King. This he had now succeeded in doing, and not till the morning of the day upon which Edward entered the City of London had the people known that their King was dead.

Next day the nobles came to swear fealty to their new King. As the little boy sat in his

chair of state noble after noble knelt before him to kiss his hand, each one saying as they did so, "God save your Grace."

Edward was still too young to rule. So it was now proposed that the Earl of Hertford should be made Protector with power to govern the land till Edward should be eighteen years of age. He was, said his friends, the fittest person for this office, as he was the King's uncle by his mother's side. And so without much trouble, in spite of Henry's will, he was chosen as Protector.

When this matter had been settled all the nobles cried out with a loud voice, "God save the noble King Edward."

Then Edward, taking off his cap, replied, "We heartily thank you, my lords all."

A few days after this the Lord Protector knighted the King. For he had not yet been made a knight. Indeed, he had not yet formally been made Prince of Wales, although when Henry died preparations for the ceremony had been begun.

The Protector was now made Duke of Somerset, and it is under this name that we best know him in history. To many other nobles titles and honours were also given.

Thus the days passed, each one bringing

some fresh ceremony of State to which the little King had to go. Meanwhile great preparations were going on for the coronation, which was fixed for the 20th of February. The day before, King Edward rode through the streets in solemn procession. He was clad in a suit of silver and white velvet, studded with pearls and gleaming with diamonds. The trappings of his horse were crimson and gold embroidered with pearls. On his left hand rode the Lord Protector, and behind them followed a glittering train of knights and nobles.

It was one o'clock when the splendid procession set forth through the richly decorated streets, and night was falling ere the young King returned again to his palace. For the progress was slow and pauses were many.

For every here and there where an open space made it possible, platforms, or, as they were called, pageants, were raised covered with rich cloths and hung with gay curtains. Upon these there were companies of children, actors or acrobats. And at each of these the King stayed to watch some play or hear some song. Here St. George was represented in shining armour, there in flowing robes Justice, Truth, and Mercy. Or again, it was a tight-rope walker, who did wonderful feats upon a

rope stretched from the spire of St. Paul's to "Master Dean of Paul's house gate." Which performance, we are told, "stayed the King's Majesty with all the train a good space of time."

But at length every song was sung and every play was played, the long day was over, and the tired boy went home to bed.

Next morning, however, the palace was early astir, and by nine o'clock the King was well on his way to Westminster for the great ceremony of the coronation.

Edward VI was the first Protestant King to be crowned in England. So for him the coronation ceremony was much altered, some parts which seemed to belong to the Roman Catholic Church being left out. It was shortened, too, because of "the tedious length of the same, which would weary and be hurtsome peradventure to the King's Majesty, being yet of tender age, fully to endure and bide out."

Yet shortened though it was, the ceremony was very long and splendid.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presented the King to the people.

"Sirs," he cried, "here present is Edward, rightful and undoubted inheritor of this realm. Will ye give your wills and consents to his coronation?"

And all the people answered with one voice, "Yea, yea, yea, God save King Edward."

Thereupon after much ceremony the Lord Protector and the Archbishop brought three crowns. One was the crown of King Edward the Confessor, one the Imperial crown of the realm, and the third one specially made for King Edward VI. One after another these crowns were set upon his head, and between the putting on and taking off of each crown the trumpets blew.

Still more ceremony followed, but at length it was over, and, wearing the crown upon his head, the King set forth again to his palace.

For two days after the coronation there was much feasting, and jousting, and play-acting, at which Edward looked on. Then the young King settled down to a quiet life again.

It was a very lonely life. For now he saw little of his sisters or his stepmother. His stepmother fell into disfavour with the Protector. His sister Mary, being a staunch Catholic, refused to come to a Protestant Court; his sister Elizabeth too was kept far from him.

The King still went on with his lessons, but they were often interrupted by business of State, and he lived now in or near London instead of in the country. Very soon after he

became King, Edward began to keep a diary, and from it we learn much of what happened in his reign. He wrote in it very regularly and kept it in his own private desk. This desk was covered with black velvet and decorated with brass. Inside there was a silver-gilt ink-pot and two sand-boxes. For in those days there was no blotting-paper, and people used sand to dry their writing. Besides his journal Edward kept other childish treasures in this desk, and he always carried the key about with him.

III

How Lord Seymour made much of the King, and how he came to his death. Edward had been crowned King. But the real power lay in the hands of the Duke of Somerset. He began to speak and act as if he were indeed the King. He no longer spoke of himself as "I," but used the regal "we." He even went so far as to call the King of France "brother" in writing to him. This pleased the King of France ill, and he bade the English ambassador remind Somerset who and what he was.

But if Somerset was ambitious he tried to make himself and others believe that he was only ambitious to do good. Many of the bad

laws of Henry VIII were done away with, many other good laws were enacted in their place.

But above everything Somerset was a keen Protestant, and his Protestantism often made him do things that were hurtful. He allowed the people indeed to print the Bible freely, but he destroyed beautiful stained-glass windows and statues in the churches, and when he wanted to build a fine palace for himself he pulled down three churches to make way for it. Acts such as these made many people his enemies.

The King himself had not much love for his uncle Somerset, who treated him with great sternness, and kept him very short of money. "My uncle of Somerset dealeth very hardly with me," he used to say, "and keepeth me so strait that I cannot have money at my will."

But the King had another uncle, Lord Seymour of Sudeley. Now Lord Seymour was just as ambitious as his brother Lord Somerset, and he was very angry that he did not share the Protector's power. He thought that he should have been equal in power with his brother, and that if Somerset was made Lord Protector of the realm he should have been made Governor of the King's person. But

Somerset had no intention of sharing his authority, and so between the two brothers there grew up great jealousy, each struggling to get the mastery of the King.

Very soon after the death of Henry VIII Sudeley married his widow, Catherine Parr. This made the Protector very angry, as he saw in it a scheme to influence the King, who was fond of his stepmother. Edward himself, in his diary which he began to keep soon after he came to the throne, says that "with this marriage the Lord Protector was much offended." Somerset now even tried to keep Edward from writing to the Queen, telling him that now that he lived so near to her there was no need, as he would be sure to see her soon. But he took great care that they should not meet.

Sudeley, in the meantime, did everything he could to make the young King like him and dislike the Protector. He bribed his servants to carry letters between them; knowing that he was kept short of money he sent him money again and again, telling him that when he wanted more he had only to ask. He encouraged him again and again to throw off the Protector's restraint and take the ruling into his own hands.

"You must take upon yourself to rule," said Sudeley, "for ye shall be able enough as well as other Kings. For your uncle is old, and I trust will not live long."

"It were better that he should die," answered the boy King calmly.

"You are but even a very beggarly King now," went on Sudeley, "you have not wherewith to play or to give to your servants. But I will give you money."

"The Lord Admiral," says the King, "told me these things at diverse times, twice or thrice."

Now while Sudeley was thus trying to set the King against him, the Protector was far away fighting in Scotland.

Somerset was anxious, like so many Englishmen before him, to see England and Scotland united under one ruler. To do that he wanted, like King Henry before him, to arrange a marriage between Edward and the little Queen Mary of Scotland. But the Catholics were still powerful in Scotland, they would not hear of their Queen marrying a Protestant, and they refused to listen to Somerset and his proposals.

Then Somerset determined that if the Scots would not allow the marriage willingly he would force them to it. So he marched into

Scotland with a large army. At Pinkie he defeated the Scots with great slaughter, and then marched on to Edinburgh. It seemed now as if Somerset's victory was secure and that the Scots would be forced to yield to his will. But the English had scarcely any food, the land was desolated and barren, news of his brother's plots and intrigues were brought to Somerset from the south, and to the surprise of everyone he gave up the struggle and marched home. He had gained absolutely nothing by this war, except the hatred of the Scots. And they, determined to spoil his plans for ever, sent their little Queen to the friendly Court of France, where she was married to the Dauphin.

As soon as Somerset returned to London he set about quelling his brother and his plots. By this time kindly Queen Catherine was dead, and, still eager to strengthen his position, Sudeley now tried to marry the Princess Elizabeth. This was more than Somerset could bear, and he made up his mind to put an end to his brother's proud career. So he caused him to be arrested and cast prisoner into the Tower.

Sudeley was accused of treason, but full of pride he refused to defend himself. He knew

that he had a friend in the King, and he thought that no great harm could come to him. But the King was only a boy ; he was surrounded by Sudeley's enemies, who poured tales of Sudeley's misdeeds into his ear. He could not but listen and be swayed by them. Instead of defending his uncle, whose greatest sin against him perhaps had been providing him too freely with pocket-money, he gave Somerset and the Council leave to do with him as they would.

" We do perceive," he said, " that there are great things which be laid to my lord my uncle. They tend to treason. And we perceive that you require but justice done. We think it reasonable, and we will that you proceed according to your request." So Sudeley was condemned to death.

A pity it is to see our wise boy King so cold-hearted. Perhaps he could not help himself, but at least we might have expected some word of pity and regret for the uncle who had always been kind. But even in his journal we find no word of sorrow. " The lord Sudeley, Admiral of England, was condemned to death, and died the March ensuing," that is all he says.

Still proud and unbending Sudeley went to the block. He would not own the justice of his sentence, and even to the end, it is said,

he tried to avenge himself by stirring up strife between the King and his sisters Mary and Elizabeth. "He died very dangerously, irksomely, horribly," said Latimer, in a sermon which he preached before the King. "Surely he was a wicked man : the realm is well rid of him."

Somerset had hoped that the death of his brother had removed his worst enemy. But he was greatly mistaken. For because of it many of the nobles were enraged against him. They called him a bloodsucker and a parricide, and said it was no longer fit that the King should be left in his care.

And while people talked like this a rumour spread abroad that the King was dead. The people were greatly alarmed, and although they were told that the King was in good health they would not believe it. So to appease them Edward rode in state through London that all might see that he was indeed alive.

But although the people were pacified as to the King being alive all the land was full of unrest.

IV

The story of two rebellions. It was during Edward's reign that the English Prayer Book first came into use. Henry VIII, although he had

defied the Pope, had still kept to the Catholic forms of worship, and in the parish churches Mass was still said in Latin. But that no longer pleased Somerset and his Protestant followers, and so Cranmer undertook to make an English Prayer Book. Somerset thought that the whole people would welcome it gladly. He was mistaken. From Princess Mary downwards there were many who refused to use it. And although this first English Prayer Book, published in 1548, was little more than a translation from the Latin Mass Book, the people cried out against it. The new service, they said, had no more solemnity than a Christmas game. And when they were forced to use it they became ready to rebel.

Besides this there was much misery and poverty throughout the land. Henry VIII had shut up many of the monasteries, turning the monks adrift, and seizing their lands and money for himself. Many of these monks now wandered in beggary among the people, encouraging them in their dislike of the new Prayer Book.

Added to this, work was scarce and wages low. For many of the great landowners had given up farming their lands and taken to sheep-rearing. For there was great trade

between Flanders and England, and the English landowners found that it paid them better to grow wool to send to the Flemish weavers than to grow corn. It required fewer men to look after the sheep than to till the land. So many men were thus thrown idle, and wandering about from place to place they filled the land with discontent.

And now the landowners, seeing how much money they could make out of rearing sheep, became greedy of more land, and they began to enclose "common lands." These lands, as their name tells us, used to be common to all, and on them the poor had the right to graze their sheep and cattle. But when the great lords dug ditches and set fences round them the poor could no longer make use of them.

For these and other causes the land became filled with discontent. And at length the discontent burst forth into open rebellion, both in the east and west. In the west, in Cornwall and Devon, it was a religious rebellion. Whit-Sunday was the day appointed by law upon which the new Prayer Book was to be used in every parish. On Whit-Monday, as a priest of a little Devonshire town was preparing to say prayers, some of his people came to him. "What service are you going to use?" they asked.

“ I am bound by law,” he answered, “ to use the same service as I used yesterday.”

“ We will not have it,” they answered ; “ we will keep to our ancient religion as our forefathers did before us. King Henry never meant that it should be changed. And as for King Edward, he is now but a child and can do nothing. We will have no change.”

Soon all the people of the parish had gathered round their priest insisting on the old service. So at length he yielded to them, and putting on his priest’s robes he said Mass as of old.

The news of this was carried through the whole country, and when the people heard it they clapped their hands for joy, and vowed that they too would have the Mass once more.

Soon the example was followed all over the West Country. And when the magistrates tried to force the people to obey the law they rose in arms, demanding that the Mass should be restored. This religious rebellion was a surprise to Somerset, for he had not thought that so many Catholics remained in England. But he had no hesitation in crushing it out.

Somerset had gathered a lot of foreign soldiers in order to march against the Scots. These he now used to quell the men of the

West Country. This is the first time that an English ruler ever used foreign soldiers to fight Englishmen.

Soon the rebellion was quelled, and then the ringleaders were punished. Many stories are told of how ruthlessly this was done.

There was a miller who, it was said, "had been a very busy varlet in the rebellion." He was warned that he was being sought for. Well knowing that if he were caught he would be hanged, he called his servant to him.

"I must go forth," he said to him; "but if there come any to ask for me, say that thou art the owner of the mill, and that thou hast kept the same these three years. And in no wise name me."

The servant promised what his master asked, and the miller fled in safety.

Soon the Lord Provost came to the miller's house and called for him, and the servant came out saying, "I am the miller."

Then said the Provost, "How long hast thou kept this mill?"

"Three years," answered the servant.

"Well, then," said the Provost, "come on. Thou must go with me. For thou hast been a rebellious knave, and thou shalt hang."

Hearing that the servant cried out in great

fear, "I am not the miller, but only the miller's servant."

"Well, then," replied the Provost, "you are a false knave, for you tell two tales. Therefore hang him up," he said to his men.

And they, seizing the wretched servant, brought him to the next tree and there hanged him.

Deeds such as these struck terror to the hearts of the rebels, so that they had no more spirit left in them to rebel.

In the east the rebellion was more serious. There the people rose, not because of the new religion, but because the lords and gentlemen had stolen the common lands. They banded themselves together under a leader named Robert Ket, and arming themselves with spades and axes they set forth to level the fences and hedges to the ground, and fill up the ditches, which shut them out of their common lands.

With these rebels Somerset could not help having sympathy. Indeed he openly said that he "liked well the doings of the people, for it was the covetousness of the gentlemen that gave occasion to them to rise."

So for a time Ket and his men had it all their own way. The rebel army grew and grew until

sixteen thousand men were camped upon a plain near Norwich. Yet although these men were out for rebellion they were sober and well behaved. They did indeed throw down fences and root up hedges, and to provide the camp with food they carried off sheep and cattle from the surrounding manors. But they injured no poor man, and took no man's life.

In the middle of the plain there stood a great oak tree, which they called the Tree of Reformation, and here every day Ket, "the Master of Norfolk and Suffolk," held his court. Here he drew up laws for the governing of his camp, here he judged the gentlemen who were brought before him on a charge of robbing the poor. And although his followers sometimes cried aloud that this or that man deserved hanging, Ket would not permit it. Imprisonment was the sentence for all. "They clapped a pair of fetters on their heels, to keep them safe from stepping away," it is said.

Under the oak prayers were said night and morning by chaplains appointed by Ket. Sometimes, too, even some of the neighbouring clergy would venture into the camp, and mounting the pulpit which was set up in the tree preach "submission" to the rebels.

Time went on, and still Somerset could not

make up his mind what to do. At length, one July day, a royal herald appeared in the camp, and standing beneath the Tree of Reformation clad in his gay herald's coat, he cried aloud, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!"

And when the people were gathered about him to listen he told them that the King offered them a free pardon if they would go quietly to their homes and give up their rebellious enterprise.

When he had finished speaking all the people cried out, "God save the King," and many of them would have willingly departed.

But Ket would not have it so. Into the space about the herald he stepped. "Kings and Princes are wont to pardon rebels," he cried, "not innocent and just men. We are no rebels, and have done nothing but what belongs to the duty of a true subject."

"You are a traitor," cried the herald, and commanded the sword-bearer of Norwich to arrest him.

But this Ket's followers would not suffer. Thereupon such an uproar arose that the herald was fain to flee for his life.

And now fighting began. The Earl of Warwick with the foreign troops meant for the war with Scotland marched against Ket, and

for nearly a month the struggle lasted. Battles were fought, Norwich was taken and retaken, the rebels often having the advantage. But at length at Duffindale they were utterly defeated.

There was a prophecy which ran :

The country gruffs, Hob, Dick, and Hick,
With clubs and clouted shoon,
Shall fill up Duffindale with blood
Of slaughtered bodies soon.

Trusting to this prophecy the rebels left their high ground and marched down into Duffindale. Here they were defeated with such great slaughter that Duffindale was indeed filled with blood, not, however, in the way the rebels had imagined.

Ket fled away, but he was soon taken and hanged high on Norwich Castle. His brother also, who had aided him, was put to death, and six others were hanged upon the Tree of Reformation. And thus the rebellion came to an end.

V

<p>How the Lord Protector came to his death.</p>	<p>The rebellion was over, but no thanks were due to the Protector, said the nobles, who had grown to hate him. The Earl of Warwick had won</p>
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renown by his success over the Norfolk rebels, and he now resolved to overthrow Somerset, and himself become Protector.

When Somerset became aware of the plots against him he went hastily to the King where he was living at Hampton Court and bade him make ready to depart. It was already evening and dusk. When the King came down into the courtyard he found it full of people. Men with flaming torches moved hither and thither, and as the lights flickered and passed the gleam of arms and armour might be seen. Through the gloom might be heard the champ of horses, the rattle of steel, and the sound of many voices.

It was a scene of haste and excitement, and the King scarce knew what it all might mean. "I pray you, good people," he cried, "be good to us and to our uncle."

Then the Protector began to speak to the gathered people passionately. Loud and long he spoke. There was a plot to kill him and seize the King, he said. "But I tell you," he concluded, pointing to the King, "if ought is attempted against me here is he shall die before me."

The people listened, but they seemed unmoved by his words. And at length all being

ready, he set forth with the King about ten o'clock at night, and with all speed rode towards Windsor.

Somerset was afterwards accused of having terrified the King into going with him. "It is not I they shoot at," he said, "you are the mark that they shoot at."

So with haste and with fear behind them King and Protector rode on and on through the dark.

Dawn was almost come when Windsor was reached. Here nothing was ready for them: there was provision neither of food nor fire. The October nights were cold, and so between fatigue and cold and fear Edward fell ill. At Windsor he lived, as it were, in a state of siege. The gates were guarded by Somerset's men, and Somerset slept in a room adjoining that of the King. Windsor was then not the beautiful castle it is now, but a fortress rather, and Edward hated it.

"Methinks I am in prison," he said. "Here be no galleries nor no gardens to walk in."

His stay at Windsor was, however, not long. For in a body the lords came to him, and kneeling before him they poured into his ears a long list of his uncle's misdeeds. Somerset was accused, King Edward tells us in his

journal, "of ambition, vainglory, entering into rash wars in mine youth, negligent looking after Newhaven, enriching himself of my treasures, following his own opinion, and doing all by his own authority."

Edward seems to have listened very readily to his uncle's accusers.

Seeing this the Protector was filled with terror. No man, not even the King, was his friend. He turned this way and that, but could find no way of escape from his enemies. So he yielded to them. He was then sent to the Tower, and the King was taken once more to Hampton Court.

The Earl of Warwick, who was now called the Duke of Northumberland, then became Protector. He proved no better a ruler than Somerset, but rather worse, for although Somerset was ambitious he had indeed tried to do right by the people. Northumberland thought only of himself, and of how he might become powerful.

After a few months' imprisonment Somerset was set free. All his wealth and honours were restored to him except the office of Protector, and because of that great jealousy grew up between him and Northumberland.

At length Northumberland determined to



EDWARD VI. SIGNING HIS FIRST DEATH-WARRANT.

(JOHN PETTIE, R.A.)

rid himself of his rival. Once more Somerset was accused of treason. Once more he was cast into the Tower. This time he only came forth to die.

The King seems to have cared very little about his uncle's fate. To his dear friend Barnaby he writes very calmly about the trial, and in his journal on the 22nd January, 1551, he writes: "The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning." That is all. There is not one word of pity or regret.

True it is he had never liked his uncle, and Somerset's enemies had of late done all they could to set the King against him.

The Dowager Queen of Scotland, the mother of Queen Mary, whom the English had wanted for Edward's bride, at this time paid a visit to England, and Edward was kept very busy entertaining her. He succeeded so well that when Queen Mary went home she said that "she found more wisdom and solid judgement in young King Edward than she would have looked for in any three Princes that were then in Europe."

Edward was now fifteen, and in many letters of his day we find praise of his learning, diligence, and sweetness. Although the Duke

of Northumberland still ruled, Edward had begun to take a great interest in the affairs of the State and to show that he had a mind and will of his own.

Yet King though he was he still went on with lessons. It is told how he would shut himself up alone in a room or gallery "to learn without book his lessons with great alacrity and cheerfulness. And if he spent further time in play and pastime than he thought was convenient he would find fault himself and say, We forget ourselves." He was held up too to the boys of the kingdom as an example of diligence. One schoolmaster wrote that "the virtuous example of that worthy and good young King wrought more in the heads of his unwilling scholars than all his travail among them in one year past before." This perhaps made some of the boys dislike their young King and think him a horrid prig.

But although it is difficult not to make him seem priggish, he was not really so. He liked play like other boys, although he feared he might spend too much time on it. He rode at the ring, played baseball and tennis, and practised archery with his schoolfellows. They got up tournaments sometimes, and Edward was keen enough over them to be disappointed

if his side did not win. In his journal he says once when describing one of these tourneys: "My band touched often, which was counted as nothing, and took the ring never, which seemed very strange, and so the prize was of my side lost."

Edward was very pious and earnest. He was also for his age astonishingly learned. He could speak and write Latin and French as well as English. He read Greek with ease, and probably knew both Italian and Spanish as well. He took a special interest, too, in things which it seemed to him a King ought to know. He studied the geography of his own country thoroughly. He knew all the chief ports of England and Scotland, Ireland and France, where they lay, what ships of burden they could receive, and many other things about them. He studied fortifications, how they could be best strengthened, and at what cost. He liked to talk to his councillors and statesmen about matters of State, and he was always showing them to their astonishment how well he understood. He was for ever making notes. Those he used to keep in his desk along with his journal.

But with all his learning Edward was not conceited, and everyone who wrote about him

in his own days spoke of his gentleness and goodness, as well as of his learning, and they were never tired of calling him the Josiah of England. Josiah, you remember, was a good King of Israel who began to reign when he was eight years old.

Yet that Edward was cold of heart seemed plain to the common people even in his own day. And we hear of one woman being sent to the Tower for saying after the death of Somerset, "that the King showed himself an unnatural nephew, and withall she did wish that she had had the jerking of him."

VI

About the
Order of the
Garter.

Not long after Somerset's death Edward was taken ill both with measles and smallpox. In his journal he writes: "Aprile 2nd. I fell sike of the mesels and the small pokkes." After that for fourteen days the entries are all about the wars in France. So it is clear that while the boy was ill those around him tried to amuse and interest him, and perhaps keep his thoughts off home matters by telling him about the French wars.

Edward's attack of smallpox, however, cannot have been very bad. For he soon got better, and by the middle of May we hear of his tilting at the ring with other lords and knights.

About this time Edward made many alterations in the statutes of the Order of the Garter, for he had begun to think that they were not in accordance with the Protestant religion.

It is told how one day when Edward was about thirteen years old he went to hear the sermon on St. George's Day. When it was over, he turned to the Knights of the Garter who were all gathered together, and said, "My Lords, I pray you what saint is St. George that we here so honour him?"

At that question the lords were all astonished and knew not what to say. They had probably never thought about it, and none of them could answer.

Seeing this the Lord Treasurer at last said, "If it please your Majesty, I did never read in any history of St. George, but only in the Golden Legend, where it is thus set down, that St. George out with his sword and ran the dragon through with his spear."

At that the King laughed so heartily that for some time he could not speak. When at

length he grew grave again, he said, "I pray you, my lord, tell me what did he with his sword the while?"

"That I cannot tell, your Majesty," said the Lord Treasurer.

And as no one else knew any more about St. George the matter dropped. But Edward decided that if all that could be known about St. George was that he ran out against a dragon with a sword in one hand and a spear in the other, he was not worthy of being called a saint. So he revised the statutes of the Order, and ordained among other things that it should no longer be called the Order of St. George, but the Order of the Garter of Defence of the Truth.

VII

Last days. Ever since Northumberland had taken the place of Somerset he had schemed to get more and more power into his own hands. But now he saw all his power slipping from him. For Edward, who had never been strong, became very ill. He had a "tough, strong, straining" cough, and in a few weeks it became plain to all around him that he must soon die.

Northumberland saw that with the King's death his power would vanish. For according to the will of Henry VIII Edward's stepsister and godmother Mary was the next heir to the throne. She was a Catholic, and Northumberland knew that he could hope for no favour from her. For although he cared not a jot for religion, he had for his own ends favoured the Protestants.

So now he cast about for a way to prevent Mary's succession and to bring the crown into his own family.

To do this he resolved to marry his son to Lady Jane Grey. Lady Jane was a granddaughter of Henry VII, and after Mary, Elizabeth, and Mary of Scotland, the next heir to the throne.

It was not likely that the English people would want Mary of Scotland to be their Queen, and Northumberland felt that all he had got to do was to get rid of the claims of Mary and Elizabeth of England.

To do this he persuaded Edward to make a will leaving the crown to Lady Jane. But when this will was put before the lords they refused to give it their consent. For Edward had really no power to make such a will. When, however, the King heard that the lords

would not consent to his will he was very angry. Northumberland too was angry. "He came into the Council chamber," it is said, "being in great rage and fury, trembling for anger." He called them traitors, and said that he would fight any man of them in his shirt. He was so furious that some feared he would strike them, and they fled in haste.

Edward, who was now so ill that he could not rise from his bed, sent for the Lord Chief Justice and others of the judges and bade them come to him.

With muffled tread they came and stood silent and downcast around the bed of the dying boy.

The flush of excitement rose in his pale, thin face, and his grey eyes shone as with sharp words he bade them do his will.

They were traitors, they murmured, if they obeyed. But still Edward insisted.

Then the judges, unwilling perhaps to wrangle around a death-bed, consented to draw up the deed which the King commanded, on condition that they should at the same time receive a pardon for so doing. This was granted them, and "with sorrowful hearts and weeping eyes, in great fear and dread" they

drew up the deed. Thus were Mary and Elizabeth shut out from the throne.

After all this excitement was over Edward grew rapidly worse, and on July 6th, 1553, he died.

As he lay in bed he was heard to murmur something. One of the doctors bent over him. "What you say we know not," he said.

The King smiled. "I was praying to God," he murmured.

Then after a little, "I am faint," he sighed. "Lord, have mercy upon me and take my spirit."

"And thus," says a writer named Foxe, "he yielded up the ghost, leaving a woful kingdom unto his sister."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Cranmer, who had been his godfather, who had christened him and crowned him, now read the last prayers over him.

There was never any monument raised over his grave, and now only his name on the pavement in the Chapel of Henry VII marks where he was laid. But he has a lasting monument in the many schools which were founded during his short reign. These are still called King Edward Schools. Of them Christ Hospital or

the Blue Coat School is perhaps the most famous.

SONG

This song was sung by children to Edward VI on his progress through London the day before his coronation. Perhaps we may look upon it as the very earliest form of our National Anthem. For although we are rather apt to think that our own National Anthem has always been sung just as it is, that is not so. In the form in which we have it to-day we cannot trace it back any further than 1745—the year of the Jacobite rebellion. But there is no doubt that something like it was sung long before then, and that both the words and music as we know them to-day were founded on earlier words and music.

KING Edward, King Edward,
 God save King Edward,
 God save King Edward,
 And long to continue
 In grace and virtue
 Unto God's pleasure,
 His commons to rejoice ;
 Whom we ought to honour
 Both love and to dread
 As our most noble King
 And sovereign lord,
 Next under God, of England
 And Ireland the supreme head,
 Whom God hath chosen
 By His mercy so good,
 King Edward the VIth,
 To have the sword,
 His subjects to defend,
 His enemies to put down,

According to right, in every town—
Good Lord in heaven, to Thee we sing,
Grant our noble King
To reign and spring
From age to age,
Like Solomon the sage,
Whom God preserve in peace and war,
And safely to keep him from all danger

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ruled at the same time as her cousin Edward VI. She was younger than he was, but she became a Queen sooner than he became a King. For Mary came to the throne when she was seven days old, Edward not until he was nine years.

THE STORY OF MARY STUART THE FAVOURITE OF FRANCE

I

How King
Henry tried
to get posses-
sion of the
little Queen.

JAMES V of Scotland as a gallant young man had wooed and won a Princess of France for his bride.

And when, after a few short months, she died, he married another noble French lady, Mary of Guise.

To rule over Scotland was no easy task, and the reign of James V was stormy and troublous. But although many of the nobles hated him, he won the hearts of the common people. At the end, however, all things had gone against him. His sons had died, his nobles had revolted, his army had been defeated and scattered.

Then at length James lost both heart and hope. Utterly crushed and humiliated he no longer wished to live. Black melancholy laid hold upon him, and he took to his bed longing to die. As he lay there in misery messengers came to tell him that a daughter had been born

to him. The news brought the King no joy. No son then should sit upon his vacant throne ! Muttering a few bitter words he turned his face to the wall and died.

Thus a girl baby not seven days old came to the throne of Scotland. And at once around the cradle of the baby Queen disputes began.

The Queen-Mother became guardian of the royal baby, and the Earl of Arran was made Regent. He claimed the post as his right. For he was the next heir to the throne, and had this baby girl not been born he would have been King.

As it was he did not mean the throne to pass from his family, and the Queen was scarcely a fortnight old when he came to demand her hand in marriage for his little son of seven. The Queen-Mother dared not refuse him, neither did she want to grant his request. So she answered him with fair words, promising him nothing.

But already there was a far more powerful suitor for the hand of the little Queen. Henry VIII, like many an English King before, had long cast a greedy eye upon the realm of Scotland. When James V died the two countries had been at war. Now Henry VIII decided to try to win the land by guile rather

than by war. He released the Scottish lords whom he held prisoner, and bade them go to the Queen-Mother and persuade her to promise that the baby Queen should, as soon as she was old enough, marry his son Edward, who was then five.

Mary of Lorraine knew and dreaded the power of Henry. She feared to thwart him openly, so she pretended not only to be willing, but anxious that her little daughter should marry the English Prince. The Regent, too, spoke fair words to Henry's messenger. "Before the marriage was proposed with the Prince of England," he said, "I thought no less than to have married the Queen to my own son. But after the home-coming of the prisoners, who proposed the marriage for England, I did consider it to be so good for the commonwealth of the realm, that I did not only agree to it, but with all my power did advance and set it forth."

But Henry wanted more than the promise. He wanted possession of the little Queen, and his ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler, was told to persuade the Queen-Mother to send her little daughter to England to be brought up there. If she would not consent peacefully, why then, said Henry, it should be war.

But in spite of all their fair words neither the Queen nor the Regent nor the lords of the realm had the slightest intention of letting the baby Queen out of the country. This soon became plain to the English ambassador. And seeing that for all his fair words he only received fair words in return and not deeds, he at length lost patience. Then he followed his master's orders and threatened war.

"I cannot see," replied the Regent, "what cause His Majesty has for making war upon us, our sovereign lady being but an innocent who never offended him."

"His Majesty," answered the ambassador, "is not minded to war against her, but seeks rather her surety, wealth, and benefits, with the union of these two realms."

"Do you call it to her benefit to destroy her realm?" asked the Regent.

"I call it to her benefit and great honour," sharply replied the ambassador, "to be made a Queen of two realms by a just and rightful title, where she has now scarce a good title to one."

"I would to heaven every man had his right," wrathfully answered the Regent, "and that we were quit of you."

When Parliament met the lords made it

quite plain that they would not listen to King Henry's proposals. They declared that their little Queen should not leave the country until she was ten years old, and that if she were ever married to the Prince of Wales Scotland should still be a separate kingdom, with its own laws and liberties.

And so great was the indignation of the people against Henry that his ambassador was obliged to hide himself from their anger. "If we should try to get possession of the Queen," he wrote, "the whole of the nobles and the clergy would rise, the commons will die rather than allow it, and there is not a little boy who would not hurl stone against it and the women come out with their distaffs."

Then, as Henry still persisted in his demands, the Scots sought help from their friends the French, and soon a French fleet appeared off the shores of Scotland. "They say themselves that they lie on that coast to meet with the Fleming," wrote Sadler to his King. "But surely it is thought they come to convoy away the young Queen, and also the old."

The Regent, however, who like everyone else was playing a double part with Sadler, assured him that he would take good care that the French did not carry off the Queen. And

to that end he kept "sure guard and good await" about the palace of Linlithgow, where she lay. Besides this, he told King Henry's ambassador "that the young Queen could not conveniently be moved, because she is a little troubled with the breeding of teeth."

But we may be certain that the "sure guard and good await" which Arran kept about the little Queen was more to keep her safe from the English than from the French. And at length, for greater safety still, she was taken to the Castle of Stirling, which was stronger and more easy of defence than Linlithgow.

Still Henry persisted in his desire to gain possession of the little Queen. If he could not win her by fair means he would by foul. But all his schemes failed, and we find Sadler writing that "it is not possible to get her perforce out of the Castle of Stirling."

Meanwhile Arran made haste to crown the little Queen, as though in some way this would protect her from the schemes of Henry. So on Sunday, 9th September, the nine-months-old baby was taken from her cradle and carried in solemn procession to the church in Stirling. Here, while the people shouted, trumpets blared, and organ rolled, the crown was placed upon her head, the sceptre in her tiny fingers.

Then the nobles knelt before her, each in turn placing his hand upon her head as he swore obedience to her rule.

And the little baby, who could understand nothing of what all these strange doings might mean, and terrified at seeing so many strange faces, cried lustily all the time. It was an evil omen, said some.

Meanwhile King Henry's ambassador looked on scornfully. "The young Queen was crowned on Sunday last at Stirling," he wrote a few days later, "with such solemnity as they do use in this country, which is not very costly."

And now Henry became so angry because he could not get his own way that he determined once more to fight the Scots. So he gathered both men and ships and sent them northward. Over the border poured the southern men, up the Firth of Forth sailed the stately ships of England, and a deadly war began.

For two years it lasted; all the south of Scotland was wasted, and many a strong castle and stately abbey and monastery were laid in ruins. Within a few miles of Stirling marched the conquering hosts. But the Scotsmen would not yield, and Henry was farther than ever from gaining his end.

All the rest of his life Henry kept on trying to get possession of the little Queen. And after his death the English still tried to force the Scots to give her up. Again a great army marched into Scotland, again the Scots gathered and met it. From hand to hand the fiery cross had been passed, and every man from sixteen to sixty marched to fight for his Queen and drive their "old enemy" from the land.

The two armies met on the field of Pinkie. But alas ! the very eagerness of the Scots was their undoing. Most of them were men untrained in war ; but they were strongly encamped, and had they but waited for the attack all might have been well. But carried away by wild enthusiasm they dashed upon the English. They were no match for these well-drilled troops, and the day ended in utter defeat for the Scots. But it left them more determined than ever not to let their Queen be taken to England.

Meanwhile, to keep their little Queen safe, the Scots sent her to the Priory of Inchmahome. This priory was built on a little island in the middle of a Perthshire loch, and here amid beautiful scenery, far from the sights and sounds of the war which was raging

around her, the little Queen spent happy days.

Her mother and her nurse were with her, and also four little girl friends who were brought up with her, and who were all called Mary. These were Mary Beaton, Mary Seton, Mary Fleming, and Mary Livingston. Wherever the Queen went the four Maries went too.

II

How the Queen of Scotland went to live in France. Mary was now a fair-haired merry child of five, so winning and so beautiful that everyone loved

her. To her mother she was a constant joy. Yet Queen Mary made up her mind that she must part from her little daughter. To keep Scotland from being conquered, and Mary safe from the clutches of the English, the Queen-Mother resolved to send her to France.

The King of France was now Henry II, and he was very anxious that Mary should marry his son the Dauphin, who was now three. So instead of going to England to be brought up to be the Queen of England, it was decided that Mary should go to France to be brought up to be Queen of France.

But to get across to France was no easy

278 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

matter. For Somerset, the Lord Protector of England, was watching the seas with a jealous eye. So the ships which the French King had sent to bring Mary to France sailed away from Leith and made as if they were returning to France. But instead of that, as soon as night fell they turned northward. Up to the North of Scotland and back again down the west coast they sailed. Then one day some strange ships came creeping up the River Clyde, and as they drew near the people saw that from the mastheads fluttered the blue flag of France with its golden fleur-de-lis.

The little Queen had already been brought to the Castle of Dumbarton to await the coming of the French ships. Now she went on board with her governess, and tutor, and ladies-in-waiting, and her four Maries.

The Queen-Mother took her little daughter in her arms and kissed her and blessed her many times, and crying quietly Mary turned from the land of her birth which she was not to see again for thirteen years.

It was the end of July when Mary and her company went aboard ship, but for more than a week they were unable to leave the shelter of the Clyde, for the winds were against them. So for some days the Queen-Mother was able

to send letters to her little daughter, and hear from her governess how she fared.

At length the wind blew fair, and the ships sailed out into the open sea. But the weather proved rough, and the little Queen's ship was tossed about and buffeted by wind and waves, so that once or twice the captain feared he would be forced to return to the Clyde. They were in danger too from the English, who were on the look-out for them. "For," says a writer of the time, "the Protector of England, being advertised of this journey, caused repair a great navy of ships, and sent his brother the admiral therewith, to await at the west seas at their passage, and to have taken them if they could."

But happily at length all perils were past, and the little Queen landed safely at Roscoff, in Brittany.

She was received with great honour, and a day or two later she was "convoyed very princely with great companies of noble men" to the town of Morlaix. Here a Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving for her safe delivery from the dangers both of the sea and of the English.

As the Queen returned from the church to the convent where she was to sleep she had to

cross a drawbridge over the river. The crowd was so great that the bridge was not strong enough to bear the weight, and suddenly, when it was covered from end to end with horsemen, it gave way.

In a moment all was confusion. Men and horses struggled in the river, amid the ruins of the bridge. The Scottish gentlemen around their Queen at once took alarm. They feared that treachery was afoot, and they began to cry, "Treason, treason."

But a great French noble who walked beside the Queen's litter shouted at the top of his voice, "No Breton was ever a traitor." So at length the tumult was stilled, the more readily as it was soon discovered that no one was hurt.

Mary had only landed at Roscoff to be safe from capture by the English. Now after a few days' rest she set out again and sailed round the coast of France to the mouth of the Loire, and from there she sailed up the river as far as Orleans. From Orleans she went by land, and at length reached St. Germain, where the Dauphin and his sisters greeted her joyfully.

The King and Queen of France were not there to welcome their little guest, for Henry's duties as King had called him away. But he had made all arrangements for her comfort and

given orders that she should be treated with even greater honour than his own daughters, for she was a crowned Queen, and they were only Princesses.

The Dauphin was a delicate, backward little boy of four ; Mary, more than a year older, was beautiful, clever, and fascinating. But Mary took at once to the plain, little timid Prince, and they soon became fast friends.

Francis adored his little friend, as indeed did everyone. "She is the most perfect child I have ever seen," wrote the King of France. "This little Queen of Scots has only to smile to turn all French heads," said the Queen. No one seemed to be able to say enough about her goodness and sweetness, and upon all sides there was nothing but praise for everything she did or said. "Even her own language," said a fine gentleman of the Court, "which is countrified, barbarous, ill-sounding, and harsh when spoken by others, in her mouth sounds very beautiful and agreeable."

But the English were rather scornful of all this love which was lavished on the little Scottish Queen. They saw in it merely greed.

"Is it true that the King of France calls the Scottish Queen 'my daughter'?" a great

English lord one day asked the French ambassador.

“Yes, it is true,” replied he.

“Ah,” said the Englishman, with a laugh, “after you have eaten the cabbage I suppose you will want the garden.”

By this he meant that once the French had got possession of the Queen they would want to annex Scotland and make it a mere province of France.

No doubt many Frenchmen hoped that this would be the result of the marriage between France and Scotland. But in the meantime it only made them more kind to the little Queen.

Besides the King and Queen, Mary had many friends and relations in France. There were her grandmother, the Dowager-Duchess of Guise, her uncles the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, and they all came to visit her from time to time. She had plenty of child companions too. For besides the Dauphin and his sisters and brothers and her own four Maries, there were many other children of noble birth brought up in the royal nurseries as companions to the little Princes and Princesses. And although Mary queened it over them all, she yet remained sweet and unspoiled, generous and kind-hearted. So the

little "Queenlet of Scotland," as they called her, was a great favourite.

Mary was bright and quick at her lessons, and far outstripped her dull little companion, the Dauphin. She learned to dance and sing and play, to sew and knit, as well as to speak French, Spanish, and Italian. Latin too she learned, and in the National Library in Paris there is a little red-bound book in which may still be seen in Mary's own handwriting her childish Latin exercises written 350 years ago.

In those days, even as now, some people were found to say that it was quite absurd to educate women so highly. But Mary did not agree with them. And when she was thirteen she made a speech in Latin before the King and Queen in the great hall of the Louvre, in which she argued that women ought to have a knowledge of literature and the arts. "Think," says one who heard her, "what a rare and admirable thing it was to see this learned and lovely Queen declaiming thus in Latin, which she both understood and spoke very well."

Mary spoke French, too, very prettily, and as well as if it had been her native language. She loved to read French poetry, and even wrote a little herself. Mary loved learning, and after school days were over she did not

284 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

give up study, but all the time she remained in France she set aside two hours a day for reading and study.

III

How the
Queen-Mother
went to visit
her daughter.

When Mary was eight years old her mother came to France to visit her. The little Queen was very excited about it, for happy though she was in her French home, she did not forget her love for her mother.

“It will be the greatest happiness I could desire in this world,” she wrote to her grandmother. “I am so glad about it that I can think of nothing but of how I may do my duty to the utmost, and study to be very good so as to please her.” Then Mary begs her grandmother to “arm herself with patience, which you know is very necessary in such a case.”

But little Mary found it hard to be patient herself, and perhaps it was partly owing to her excitement and impatience that she fell ill shortly before her mother's arrival. For a day or two she was so ill that it was feared she might die. But she recovered, and was well enough to travel to Rouen to meet her mother on her arrival in France.

The people of France received the Queen-Mother with every possible honour. "But most of all," says an old Scottish writer, "the King himself used so great familiarity, and so humane and gentle behaviour toward the Scots, that he allured their hearts in such sort, that at all time the said King Henry was thought to be the most humane and loving King to Scottish men."

For more than a year the Queen-Mother remained in France, and during that time there were many entertainments got up in her honour. Pageants and processions, balls and feasts followed one another, and in many of them the little Queen took part.

With the help of the French peace had at last been made between England and Scotland. And it was while the Queen-Mother was in France that the English made a last and peaceful effort to win the beautiful little Queen of Scotland as a bride for King Edward VI. But it was only a half-hearted effort, for the messengers were told that if they failed to win the Scottish Queen they were to ask King Henry for the hand of his daughter Elizabeth.

Neither the Queen-Dowager of Scotland nor the King of France would hear of the English marriage. "To be plain and frank with you,"

said they to the Englishmen, "the matter hath cost us both much riches and no less blood. And so much doth the honour of France hang thereupon as we cannot tell how to talk with you therein, the marriage being concluded between her and the Dauphin. Therefore we would be glad to hear no more thereof."

Seeing Henry was not to be moved in this matter, Edward VI's messengers then asked the French King for the hand of his daughter Elizabeth. This Henry granted, promising that when she was old enough the little Princess should be sent to England. And thus ended the long and somewhat rough wooing of the little Scottish Queen by the English.

Soon after this the Queen-Dowager said good-bye to her little daughter and set sail for home. Mary never saw her mother again.

As there was peace between the two countries, the Queen-Dowager went home by way of England. In London the young King received her with great honour. "Great banquetry and honourable pastime was made," writes an old Scottish historian, "and all the antiquities, monuments, and principal jewels were shown her."

It is also said that Edward tried once more to persuade the Queen-Mother to allow him to

marry Mary. "It was most meet," he said, "for the union of both the realms, staunching of blood, and for a perpetual quietness in times coming."

But the Queen replied that it was the fault of the English that the marriage had not taken place. Edward, she said, or his counsellors for him, had sought to win his bride by fire and sword and by wasting her land. The Scots therefore had been forced to seek help from France, and send their Queen there for safe keeping. "And such fashion of dealing," added the Queen-Mother, "is not the nearest way to conquer a lady and princess in marriage. She would rather be won by courtesy and kind and gentle behaviour, than by rigorous, cruel, and extreme pursuit."

If Edward did indeed again open up the vexed question, he took the Queen-Dowager's answer peaceably, and she was honourably convoyed on her way northward by many of the greatest nobles of the land.

IV

Mary marries
the Dauphin.

The Earl of Arran had not been ruling Scotland very successfully, and some time after the Queen-Mother's return

she forced him to resign and became Regent herself. Mary of Guise was at heart more French than Scottish, and she made the great mistake of trying to rule Scotland with the help of Frenchmen. The Scots were very ready to be friends with the French, but to be ruled by them was more than they could well bear. So Mary made for herself many enemies.

Among them was the great reformer John Knox. When she had been made Regent a crown was placed upon her head, "as seemly a sight if men had eyes," said Knox bitterly, "as to put a saddle upon the back of an unruly cow." And many of the lords, says an old historian, "did conceive some jealousy against the Queen's government, even in the beginning, albeit they kept the same secretly in their hearts."

Besides being a Frenchwoman, the Queen-Regent was a Catholic, but in Scotland the Reformation had begun, and many of the people, even many of the nobles, had become Protestant. The Queen-Regent, however, encouraged by her brothers, the proud and ambitious Guises, refused to allow these Protestants full freedom, and this was the cause of much discord and misery.

It was no easy task to which the Queen-

Mother had set herself. But she kept to it bravely, working, as she thought, for the best happiness of her little daughter, who, light-hearted and joyous, still passed pleasant days in France.

In France Mary continued to be as popular as ever, or even more so. In the letters which her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, wrote to her mother we constantly read of her splendid health, her beauty, and her popularity. "The King," he writes once, "is so fond of her that he will often spend an hour talking to her. And she knows very well how to entertain him, and talks as well and as sensibly as a woman of twenty-five." Or again, "I can assure you, Madame, nothing could be more beautiful and delightful than the Queen, your daughter, and she is very devout. She rules the King and the Queen."

Mary's peaceful, happy days were spent, with the rest of the royal children, now in one, now in another of the beautiful royal castles. They shared in all the delights of country life, riding hunting, and flying falcons. They had all sorts of pets—dogs, and horses, and even bears.

The King and Queen came very often to see their children, and when they were absent constantly had news of them by letter. Often

too they ordered portraits to be made and sent to them. "I want you to have the portraits made of all my children, boys as well as girls, and the Queen of Scots," writes the Queen; "they must be exactly as they are, no line of their faces forgotten. Crayons will do, so that they are done quickly."

When Mary was twelve she was no longer brought up with the children of France, but was given a household of her own, and took her place at Court instead of living in some country castle.

It was about this time that Mary became rather unhappy with her governess. Her first governess had been Lady Fleming, who had come with her from Scotland. But she had now returned home, and her place had been taken by a Frenchwoman named Madame de Parois.

Madame de Parois was old and greedy. She was spiteful too, and tried to make mischief between Mary and the Queen of France and her grandmother the Duchess of Guise, and even wrote complaining letters to the Queen-Mother in Scotland.

Now that Mary was nearly thirteen and considered to be grown-up, she had to wear grown-up clothes. So as some of her childish dresses

which she could no longer wear were very beautiful and costly, she gave them to churches that they might be used for altar-cloths. Other less costly things she gave to her friends. But all this made Madame de Parois very angry, for she thought she should have been given everything. "I see you are afraid of my getting rich," she said angrily to the Queen. "It is plain you mean to keep me poor."

As Mary was very generous she could not bear to have such things said to her, and she begged very hard to have a new governess, and at last she had her way, and the disagreeable old lady was followed by one younger and more pleasant.

The Dauphin, too, had now his own household, and he and Mary became greater friends than ever. They dined together and hunted together, and liked to get into corners and "talk secrets." They read together such books as "Arthur and the Table Round," "The Song of Roland," and many another gallant tale. Sometimes, too, they would act the story of some fair lady in distress to whose aid a brave knight came riding. Mary, of course, would take the part of the distressed Princess, Francis that of the rescuing knight.

When Mary was nearly sixteen her marriage

with the Dauphin took place. Henry II made up his mind that the marriage should be one of unsurpassed magnificence. So neither pains nor money were spared to make it a scene of dazzling splendour.

Mary, as she walked up the richly decorated church between the lines of gorgeously clad nobles, looked more beautiful than ever. She wore a dress "white as a lily" and of a richness beyond description; her long train being carried by two beautifully dressed young girls.

About her neck hung a jewel of untold value, with chains and ornaments of great price. Her crown glittered with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and all most precious stones. She was followed by a long train of noble ladies, each one more magnificently clad than another. Never, it seemed, had so much beauty and splendour been seen at one time.

After the long and splendid ceremony was over there was an equally splendid feast. But the young Queen was weary, and the crown seemed heavy on her head. She would gladly have laid it aside, but this could not be, as it would have been looked upon as an evil omen. So the King commanded two gentlemen to stand by the Queen and hold the crown above her head.

For days the feasting and rejoicing lasted, balls, plays, feasts, and tournaments following each other in a gay round. Mary was now called the Queen-Dauphiness, and Francis the King-Dauphin, for he was King-Consort of Scotland. And as King and Queen they now kept court and state.

The Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, were delighted with the marriage. For Queen Mary was their niece, and through her they hoped to gain great influence over the Dauphin, so that when he became King they should be very powerful. And power was that for which they both most longed. The Duke, indeed, was already very powerful. For he was a splendid soldier. He had won many victories over the Spaniards, and had taken Calais from the English, so that the people admired and loved him.

V

Not long after the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots, Mary Queen of England died. Then the French King caused Mary of Scotland to be proclaimed Queen of England in Paris. It was a rash and foolish act, for it gave

How the Queen of Scotland was proclaimed Queen of England and became Queen of France.

Mary no power in England, and created for her a bitter enemy in Elizabeth, who now came to the throne. But the Guises rejoiced, for they saw themselves becoming yet more powerful.

Rather more than a year after Mary's marriage another splendid wedding took place in France. This was the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, one of Mary's playmates, to Philip of Spain. She had been, you remember, promised to Edward VI, but Edward had died before she was old enough to be married. So instead of becoming Queen of England she became Queen of Spain.

For many years now Henry II had been carrying on a war against Spain, but at length both sides grew tired of the struggle, and with the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis peace was made. To make the peace more certain two royal marriages were arranged between the countries. Henry's sister was married to a Spanish Prince, and his daughter Elizabeth was married to King Philip.

King Philip was a man of thirty-two, and a widower, having been already twice married, the second time to Mary of England. Princess Elizabeth was a child of thirteen. Nevertheless, over this ill-assorted marriage there were great rejoicings.

Among other festivities there was a grand tournament, in which the King as well as the nobles took part. Henry was a splendid horseman, and no one in all France perhaps was more skilful than he in these warlike games. Now, although in this tournament he was the victor, he had had to yield to one young Norman noble, named Montgomery. So when the jousting was over Henry declared that he must have his revenge, and called on Montgomery to arm himself to run one course more.

The Queen, who was filled with forebodings of evil, begged the King not to continue the dangerous game. Many of the courtiers joined in her entreaties, but Henry would not listen. So the young noble was forced to arm himself, and once more lay his lance in rest.

The two horsemen met with a tremendous shock, and both lances were shattered against the steel corselets. But Montgomery did not lower his lance quickly enough, and glancing upwards from the polished steel of the King's breastplate the splintered shaft entered his left eye.

The wound was deep, and, almost lifeless, the King was carried to the palace near by. Doctors and surgeons soon crowded round his bed. At first it was hoped that the wound was

not serious, and that it would only mean the loss of an eye. But as time went on it was seen that the King could not get better, and in a few days he died.

Thus at sixteen Mary Queen of Scots became Queen of France also. She had now to her great misfortune "set her foot upon a triple throne." For she claimed to be Queen of England as well as Queen of France and Scotland.

FRANCIS II of France married Mary Queen of Scots. He came to the throne of France in 1559. Thus France and Scotland had a boy King and girl Queen at the same time.

THE STORY OF FRANCIS II THE LITTLE KING

I

The riot of
Amboise.

THERE was great rejoicing in France when one January day in 1544, after ten years without any children, a son was born to the Dauphin of France and his wife, Catherine of Medici.

The little baby was given the title of Duke of Orleans, and called Francis, after his grandfather, King Francis I. He was at once surrounded with great state and luxury, being given a first and second nurse, five women of the bedchamber, and many other servants.

When the Prince was nearly three years old Jean de Humieres was appointed his tutor. Then, too, a barber was added to his household, although it would hardly seem as if a child of three needed one. By degrees other servants were added, until his household was as large and extravagant as that of any grown-up Prince.

King Francis now gave his grandson the government of Languedoc. The little Prince

was greatly delighted at this. He felt like a grown-up person, and refused to be dressed in petticoats any longer, which greatly delighted his father.

In spite of all the luxury with which he was surrounded, the little Duke was a very delicate child, and Jean de Humieres found his post an anxious one, even although he was helped by his wife. They moved about from one castle to another, carefully seeking a place which would suit the child's health. But all these changes seemed to do little good, and the poor Prince continued sickly and ailing.

When Francis was little more than three his grandfather, Francis I, died and his father became King. Francis now received the title of Dauphin, and his household was made still larger and more splendid. In fact, as years went, the Dauphin's household became so extravagant that at length the King commanded that no more servants were to be added to it.

The year after King Francis died the little Queen of Scots came to live in France. At once a friendship sprang up between the splendidly healthy, beautiful little girl and the sickly little boy. They did lessons together, played together, rode and hunted together.

300 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

For although the Dauphin was so sickly, his greatest delight was riding, and he astonished everyone round him by his eagerness in hunting and shooting.

The household of the royal children was moved about from one palace to another. Sometimes they were at Fontainebleau, sometimes at Blois or Amboise, or some other of the many royal houses, surrounded by beautiful gardens and forests, where the royal children could spend much time in the open air. Now and again the Dauphin would be taken to one palace, and the Queen of Scots to another, but nearly always they were together.

So the years passed happily and pleasantly, until in the spring of 1558 the young Dauphin and Queen were married.

Little more than a year later King Henry was killed, and Francis became King. Francis was only fifteen, but according to the law of France he was of age, so there was no question of a regency. But although he was of age, Francis was a mere boy, and a weak boy at that. He was so small and childish that his people called him the "Little King," and by that name he is known in history. He was utterly incapable of ruling, and he was com-

pletely in the power of his wife's uncles, the Guises.

At once Francis let it be known that the whole charge of affairs lay in their hands. The Duke had charge of the Army, the Cardinal of the money. The Guises ruled France, and they determined that it should be a Catholic France.

For a long time now in France, as elsewhere at this time, a great religious struggle had been going on. Year by year the new "heresy" had been spreading, and the Huguenots, as the French Protestants were called, had been growing more and more numerous. The Guises were among the great enemies of Protestantism, and they determined to stamp it out. But the Protestants were just as determined to fight for their religion and overthrow the Guises.

Soon through all France a plot against the Guises was formed. The real leader was the Bourbon Prince of Condé. He was a Protestant, and he was also an enemy of the Guises. For both he and his brother Anthony, King of Navarre, were the King's cousins, and they thought that they should have been given the power rather than the Guises. But Condé feared to let it be known as yet that he was

the leader of the Protestants, and so he was named merely the "Dumb Leader."

From far and wide men flocked in secret to swear allegiance to the "Dumb Leader." It was agreed that the Guises should be taken and slain, but that no harm should be done to the King. In the Court itself there were many who had joined the conspiracy. But among them there were some traitors. Soon through them the Duke of Guise was warned of his danger.

At once, but without any show of haste or fear, he caused the Court to move from Blois to Amboise. For Amboise was a stronger castle, and more easily defended.

The conspirators saw nothing unusual in this move, and they continued their plots, never dreaming that they were betrayed. At length all was arranged. Upon a certain day at a signal given from within the castle the conspirators were to rush upon it and take it by storm.

But the Duke knew all their plans, and was ready for them. He walled up the gate by which they meant to enter the town; he changed all the guards, replacing them with men he could surely trust. He sent troops in all directions, some to watch every road

leading to Amboise, others to take possession of the conspirators' meeting-places, so as to prevent their gathering.

The plot was crushed even before it had been fully formed. Yet true to their word on the appointed day many of the conspirators appeared before the castle. But instead of the doors being open to them they were greeted with the roar of cannon and showers of shot. With scarce a resistance they fled, hotly pursued by the royal troops.

Many were slain in the pursuit and flight; many more, bound hand and foot, were cast into the Loire, many more were taken prisoners.

The Riot of Amboise was over. But then began a terrible time of slaughter. The Guises were bent on having an awful revenge. They were bent on utterly rooting out the Protestants. So for a long month there was nothing but blood and murder. The fugitives were hunted like wild beasts, they were dragged to Amboise tied to horses' tails. There they were hanged by tens and twenties at a time. So many were the victims that there were not gibbets enough, and many were hanged from the balconies of the castle.

To the Guises all this seemed but a just punishment upon the rebels, and to watch the

executions became an after-dinner daily amusement. And so cruel were the manners of these times that the King and Queen and ladies of the Court would often sit at the castle windows to watch the horrid sight. Indeed, it was said the chief executions were kept "as an amusement for the ladies."

This rebellion and all the horrors which followed upon it saddened the little King very much. "What have I done to my people," he would ask, weeping, "that they should revolt against me?" He began to be full, too, of suspicions against the Guises. "I do not know how it is," he said to them one day, "but I hear it said that it is only you the people hate. I wish you would go away for a time so that I may find out whether it is so."

"Sire," they replied, "if we leave you, you would not have an hour to live. For the Bourbon Princes seek to destroy you utterly with the help of the Huguenots. We are your only protectors." If this was true or not the poor weak King had no means of finding out. But one thing was certain, he could not rid himself of his uncles.

The Guises knew that the Bourbon Princes were their greatest enemies, and they would very gladly have hanged Condé along with his



MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

(ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.)

followers. But they dared not, for Condé was of the royal blood, and at first they could find no proof that he had had anything to do with the conspiracy.

II

Meanwhile the happy, careless days were over both for Francis and his beautiful young wife, the Queen of Scotland. For France was filled with misery, and the King and Queen could not but know it. It was filled with hatred too, and the great Duke of Guise, who as the conqueror of Calais had been almost adored by the people, was now hated and cursed. Catherine Medici, too, who had once loved her daughter-in-law, now hated her with a jealous hate. For she herself desired to be powerful, and it made her angry to see the Guises of such importance while she was of none. So Queen Mary could not but feel that in their pride and greed of glory her uncles had brought sorrow upon her. She wept bitterly, it was said, crying out that her uncles had undone her, and would cause her to lose her realm.

But it was not only over the state of France that Mary had cause to grieve. For day by

How the
King's heart
failed him.

day bad news was brought to her from Scotland. For Scotland as well as France was torn asunder by wars of religion. The Queen-Regent, although a Catholic, had at first tried to keep peace with the Protestants. But by degrees, as they grew stronger and more numerous, she began to dread their power, and, encouraged by her brothers the Guises, she did all she could to crush them.

Soon all the nation took sides, and at length the quarrel became so bitter that it burst into civil war. Then both France and England took part in the struggle. The French sent soldiers to help the Queen-Regent and the Catholics, Elizabeth sent soldiers to help the Protestants.

And while this war of the Reformation raged the Queen-Regent became very ill. So ill was she that she was like to die. And when the news was brought to Mary she wept more bitterly than ever she had before. "She would take no comfort or consolation," it was said, "but constantly shed most bitter tears, and at length from anguish and grief, she took to her bed." When at length the news came to France that the Queen-Mother was dead, for ten days no one dared tell her daughter. For Mary, it was said, "loved her mother in-

credibly, and much more than daughters usually love their mothers."

At length the Cardinal of Lorraine broke the news to his niece, who, when she heard it, gave herself over to passionate grief. Then for a time, seeking forgetfulness of their many troubles, the Court wandered aimlessly from castle to castle. But neither Mary nor Francis were in a mood to enjoy the fair summer months, though the King, indeed, followed the chase ever more feverishly.

In the last few months Francis had grown greatly. Now he was tall and weedy, and there seemed little strength in his thin, sickly body. But day after day the courtiers were astonished to see their King pale as a ghost, with eyes feverishly bright, mount upon his horse and ride away followed by hounds and huntsmen. He would set forth at daybreak and ride all day, careless of when he had a meal, careless of where he spent the night. If, when darkness fell, he had ridden too far to return to his castle he slept in the nearest gentleman's house, faring as he could. Then next morning he would be up at daybreak and out again on his wild career.

Meanwhile the Guises had not forgotten their hate for the Bourbons. Now they induced

the King to command them both to appear at Court. They came, and Condé was accused of treason and thrown into prison. But nothing could be proved against his brother, the King of Navarre. So the Guises were obliged to let him go free.

But this did not satisfy their hate. So they tried to persuade the King to kill Anthony of Navarre. And Francis was so much under their influence that he agreed to do their bidding. It was arranged that, pretending to be ill, he should send to the King of Navarre bidding him come to see him. When Anthony came he would find the King in bed. The King would then pick a quarrel with him, and springing up in wrath, stab him with a dagger which he had concealed in the bed-clothes.

Anthony received the King's message, but he was warned of his danger and did not go.

Again the King sent for him. Again he was warned. But this time Anthony would not listen to the warnings. "I shall go to this place where my death has been plotted," he said. "But no one has ever sold his life so dearly as I shall. Please God, I shall come forth alive. But if I die, take my bloody shirt to my wife and bid her send it to all the princes

of Christendom that they may avenge my death, for my son is yet too young."

Having said that, Anthony of Navarre went direct to the King's room. As soon as he entered the Cardinal shut the door upon him. The Duke, too, was there, and Anthony knew himself to be alone with his bitterest enemies. Darkly they looked at each other. Then Anthony, turning to the King, greeted him humbly. With angry words the King replied. But again Anthony answered him peaceably and respectfully, for he was determined that the blame of the quarrel should not lie with him.

Then the King's heart failed him. He could not strike a man who refused to fight, and so, safe as he had come, Anthony departed.

Guise was furious at this failing of his plans. "Was there ever such a coward known?" he cried, turning from the King in disgust.

III

In Scotland, now that the Queen-

How Queen
Mary returned
to Scotland.

Regent was dead, the war of Reformation came to an end. The Protestants were triumphant, and they did much as they liked without regarding the

310 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

wishes of their Queen. They sent the French and English soldiers back to their own countries. Then, calling a Parliament, they declared that thereafter Scotland should be a Protestant country.

Upon the 6th of July the Treaty of Edinburgh was signed. By this treaty Mary was made to give up all claim to the English throne, and she and King Francis were forbidden to declare war for Scotland or make peace without the consent of Parliament. But this treaty Mary refused to sign. Nor would she recognize the Parliament or any of its Acts, for it had been called without her consent, and therefore, she declared, had no power at all. "My subjects in Scotland do their duty in nothing," she said. "I am their Queen, and so they call me, but they use me not so. They have done what pleaseth them. I will have them assemble by my authority, and proceed in their doing by the laws of the realm, which they so much boast of, and keep none of them. They must be taught to know their duties."

So bitterly did Mary feel the high-handed actions of the Protestant lords that it might have come again to war. But now her thoughts were for a time turned from Scotland. For Francis, who had always been sickly, became

very ill. All thoughts were for the time being fixed upon the dying boy. Queen Mary and his mother, Catherine of Medici, vied with each other in tender attentions round his bed. But all their loving care was of no avail, and King Francis grew quickly worse.

The Guises were in despair. Well they knew that if the boy King died their power would be at an end. So the Duke cursed and blasphemed, called the doctors all manner of names, and threatened to hang them. "Could they do nothing more for a King," he asked in wrath, "than for some miserable old beggar?" The Cardinal ordered prayers and masses to be said, and daily through the streets of Orleans processions passed to the churches. But it was all in vain, and on 5th December, 1560, the Little King died.

He had never been King in anything but name, and his reign had lasted little more than a year.

The King's death left Queen Mary very lonely and sad. Her reign in France was over, she was no longer a person of importance, and the courtiers, forsaking her and her dead husband, crowded to pay honour to the new King Charles and to his mother, Catherine of Medici.

312 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

For forty days, as the custom of princely mourning was, Mary shut herself up in a darkened room all hung with black and lit only by one or two candles. Here, like a pale ghost in her white widow's weeds, she sat, mourning alike her lost husband and her lost greatness.

Mary was now terribly lonely, her husband and mother were dead, her uncles were in disgrace, her mother-in-law hated her, her people in Scotland had practically dethroned her. She had no place in France, and it seemed likely that she would find no place in Scotland. All the royal jewels of France which had been hers as Queen, Mary now gave up, and leaving the Court, for a few months she wandered from place to place, revisiting for the last time many of the spots where once she had been so happy.

More and more Mary saw that there was no longer any place for her in France. And so one August day she set sail for Scotland, her native land, which she had not seen since she was a child of five.

As the ship sailed away from France, Mary leaned against the side watching the shore with tear-dimmed eyes. "Adieu, France! Adieu, France!" she kept repeating.

Hour by hour she stayed there, looking at the land she loved so dearly. At last night fell, and it was hid from her sight. But Mary refused to go below. She bade her women bring her bed on deck ; there she lay down to rest, having commanded the sailors to awake her at daylight if the shores of France should still be in sight.

In this fortune favoured her, for the wind fell and the ship could make no way. Next morning when she awoke the shores of her beloved land were still in sight. But soon the wind freshened and slowly, slowly they faded from view. "Adieu, France, adieu !" she sobbed for the last time. "Adieu, I shall never see you more."

And so the widowed girl Queen of eighteen sailed to the grey shores of Scotland to begin a second and most unhappy reign.

A NEW YEAR GIFT TO QUEEN MARY WHEN SHE FIRST CAME HOME, 19TH AUGUST, 1561 ; WRITTEN BY

ALEXANDER SCOTT, A CONTEMPORARY POET.

WELCOME ! illustrious Lady, and our Queen ;
 Welcome ! our lion with the fleur-de-lis ;
 Welcome ! our thistle with the laurel green ;
 Welcome ! our ruddy rose upon the stem ;
 Welcome ! our joyful mother and our gem ;
 Welcome ! our bell of Albion to bear ;
 Welcome ! our pleasant Princess, most of price,
 God give thee grace against this good New Year.

314 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

This good New Year, we hope, with grace of God,
Shall be of peace, tranquillity, and rest ;
This year shall right and reason rule the rod,
Which so long season has been sore oppress'd ;
This year, firm faith shall freely be confess'd,
And all erroneous questions put arrear ;
To labour that this life among us last,
God give thee grace against this good New Year.

Cast thy concept by counsel of the sage,
And cleave to Christ, who keepeth thee in cure,
Attaining now to twenty years of age,
Preserving thee from all misadventure.
Would thou be servèd and thy country sure ?
Still on the commonweal have eye and ear ;
Prize aye to be protectrix of the poor ;
So God shall guide thy grace this good New Year.

Forgiveness grant, with gladness and good will,
Free unto all into your Parliament ;
Then 'stablish statutes, steadfast to stand still,
That baron, clerk, and burger be content.
Thy nobles, earls, and lords too consequent
Treat tender, to obtain their hearts entire ;
That they may serve and be obedient
Unto thy grace, against this good New Year.

Since so thou sitteth in seat superlative,
Cause every state to their vocation go,
Scholastic men the scriptures to describe,
The magistrates to use the sword also,
Merchants to traffic, and travel to and fro,
Mechanics work, husbandmen sow and shear ;
So shall be wealth and welfare without war,
By grace of God against this good New Year.

Shortly to end, on Christ cast thy comfort,
And cherish them, that thou hast under charge ;
Assume most sure that he shall thee support,
And lusty children give to thee at large :
Believe the Lord may harbour so thy barge,
To make broad Britain, blyth as bird on briar
And thee extole with His triumphant targe
Victoriously again this good New Year.

CHARLES IX was the brother of Francis II and ruled immediately after him.

THE STORY OF CHARLES IX AND THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

I

The Con-
ference of
Poissy.

CHARLES IX was the brother of Francis II. He had been born in 1550, six years after Francis, and had been brought up with the other children of France and Mary of Scotland, moving from castle to castle often in search of health. For, like his brother Francis, Charles was sickly and nervous. Now upon the death of his brother, at the age of ten Charles became King.

As the King was so young there was need of a Regent. By right, the honour belonged to Anthony King of Navarre. But Catherine of Medici was weary of being overruled and neglected, and she determined that she and none other should be Regent. She determined, too, to be the real ruler and not Regent in name merely. If she was to succeed in this she saw that she must lessen the power of the Guises. So she sent for Anthony, promising

him the second place in the kingdom if he would give up his right to the Regency.

Anthony was not very ambitious, and he consented to do as Catherine asked. Thus she became Regent. Then Catherine set free Anthony's brother, the Prince of Condé, who had been lying in prison awaiting death. She also made friends with the Constable Montmorency. He was not a Protestant like the Bourbon Princes, but he was an enemy of the Guises. Therefore Catherine made friends with him, for she cared little for religion one way or another. All she wanted was power.

The Guises had been too powerful, so now she humbled them, giving their great offices to others, though she still allowed them to keep their seats in the Council. She made them also, in appearance at least, make friends with Condé. In presence of the King and Queen and all the Court the Duke of Guise declared that he had never wished evil to the Prince and that he had had no hand in getting him imprisoned.

"Sir," said Condé sternly, "it seems to me that whoever caused it was both wicked and mean."

"So think I, sir," answered Guise, "but it does not touch me in the least."

Whereupon these two deadly enemies kissed each other like brothers.

Catherine had now the power she wanted. She kept a firm hand upon the little King, making him sleep in her room, and indeed hardly even allowing him to leave her side. She opened all the letters which came to him from ministers and ambassadors, she decided everything, and he spoke as she bade him.

Catherine saw that civil war was bad for the country, and at first she did all she could to keep peace between the Protestants and the Catholics. In this she was helped by Michel de l'Hopital, the Chancellor. He was a wise and kindly old man. With his long white beard and pale earnest face he seemed more like a saint than a politician, and although himself a Catholic he did not hate the Protestants. He could not understand why people should hate and kill each other because they worshipped God in different ways. "Let us do away with these horrible names of Papist and Huguenot," he said. "They are only names for division and rebellion. Let us not change the beautiful name of Christian."

But there were very few who felt and thought like de l'Hopital. Both sides were bitter against each other. Even among the

320 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

royal children there were quarrels over religion. The King remained a Catholic, but his younger brother, Henry, for a time thought himself a Protestant, and he bullied his still younger sister Margaret because she remained a Catholic. He used to throw her prayer books and rosary into the fire and force her to read Psalms and other Huguenot books. The King and his brother and other Princes, too, would sometimes dress up as cardinals or bishops and make fun of them, much to the grief of sincere Catholics.

At Court Protestantism became the fashion, and day by day the Huguenots seemed to grow stronger. This made the Duke of Guise both angry and afraid. But by himself he was no longer powerful enough to hinder it. So he made friends with his old enemy Anne of Montmorency, who was a zealous Catholic.

Together they swore to protect the Catholic religion and to bring about the downfall of the Bourbons. The Marshal of France, Saint-André, joined them also, and these three became so powerful that they were known as the Triumvirate.

Meanwhile to try to reconcile the Protestants and Catholics a meeting between the two parties was arranged at Poissy, not far from

Paris. They were to meet on equal terms, to talk over their differences, and it was hoped settle some of them at least. But it was soon seen that the terms were not equal, and that the Protestants came rather as criminals to trial than as equals to a discussion.

The Princes and nobles of the realm, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and all the great men of the Church came first, in the pride and splendour of power, filling two sides of the hall. At the end of the hall was a raised dais, and upon this King Charles and his mother, surrounded by the royal family, took their seats. That the King should be there at all was much against the will of many of the priests, who had begged the Queen-Regent to spare the tender ears of the young King from hearing the poison of heresy. But the Regent refused to listen to them, and Charles came in state to open the conference.

But he looked around in vain for the heretics. There was no sign of them. Not until the Chancellor had made his speech, and proceedings were begun, were they brought in, guarded by soldiers. There were no seats for them, and they stood like prisoners behind a barrier which separated them from the priests, their simple black dress showing in strange

contrast to the gorgeous robes of the prelates. "Here are the dogs of Geneva," growled one as they came.

As might have been guessed from the first, the conference did no good. Instead of soothing the differences it only made them worse. Neither side would give way in the least, and they separated greater enemies than before.

II

How the
King's nurse
was asked
for advice.

The country was now more restless than ever, and not a Sunday passed without some tumult. So to stop these riots the Regent issued an edict known as the Edict of January. By this the Protestants were ordered to give up all the churches of which they had taken possession. They were forbidden to hold services in towns, but beyond the walls of the towns and in the country they were given leave to do as they liked.

This edict pleased neither party. The Protestants thought they had too little freedom, the Catholics thought they had far too much, and so the hatred between the two parties was increased. Both sides became eager for war.

In needed but a touch to make it burst forth. At length what is known as the Massacre of Vassy gave the touch.

One Sunday the Duke of Guise was travelling to Paris with his household and a great train of attendants. As he passed by the little town of Vassy he learned that the Protestants were gathering in a great barn to hear their minister preach. This seemed to the Duke rank insolence. "He began to mutter and to wax hot in his courage," it is said, "biting his beard as was his manner when he felt very wrathful."

The Duke sent a message to the minister bidding him stop his service. But the minister refused. Then some of the Duke's followers dashed into the barn, shots were fired, and in a moment all was confusion. The Protestants defended themselves as best they could with sticks and stones against the swords and guns of the Duke's party. But they were soon scattered in flight. Some were killed, many more were wounded, among them women and children, and their minister was taken prisoner. When the fight was over Guise came to his brother the Cardinal with a book in his hand. "Here is one of their books," he said.

The Cardinal took it, and having looked at

324 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

it he laid it down quietly. "There is no harm in that," he said, "it is the Bible."

"What!" cried the Duke, with an oath, "how can that be? This book was printed only last year, and the Bible, they say, is more than fifteen hundred years old."

With a smile at his brother's ignorance the Cardinal turned away.

The news of the massacre was received with joy by the Catholics, with anger by the Protestants. In Paris the people were mostly Catholics, and there Guise seemed to have regained his old popularity. As he entered Paris the people shouted, "Long live Guise!" just as they would have shouted, "God save the King!" when he rode through the streets.

The Queen-Regent was afraid of Guise and his reviving power, and taking the King with her she fled away to Fontainebleau. Condé too left Paris in haste, and had he gathered his men and marched to Fontainebleau to get possession of the King all might have been well for him. But he did not, and Guise, well knowing that "the possession of the King was worth half France," hastened to Fontainebleau with a thousand horsemen at his back to urge the Queen to return to Paris.

For some days Catherine held out. But at length the King of Navarre, who had now joined the Catholic party, sternly told her that they intended to take the King to Paris whether she pleased or no. "And as for you, madame," he added, "you are free to follow your son or not, as you choose."

So with tears of rage Catherine was forced to yield and return to Paris. The little King, too, wept bitterly, as if he were being taken to prison.

When Condé knew that the rival party had possession of the King he gathered his forces at Orleans. Here Admiral Coligny, another great Huguenot chief, joined him, and both sides prepared for war.

In July the war really began. In December the chief battle of the campaign was fought on the plain of Dreux.

The armies were drawn up facing each other. They were both nearly of the same strength, but the Protestants had better cavalry, the Catholics better artillery. So the Triumvirate hesitated to fight and sent to the Queen-Regent asking her leave.

"I marvel greatly," said the Queen, "that the Constable, the Duke of Guise, and Saint-André, being such prudent and experienced

326 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

captains, send to ask counsel of a woman and a child."

Upon that the King's nurse, who was a Huguenot, came into the room. "We had better ask the King's nurse," said the Queen mockingly, "whether to give battle or not."

Then calling to her, "Nurse," she said, "the time has come when they ask women to give counsel in war. What do you think? Shall we fight or not?"

"Your Majesty," replied the nurse sadly, "if the Huguenots will not listen to reason, then it is my opinion that you must fight them." Several times she repeated it, "if they will not listen to reason you must fight them."

III

How the great Guise died. The Queen, who had but asked advice from the King's nurse in mockery, now called her Council together and asked their advice. After much talk this way and that they decided at length that the leaders of the army ought not to ask advice or orders from the Court. So the messenger was sent back to the Triumvirate to say that as good

and prudent captains they must do what they thought to be best.

Next morning, therefore, the battle began. "Then," says a writer of the time, "each man held himself firm, remembering that the men he saw coming towards him were not Spaniards, English, or Italians, but Frenchmen. They were Frenchmen, the bravest of the brave; among them were comrades, relatives, and friends, and in an hour they would have to be killing one another. That filled them with horror, but it did not lessen their courage."

The fight was long and bitter. On the Protestant side Condé was wounded and taken prisoner. On the Catholic side also the leader, Montmorency, was wounded and taken prisoner, and one of the Triumvirs, Marshal Saint-André, was killed. Yet in spite of these losses the battle ended in a victory for the Catholics.

When the Prince of Condé was led before the victor, the Duke of Guise treated him with courtesy. He spoke to his prisoner with great respect and gentleness, neither taunting him nor blaming him, but praising him rather for the gallant fight he had made.

The town of Dreux was small and poor, the royal army had lost much of its baggage, and

the men and even the leaders were poorly lodged. There was not a room, not a bed even, to give to the Prince. The Duke of Guise therefore offered him his own. Condé, however, refused to have it unless the Duke would share it also.

So the two great enemies sat at the same table, shared the same frugal supper, discussing together the events of the day. And at length they lay down to rest side by side. "The Duke," said the Prince afterwards, "slept as peacefully as if his dearest friend instead of his bitterest enemy had been by his side. As for me, I did not close an eye all night."

The Catholics had won the victory, but it was dearly bought, and at first it was believed in Paris that it was a defeat. When the Queen heard it she was quite unmoved. "Very well," she said calmly, "we must now say our prayers in French."

But soon she heard that it was a victory and not a defeat. Then she was less pleased. For with one Catholic leader dead, another a prisoner, Guise was once more all-powerful. The King of Navarre too had died, so Guise was without a rival, and he soon began to show his arrogance and pride once more.

He wrote to the King demanding the office of Marshal, left empty by Saint-André's death, for one of his own friends. This made the King angry. "See now," he cried to the Queen, "if the Duke does not act the King well! You would really think that the army was his, and that the victory came from his hand. He orders me about. Yet must I give him a civil answer."

But the King had already promised the vacant post to someone else. So he wrote almost humbly to the Duke, excusing himself for not giving it to his friend. He gave him instead some other honour, and made the Duke himself Commander-in-Chief.

With this Guise had to pretend to be satisfied. But even in his letter to the King his anger and pride could be seen.

As he read it the King smiled bitterly. "Do not trust anyone," he muttered, "and you will not be deceived."

But although Guise had regained much of his old power he had still many enemies. Among the bitterest was a man named Jean Poltrot. In his youth he had been a rabid Catholic, now he was just as rabid a Protestant, and he looked on Guise as the arch-enemy of the Protestants. When the King

330 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

of Navarre died he rejoiced. "But," he cried, "that will not end the war. You must chain up the great dog."

"Whom do you mean?" asked those who heard him.

"I mean the great Guise," he answered, "and here is the arm which will do the deed."

And to anyone who would look and listen he would show the shot he had ready with which to slay Guise. But no one took him seriously; they laughed at him as only a half-mad fanatic.

So in spite of the jealous anger of the King and his mother, in spite of his many enemies, Guise grew daily greater. It seemed, indeed, as if he had recovered all his old power when suddenly the end came.

Guise was besieging Orleans, which was in the hands of the Protestants. They had defended the town bravely, but they were almost at the end of their resources. Not much longer could they hold out, and terror reigned within the walls. For Guise had sworn, it was said, to spare neither man nor woman, to lay the town even with the ground, and sow the ruins with salt.

When the Duchess heard of her husband's wrath she was grieved in her heart for the poor

people. So she set out for Orleans, to see him and beg him to be merciful. The Duke, hearing that she had come to a neighbouring castle, rode forth one evening as the sun was setting to visit her. He was accompanied by one gentleman only, and having no fear he had laid aside his armour and dressed himself in a gay coat and a hat with white feathers to do honour to his lady.

As he rode through the gathering gloom of the February evening his white feathers made a landmark, a mark which was watched and followed from afar by a silent, waiting horseman.

The road was bordered by high hedges, and behind these hedges which screened him from view the horseman waited. Guise was riding along talking to his companion when suddenly through the silent gloom three pistol-shots rang out in quick succession. With a groan Guise fell forward on his horse's neck. "These shots have been in keeping for me this long while," he muttered. "I deserve it for not being more careful."

The Duke was not killed, but he was mortally wounded, and in a few days he died. Thus one of the best-loved soldiers of France, the man who had won back Calais for his country, died

332 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

miserably at the hand of one of his own countrymen.

The death of Guise made it easy to bring the war to an end, for the Catholic party were for the time leaderless. So the Peace of Amboise was signed and Condé and Montmorency were set free.

A few months later the young King, who was now fourteen, was declared of age. In his childish voice Charles made a little speech to the assembled nobles. Now that he was of age, he said, he would no longer endure to be disobeyed, and those who in future did not keep the peace should be treated as rebels.

Then the Queen-Regent rising, knelt before the King. "Now that your Majesty is of age," she said, "I give up to you with joy the governing of the kingdom."

But the King, bending down, raised her up and kissed her. "You will rule more than ever," he said.

And this was indeed true. Charles continued to obey his mother as before.

IV

How civil
war burst
forth again and
how the King
grew impatient
of restraint.

The year after the King was declared of age, he and his mother set out for a long journey through the kingdom. This was needful, said Catherine, that the King might see for himself the state of his kingdom, and also that the people might see the King, who was now of age. So for nearly two years the Court moved from place to place throughout France.

In the Catholic districts Charles was greeted with cries of "God bless the King and the Mass!" In the Protestant districts the people cried, "Justice, Justice!"

It was as if he journeyed through two kingdoms. For Catholics and Protestants were like two rival nations, ready on the slightest excuse to fly at each other, rather than one united people. Yet although either side was ever ready to take up arms the peace lasted for four years. But it was no true peace. And at length, in 1567, the second War of Religion burst forth.

It was short, and it altered things little for either side. The Huguenots at one time nearly gained possession of the King. He fled from

them in all haste and arrived in Paris hungry and exhausted, and trembling with anger at having been made to flee before his own subjects, and long after he kept a bitter hatred for the Huguenots in his heart. Already as he had journeyed through the Protestant parts of his kingdom and seen the broken crucifixes by the wayside, the ruined churches and deserted shrines, he had burned with anger ; now he was more angry still.

The chief battle of this new civil war was fought at St. Denis, near Paris. In it Montmorency was killed. Wounded in the body and in his face, his sword broken in his hand, he fell from his horse. A Scotsman fighting on the Huguenot side called him to surrender. But the fierce old Constable resolved to die fighting. With the pommel of his broken sword he aimed a blow at the Scotsman with such force that his jaw was smashed. But at the same instant a pistol-shot struck the Constable between the shoulders and he fell dead.

The Catholic army claimed the victory. But the Constable's death made it of little use to them, for he was the last of the great captains on the Catholic side. "Your Majesty," said a noble to King Charles, "has not gained the battle, still less has the Prince of Condé."

“Who then has won?” asked Charles.

“The King of Spain,” replied the noble, “for enough brave French soldiers to have conquered all Flanders and the Low Countries have died on the field.”

For four months longer the war lasted. Then peace was signed. But both sides knew that it was but a hollow peace, and it was called the “Little Peace” or the “Patched-up Peace.”

In the meantime Condé and Coligny, the two great Huguenot leaders, went to live in their country castles. But it was not long before they discovered that there was a plot afoot against them, in which the Queen herself had a part. A warning came to them in time. It came, indeed, from a Catholic noble who could not make up his mind to slay them by treachery. One day a letter was brought to Condé. “The stag is in the toils,” it said, “the hunt is up.”

Condé understood that it was a warning; at once he sent to Coligny, and together they decided to flee to Rochelle, which was the great Protestant stronghold.

It was no light matter, for they could not go alone with their armed followers only. They had to take with them their wives and children and the women of their households.

336 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

There was little time to waste, and with all speed they made their preparations, and one August night they set forth, leaving their castles and possessions to the mercy of the foe, for they could take with them only what might be carried on horseback. Surrounded by a few faithful followers the little company rode towards the Loire, which had to be crossed. But they soon found that it was guarded at all points at which it was possible to cross. For swift and silent as their preparations had been, they had yet become known to the enemy.

What was to be done? It was summer-time and the river was low, and a boatman was found who pointed out a spot where it might be possible to ford the river.

There was no time to hesitate. For already the Catholic army was in hot pursuit. To cross the river before they came was the only hope for the fugitives. It must be tried. So taking one of his children in his arms Condé led the way. As he urged his horse into the stream he began to sing softly a Huguenot psalm.

Behind him the others took up the tune, and far away through the stillness of the August night the solemn sound could be heard.

Scarcely had the fugitives crossed when, as if by a miracle, the river began to rise. And

when a few hours later the Catholic army reached the Loire it was no longer possible to ford it.

Thus Condé and Coligny with their little band reached Rochelle in safety. Here they were soon joined by others, among them Queen Joan of Navarre with her little son Henry.

The war which now began lasted two years. One of the chief battles was fought at Jarnac, and in it Condé was killed. He fought as bravely as ever, and although one arm was injured and one leg broken he still rode on.

"Sweet is danger for Christ and the Fatherland," was the motto he had chosen. Now he pointed to the words blazoned on his standard, and then to his wounds, and turning to his men he cried, "See, noble comrades, the long-desired day has come. Remember in what state Louis of Bourbon entered the fight for Christ and his fatherland." Then setting spurs to his horse he darted upon the foe, his men thundering after him.

A charge led by Condé was not to be resisted. But his men were few, the enemy many, and although they made heroic efforts they were at length surrounded.

Condé's horse was killed under him, and,

disabled as he was by his wounds, it was impossible for him to mount another. So with his back against a tree to give him support, for one leg was useless, he fought. Round him gathered his comrades, fighting hard. But many were sorely wounded and taken prisoner, others soon lay dead all around.

The fight was hopeless, and seeing in the press about him two Catholic gentlemen to whom he had once been kind, Condé called to them. "Sirs," he said, raising his visor and giving them his glove, "I yield to you."

The two knights were right glad to have such a noble prisoner, and dismounting they stood beside him courteously, ready to protect him from further harm.

The battle swept past them, and the shouts and clangour were dying in the distance, when suddenly some horsemen came near.

They were the Duke of Anjou's men, Condé's deadly enemy. "Hide your face," cried one of his captors quickly.

Condé drew his mantle over his face and lay still as the troop swept past.

But the captain had gone only a short way when he learned who the prisoner was. Wheeling his horse and shouting, "Kill! kill!" he returned at a gallop. Bending in the saddle

as he reached Condé he put his pistol to his head and shot him dead.

When the news became known there was much joy on the Catholic, much sorrow on the Huguenot side. Now of all the great leaders who had begun the struggle only Admiral Coligny was left. But the young sons of the leaders were taking their fathers' places. On the Catholic side there was young Henry of Guise, and now when Queen Joan of Navarre heard of Condé's death she took her own son Henry, and Condé's son, also called Henry, and hurried to the camp. Here in presence of the army the two boys of sixteen and seventeen swore to fight and die for the cause. With cheers and sobs the soldiers repeated the oath and acclaimed Henry of Navarre as their chief. And for two years or more on all important papers might be seen the double signature of the two Henries—"Henry. Henry of Bourbon."

But the two Henries were mere boys, and Coligny was the real leader of the Protestants, while they became known as his pages.

For some time still the war lasted, but at length a third peace was signed, the Peace of St. Germain. It was the third in seven years, and no more likely to hold than any of

the others. By this peace, in spite of the fact that they had been beaten, the Protestants gained still further advantages. Besides being permitted to follow their religion with greater freedom than before they were allowed four strong garrisoned towns as places of safety.

But, in truth, they were only allowed these because the other side was utterly exhausted. They had neither money nor stores, and their army was on the eve of mutiny. "Thus in spite of ourselves we must stoop to peace," wrote one, "and give the Huguenots far more than we ought."

The King was now no longer a boy, but he was still a King in leading-strings. He seemed to take little interest in ruling the kingdom. He spent much of his time in wild careers through the forests of France, for, like his brother Francis, he was passionately fond of hunting. He loved music and poetry too.

It is said that on wet days he surrounded himself with poets and listened to them, but that on fine days they had no chance, for he mounted his horse and dashed away to hunt the wild boars and stags or other animals.

And while he hunted or read poetry he allowed his mother to do as she would in the kingdom. Yet every now and again he had

times of passionate revolt when he wanted to have his own way and be of some importance.

He wanted to fight, to lead his own army, and his mother would not let him. Even when he was allowed to follow the army he was not allowed to go near the fighting line. He was obliged to keep at a safe distance when he longed to be in the thick of it. So he was filled with helpless anger against the authority of his mother.

He became very jealous, too, of his younger brother Henry of Anjou, because he was allowed to fight. "My life is no more valuable than that of my brother," protested Charles; "for if I die my brother will take my place, and thus the kingdom will never be without a King. My life is not so valuable, at any rate, that it need be shut up in a box and carefully guarded like the Crown jewels."

After the battle of Jarnac a poet wrote some verses in his praise, but they only made Charles angry. "Do not write any more such stuff about me," he said, "for it is all flattery and lies. I have done nothing to deserve it. All you poets may keep your fine writing for my brother, who gives you plenty of occasions to praise him."

"I wish I could share the kingdom with my

brother," he would say at other times, "so that each of us might reign six months."

V

Coligny in
power.

During the peace which followed the Treaty of St. Germain there were many marriages, among them being the marriage of King Charles to Elizabeth, the daughter of the Emperor. It was celebrated with great splendour. The chiefs of the Huguenot party as well as those of the Catholic party were invited to it. The Huguenots, however, refused to come, preferring rather to remain safely in their strong town of Rochelle. But for some time past both Charles and the Queen-Mother had been trying to persuade Coligny to come to Court. Now they became ever more insistent, and at length Coligny yielded. He left Rochelle and travelled towards Blois, scarcely knowing if he were going to death and disgrace or not.

When he arrived in the King's presence the old man wanted to kneel, but Charles prevented him. Taking him by the hand he kissed him on either cheek, calling him "Father." "We have you now," he said

smilingly, "and we will not let you go again, even if you wish it."

The Queen had persuaded Coligny to come to Court so that he might be in her power. But things fell out quite differently from what she had expected. Instead of Coligny being utterly helpless, he soon began to have great influence over the King. All that was good in Charles was awakened by the brave old man. He became so fond of Coligny that he would hardly let him out of his sight. He wanted to follow the Admiral's advice in everything, and the Queen-Mother soon began to feel that she was losing all her influence over her son, and all her power. "Coligny thinks himself the second King of France," she said in anger.

And now it seemed the influence of the Admiral and the influence of the Huguenots would grow even stronger. For Charles became bent on marrying his sister Margaret to young Henry of Navarre, and thus uniting the two rival factions.

For a long time, however, Joan of Navarre could not be persuaded to come to Court. But at length she yielded to the persuasions of the King and of Coligny and came. For Coligny was now so sure of the King's good-

will and intentions that he added his entreaties to those of Charles.

So at length Joan came, and all the arrangements for the marriage were completed. But before it could take place Queen Joan died, poisoned, it was believed, by order of the Queen-Mother.

Henry of Navarre was deeply grieved at the loss of his mother. But in spite of his mourning the marriage was pressed on, and a few days after Henry arrived at the Court of France it was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony.

This marriage made many of the Catholics angry. They were more and more afraid of the growing power of the Protestants. The Queen-Mother was more and more afraid of Coligny, and before long she entered into a plot to kill him.

One day as Coligny was going home after having been to see the King at the Louvre, shots were fired at him from a window. But the murderer went wide of his mark, and Coligny was only wounded in the right hand and left arm. Calmly he pointed to the window with his wounded hand. "The shots came from that window," he said, "where you still see the smoke."

Then, supported by some friends, he went to his home.

The King was playing tennis with the young Duke of Guise when the messenger came to tell him of what had happened. "Am I never to have peace?" he cried with an oath as he threw away his racket.

Then he hastened to see Coligny. "My father," he said, with tears in his eyes, "the wound is yours, but the grief is mine, and I will take such vengeance that it shall never be forgotten."

Then he asked to see the coat which the Admiral had worn. It was brought to him, and with eyes wide with excitement he gazed at the bloodstained sleeves. "The blood," he repeated again and again, "the blood of this famous Admiral!" And with a terrible oath he swore to avenge it.

But that was by no means what the Queen-Mother desired. Her first attempt to get rid of Coligny had failed. The second she determined should not fail. So she talked to her son till she aroused in him all that was worst and most timorous. "Everywhere the Huguenots are arming," she said, "not to help us, but to fight us. Hesitate, and your crown and even your life will be no longer safe. One

man, and one man alone, is the author of all this disturbance. It is the Admiral. He plays at being King. It is we, your brother and I, who have struck at the Admiral to save you, the King. It is for the King now to finish the work, or he and we are all lost."

For hours Charles held out against all argument. He could not, he would not, sacrifice his honour and betray his friends. But Catherine would take no refusal. Hour by hour she continued her cold, cruel arguments till the King was utterly worn out. "Have your way then," he cried at last; "since you think it good to kill the Admiral, I wish it too. But kill also every Huguenot in France, so that there be none left to reproach me." And in a mad passion he flung himself out of the room.

VI

The massacre
of Saint
Bartholomew.

The Queen-Mother and her accomplices took the King at his word. Without a moment's loss of time they began to make their plans. Before midnight sounded they were all complete. The Huguenots were to be made an end of, and the tolling of a bell at daybreak was to be the signal for the attack.

But as the night wore on the King's heart misgave him. Willingly would he have recalled his hasty words, and for a last time he pled to his mother for mercy. But there was no mercy in her heart, and instead of listening to the King she commanded that the bell which was to give the fatal signal should be rung at once.

Then over sleeping Paris that iron tongue clanged out its fearful message. At its sound the murderers set forth upon their work.

That he might be known to his friends each man wore a white bandage on his arm, a white cross in his hat. They were signs of peace and of mercy, but this day they bore no peaceful message. There was nothing but blind hatred in the hearts of the men whose password was "For God and the King."

East and west, north and south, bell after bell took up the message, till it was clanged forth over all Paris, and at the sound all Paris became a slaughter-house.

The noise reached Coligny's house. The clanging bell, the tramp of soldiers' feet, the shouting and the anguished cries all told him that his hour had come. Pale, yet steadfast, he rose from his bed. He leant against the wall, for, weak still from his wound, he could

scarcely stand. "Pray for me," he murmured to his chaplain. "Into God's hand I commend my spirit."

At that moment one of his gentlemen entered the room. "What does this tumult mean?" asked someone in breathless anxiety.

"Sir," replied the gentleman, "it is God calling us."

There was a moment of tense silence. They all knew death stared them in the face.

It was the Admiral who broke the stillness. "Sirs," he said, "I have been ready this long time to die. But you others, you must save yourselves, if there is still time."

Quickly they fled to the roof of the house, for soldiers were thronging the courtyard and mounting the staircase, and there was no other way of escape. But even here many were slain.

The old Admiral was left alone, save for one faithful servant who refused to leave him. Together they awaited death. Nor had they long to wait.

The door was forced open, and the soldiers burst into the room. At the sight of the calm, brave old man they hesitated a moment.

"Are you the Admiral?" cried their leader.

"I am," replied Coligny. "Young man, you

come against an old and wounded man. But do what you will, you cannot shorten my life much."

With a terrible oath the man rushed forward and thrust his sword into Coligny's breast.

The Admiral fell to the ground.

"Ah!" he cried bitterly, "had it been but a man, and not this stable-boy!" Bitter it was to him after many a gallant fight to die thus like a dumb beast in the slaughter-house.

Others rushed forward, and soon the brave old Admiral lay dead, pierced with many wounds.

Then from the courtyard came the voice of Guise. "Is it done?" he cried.

"It is done," answered the murderers.

"Then throw him down from the window that we may see for ourselves."

So the murderers lifted the body, and carrying it to the window threw it out. It fell in the courtyard below.

Guise stooped over the poor broken body. Wiping the blood from the face he gazed fixedly at it for a moment. Then he raised himself. "I' faith, it is he," he said, and giving the body a brutal kick he turned away.

"We have begun well," laughed one of his

350 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

comrades. "Let us to the next. It is the King's will."

Thus with the dawning of the day was the ghastly work begun, and thus it continued, until the sun was high, until the streets ran red with blood and were piled with the pale dead. The murderers went mad with the thirst for blood. The King himself, whose consent to it had been dragged from him, was swept along in the wild orgy of bloodshed, and from the windows of his palace he fired upon the hunted, terror-stricken fugitives. When the young Queen heard of the terrible slaughter she was struck with horror. "Does the King my husband know of this?" she asked.

"He commanded it," was the answer. Hearing that the Queen burst into tears. "O God," she cried, raising her eyes to heaven, "what evil councillors hast Thou given him. Pardon this crime, I beseech Thee." And shutting herself in her own rooms she spent the rest of the day in prayer.

All that day and all the next the slaughter lasted. It spread through France, and when at last the fury had worn itself out thousands of brave and honest French citizens lay dead.

It was in the early hours of St. Bartholomew's Day that this slaughter began, and

from that it is known as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is one of the most horrible incidents in all history, and it was quite useless.

It was meant utterly to stamp out the Protestant religion in France, and it completely failed. It led instead to a fourth religious war. And so fiercely did the Huguenots fight that when at length peace was signed once more they kept all the liberty they had been given at the Peace of St. Germain three years before. So all the bloodshed and horror had been in vain.

It had been in vain, but it had left its mark upon the King. He could not forget the horror of it, try how he would. He sought forgetfulness in a mad round of pleasure, in wild hunting parties, when for twelve or fourteen hours on end he would gallop through the woods, stopping neither to eat nor drink. At all costs, he wanted to tire himself out so that he might sleep and forget. But forget he could not. From being friendly and gracious he became melancholy and severe. He hardly spoke, and went with downcast eyes, seldom looking anyone in the face.

At last, worn out in mind and body, he became sick unto death. And as he lay dying, it was his old Huguenot nurse who tended him.

352 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

His spirit could find no rest. "Ah, nurse, nurse," he cried the night before he died, "what blood, what murders. Ah! I have followed evil counsel. May God pardon me, and have mercy upon me."

"Sire," replied his nurse, "the murders lie at the door of those who did them. God will not impute them to you. And for pity's sake, your Majesty, cease from weeping."

Then having brought him a clean handkerchief she wiped his eyes and comforted him as if he were still the little boy she had loved and comforted in his childish sorrows years before.

And so perhaps before the end his troubled soul found a little comfort. "I am glad," he said, "that I leave no son to follow me on the throne. For France has need of a man, and not of a babe in swaddling-clothes. For with a child upon the throne, both King and country are miserable."

MY KING AND COUNTRY

I LOVE my King and country well,
Religion and the laws,
Which I'm mad at the heart that e'er we did sell
To buy the good old cause.
These unnatural wars
And brotherly jars



THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PARIS ON THE DAY OF THE
MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

Are no delight to me ;
 But it is my desire
 That the wars should expire
 And the King and his realm agree.

I never yet did take up arms,
 And yet I dare to die ;
 But I'll not be seduced by fanatical charms
 Till I know the reason why.
 Why the King and the State
 Should fall to debate
 I ne'er could yet a reason see,
 But I find many one
 Why the wars should be done
 And the King and his realms agree

I love the King and the Parliament,
 But I love them both together ;
 And when they by division asunder are rent,
 Whichsoe'er of those
 Be victorious,
 I'm sure for us no good 'twill be ;
 For our plagues will increase
 Unless we have peace
 And the King and his realms agree.

The King without them can't long stand,
 Nor they without the King ;
 'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must command,
 For their power from his must spring.
 'Tis a comfortless sway
 Where none will obey ;
 If the King hasn't right which way shall we ?
 They may vote and make laws,
 But no good they will cause
 Till the King and his realms agree.

354 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

A pure religion I would have
Not mixed with human wit ;
And I cannot endure that each ignorant knave
Should dare to meddle with it.
The tricks of the law
I would fain withdraw,
That it may be alike to each degree,
And I fain would have such
As do meddle so much
With the King and the Church agree.

THIRTY-SIX years after the death of Charles IX another boy King, Louis XIII, came to the throne of France.

THE STORY OF LOUIS XIII

I

Tears and
temper.

ONE September day in 1601 there was great excitement in the palace of Fontainebleau. For a Dauphin had been born—an heir to the throne of France. And as for eighty years there had been no Dauphin, the rejoicing was great indeed.

With tears of joy running down his cheeks Henry IV kissed his Queen. “My dear,” he said, “God has been very good to us. He has given us that for which we asked. We have a fair son.” And when she heard the good news the Queen fainted with joy. The King took his baby very tenderly in his arms and blessed him. Then taking his sword he put the hilt of it within the tiny fingers. “May you use it, my son,” he said, “to the glory of God in the defence of your country.”

Then the King threw open the doors and told the news to the waiting courtiers without. They in their excitement crowded round the King, throwing themselves at his feet in such

ardour that they nearly knocked him down. Then they thronged into the Queen's room, eager for a glimpse of the wonderful baby. Soon there was such a crowd in the room that it was impossible to move, scarcely possible to breathe. When the Queen's nurse saw it she was very angry, and said so. At such a time the King should have known better, she said, and she proceeded to give him a piece of her mind. King or no King, he should hear what she thought of him.

But the King was too happy to pay any heed to her. He patted her on the shoulder. "Gently, gently, nurse," he said, "don't get angry. This child belongs to all the world. Everyone has a right to rejoice over him."

And everyone did rejoice. Throughout the length and breadth of France bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and Te Deums were sung.

Henry was a very delighted father, but he was a very clumsy one. A few days after his son was born he came to pay him a visit and found him sleeping on a velvet cushion. He picked up the cushion so awkwardly that the baby rolled off, and would have fallen to the ground if his nurse had not caught him. After that a velvet strap was put on the pillow, which was fastened whenever the Dauphin

358 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

was carried about. But the King was not allowed to lift him or carry him any more.

The little Dauphin was at once surrounded with all manner of pomp. He was given a great household and following of servants, grooms, gentlemen-in-waiting, and what not. But chief among them were his doctor, simple, kindly Jean Heroard, and his governess, Madame de Montglat, who was tall, thin, and terribly severe.

As soon as the Prince was born Jean Heroard began to keep a diary, and in it he gives us the smallest details of the little Prince's life—when he cut his first tooth, when he said his first word, or took his first step. How the King played “peep-bo” with him, or how he was frightened by a strange lady's hat. Nothing was too small or unimportant to be put down. On the whole, it was a very quiet and uneventful life.

Before he was a fortnight old the Prince was removed from Fontainebleau to St. Germain, and here for the next few years he lived. The King and Queen came to see him almost every day, and many other people came to visit him and pay reverence to their future King. So when little more than a baby he became accustomed to have people kneeling to him

and kissing his hand. He was surrounded by so much deference and respect that he soon became very arrogant and self-willed. He got into terrible tempers for nothing at all, screaming, kicking, scratching, or else sulking. And from the time that he was two until after he became King these bad tempers earned for him many a beating. Over and over again Heroard writes in his diary something like this : " The Dauphin got up in a bad temper. Scratched Madame de Montglat ; was beaten."

Even the King and Queen, whom he loved exceedingly, did not escape from his temper. Sometimes the King too, who had a temper of his own, would get angry with him. Then there were terrible scenes, and the little Prince, quite beside himself with rage, would cry himself nearly ill, shrieking out that he would kill everyone.

Sometimes, instead of being thrashed, the poor little Dauphin would be bribed to be good with promises of sweets and new toys.

Or again, he would be frightened. A big laundry-man would come and threaten to take him away in his bag and put him in the wash-tub ; or a locksmith would come with a pair of pincers and a rod, and say, " Look here, this is what we fasten up naughty little boys with."

360 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Or again, an ugly mason would come and make-believe to carry him off in his hod. And once when he was very naughty a cane was let down the chimney by a string, and the Dauphin was made to believe that an angel had brought it down from heaven on purpose to beat him. One cannot help feeling sorry for the little frightened Prince in spite of his wicked tempers.

Louis's life, however, was not all tempers and punishments, sometimes he was quite good and happy. He loved playing at soldiers. He never tired of watching the guard being changed, and he knew all the sentries by name and used to have great talks with them. A drum was his greatest delight. No present ever pleased him more, and he seemed to be for ever beating a drum, even when he went to see the King. "He longed for nothing but drums, soldiers, and arms," says the good old doctor.

Louis liked also to look at a big book full of pictures of animals which belonged to the doctor. He was fond, too, of listening to stories which his nurse, Mama Doundoun, told him. Sometimes they were Bible stories like Lazarus and the rich man, sometimes fairy tales, or old Greek legends. Afterwards he would play at these stories. Sometimes it

would be the story of Andromeda. Then his little sister would be Andromeda, a page would be the Dragon, and he Perseus, who kills the Dragon.

The Dauphin had many other make-believe games. He had a great collection of pottery figures of all kinds, both men and beasts, and with these he was able to invent all sorts of splendid make-believe games. But perhaps best of all he liked "being useful." Very often he helped to make his own bed. He would carry the pillows on his head pretending that he was a mason building a house. And he could work in the garden, wheeling earth about from one place to another, planting peas and beans, and swaggering about, swinging his arms and taking great strides "like a real workman."

In those days it was the fashion for great nobles to wait upon the King and Queen, and when the Dauphin was quite a tiny child he was taught to wait upon his father, to hand him his shirt when he got up or hold a napkin beside his chair at meals. Yet he could not bear the idea that anyone was greater or of more importance than himself. Nothing made him so angry as when the King said, "I am the master : you are my valet." But a little

362 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

later he delighted to call himself "Papa's little valet."

Louis began very early to learn to read and write. Mamanga, as he called Madame de Montglat, taught him his letters out of a big Bible, and he soon knew them all. He also learned to write, and was very fond of writing letters to the King or Queen with someone holding his hand. Here is one of the letters he wrote at three and a half :

"My good Mama,—I am no longer self-willed. I am not afraid of the blind man, papa, I am not afraid of the guns. I have killed a partridge."

From Heroard's diary we learn that the Dauphin said prayers just like any other little boy; indeed, his prayers were very like what many a little boy or girl says to-day: "God bless Papa and Mama, the Dauphin, my sister, my aunt; give me the blessing of His Grace, make me a good man, and keep me from all my enemies."

A little later on Louis was taught the Lord's Prayer. But he did not understand it.

"Mamanga," he asked, "what does 'forgive us our trespasses' mean?"

"Monsieur," she replied, "it means that

every day we sin against God, and we ask Him to forgive us."

The Dauphin went on a little farther till he came to "deliver us from evil." There again he stopped.

"Mamanga, what is 'evil'?" he asked.

"Monsieur, it is the wicked spirit which says to you, 'Go on, scream, kick, be naughty.'"

For some time after that the little Dauphin thought very quietly about it. Then he said softly, "Mamanga, the good God died upon the Cross."

Mamanga nodded. "Do you know why, Monsieur?" asked the doctor, who was there.

"Because we have all been naughty," answered the Dauphin, "you, Mamanga, me, and Mama Doundoun."

II

How the Dauphin grew to be a big boy. It was not until the Dauphin was nearly five years old that he was baptized. Then to his great disappointment he was called Louis. He wanted to be called Henry, because it was his father's name.

He had a great admiration for his father.

When he was obstinate, "Papa wants you to do it" was often enough to make him give in.

"I like everything that papa gives me," he used to say. He was afraid of the rain, but he braved even that for the love of the King. One day when they were out walking together it began to rain.

"Run, my boy," said the King, "run home."

"If you please, papa, I'm not afraid of the rain."

"But I am afraid you will get ill."

"I won't get ill. I promise you, papa," replied the Prince, so he stayed in spite of his fear.

The Dauphin always wanted to do things exactly as the King did. "Papa does it," or "Papa doesn't do it," was often an excellent excuse with him.

"Give me some jelly," he said one night at supper.

"Say please," said Mamanga.

"Papa doesn't say please," quickly returned the Prince.

"You mustn't sit cross-legged," said Mamanga at another time, "it will make you limp."

"Papa does it," answered the Dauphin, so of course there was nothing more to be said.

He was very fond of writing to the King. He could not really write, but De Heroard would hold his hand and trace the words for him. If the King replied it was a tremendous delight for little Louis. He would kiss and hug the letter and take it to bed with him.

Here is a letter that Louis wrote to his father when he was away fighting :

“ Papa,—since you went away Mama has been very pleased with me. I have been to war in her room. I marched against the enemy. They were all in a heap between the bed and the wall in Mama’s room, they slept there. I wakened them up with my drum. I have been to your arsenal, Papa.

“ Monsieur de Rosny showed it to me all full of arms and ever and ever such a lot of big cannon, and then he gave me some nice sweets and a little silver cannon. It will need a pony to draw it. Mama is going to send me back to St. Germain to-morrow. There I will pray God for you, Papa, to keep you from all danger and to make me wise so that I can soon help you. I am very sleepy, Papa, and I am your very humble and very obedient son and servant,

“ DAUPHIN.”

Although this letter was written more than three hundred years ago, it is not very unlike what a little boy might write to-day.

But sometimes not all the love he had for his father would make the little Dauphin do as he was told.

It was the custom for the King after Mass on Maundy Thursday to wash the feet of thirteen poor people and afterwards to wait upon them at table.

It was looked upon as a great Court ceremony as well as a deed of humble piety. But one Maundy Thursday, when Louis was about six, Henry was ill in bed. As Henry was not well enough to go through the ceremony he told the Dauphin that he must do so instead.

"I don't want to," said the Dauphin, "it is horrid."

"But you will do it for me?" said the King.

"Yes, papa," answered the Dauphin.

So he went off to church, and during the sermon he amused himself by pricking a piece of paper with a pin in the shape of birds and animals. When the service was over the Dauphin was led to where the old beggars were sitting. He went very unwillingly. It was only the thought that it was to please his father that made him go. But when he

reached the first beggar and found that his own basin was being used, it was too much for him. He turned away crying, and nothing would induce him even to kneel down, so the King's Almoner had to perform the ceremony.

Afterwards Mamanga scolded him for his naughtiness. "Why would you not wash the feet of the poor sick people, monsieur?" she said. "The King does it, and surely if he does you might."

"But I'm *not* the King," was all the Dauphin could tearfully answer.

When Louis was about six he began to learn Latin. But he did not like it much, "he had to be bribed to say two and a half lines of a Latin Psalm," says Heroard in his diary. Indeed, we gather throughout that lessons did not get on very fast.

"Go away, go away, I don't want to write this morning," he said one day to his writing master.

But the writing master was wily. "Sir," he said, "I have here a book which belongs to a German gentleman, who begs you to write in it. The whole of Germany will see it."

"Ah," said the Prince, "I should like that. There is an Emperor in Germany, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the writing master.

And so, says Heroard, "the desire for glory made him write cheerfully some words which I gave him from a Latin poet."

A few days later we find the Dauphin asking to play tennis in order to get off of writing.

About this time he began to be very fond of painting, and he would paint and draw for hours together. He drew all sorts of things; things "out of his head," bits of the gardens, and even copied the King's portrait, "which," says Heroard, "was quite recognizable."

So eight years went by. The Dauphin was no longer a baby. He was given his first suit of trousers and a sword and cloak. His suit was of crimson satin, trimmed with silver lace, and he was tremendously proud of it. He strutted off to show himself to Heroard, who played his part well, and pleased the little Prince enormously by pretending not to know him in his grown-up clothes.

Grown-up clothes were all very fine, and the Dauphin was immensely pleased with them, but they brought other things in their train which did not please him so well. He was told, for instance, that now that he was such a great boy he was no longer to be left to the care of women. He must say good-bye to his little sisters, to Mamanga (whom he loved in

spite of all the thrashings), and Doundoun, and St. Germain with its beloved garden, and go to live in Paris and have a tutor.

The Dauphin looked forward to this with something of fear. Once when Mamanga asked him what he would do when he was taken away from her, he replied, "We won't speak about that, Mamanga."

Still, when the time came he went off very quietly, without any tears or scenes, to the carriage which was to take him to Paris. For the thought that at Paris he would see more of his father made up for much. Once when he was asked whether he would like best to live at Fontainebleau or at Paris he answered, "If papa is at Fontainebleau, I should like best to live there; if he is at Paris, I should like best to live there."

At the Louvre the King and Queen received the Dauphin. He ran joyously to throw his arms round his father's neck as of old. But even with his father being grown up made some difference. For the King now told him that, as he had become such a big boy, he must no longer say "papa," but "father."

Now lessons began in earnest. Regularly every day there was reading and writing to be done, Latin declensions and catechism to be

370 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

learned. Besides this, he was also taught to shoot, to row, to ride, and now often went hunting with his father.

But lessons were always a trouble, and thrashings frequent. Once Madame Montglat came to see him.

“Mamanga,” he said, “would you not like to see me do my lessons?”

“I will come for the beginning, Monsieur,” she answered.

“Oh, but I never do them well till the end,” he said.

He may have said this because he wanted Mamanga to stay with him all the time. But the truth is, more likely, that he seldom did his lessons well at all.

III

For many years France had been at peace. But at length Henry IV made up his mind to fight with Spain, and he began to make great preparations. He determined himself to lead his soldiers, and before leaving France to appoint Queen Marie Regent.

But Marie, although she had been Queen of France for ten years, had never been crowned.

“The King
is dead, long
live the King.”

“ You are an uncrowned Queen, Madame,” said one of her favourites to her. “ Now you are about to become a powerless Regent. Thus, Madame, you will be known by two fine titles, neither of which will really belong to you. Cause yourself to be crowned, and then you will in truth possess the authority which is your due.”

Marie gladly took this advice, and insisted that if she was to be left as Regent during the King's absence she must be crowned. Henry was very unwilling to listen to her. If it was to be done at all, it must be done splendidly. It would cost a lot of money, and he wanted all his money for the war. Besides this, he had an uneasy feeling that her coronation would bring misfortune upon himself.

But Marie stood firm, so at length the King gave way, and on the 13th of May, 1610, the Queen was crowned at St. Denis with great splendour. The great church was hung with purple and cloth of gold. It was thronged with lords and ladies dressed in glowing colours and glittering with jewels.

Before the Queen walked the Dauphin, dressed in cloth of silver embroidered with jewels. He was by her side throughout the

gorgeous ceremony, and helped to hold the crown over her head.

So at length Marie de Medici was crowned Queen of France. Still she begged Henry not to go to the war. She knew little of State affairs, she said, and the Dauphin was yet young. But Henry laughed. He put aside all her pleadings with a jest.

Go he would. Yet the King himself was sad and troubled. The day after the Queen's coronation, talking with some of his friends, he said, "You do not know me now, but I shall die one of these days, and when you have lost me, you will know then my value and the difference between me and other men."

"Sire," quietly replied one of his friends, "will you never cease to grieve us by saying that you will die soon? You will live, please God, yet many long, happy years. You are in the very flower of your age, in perfect health and strength, held in greater honour than any other human being, enjoying in all peace the most flourishing kingdom in the world, loved and adored by your subjects, with goods, money, and fine houses to your heart's content, with a lovely wife and fine children growing up round you. What more could you want?"

"My friend," replied the King, with a sigh, "one must leave all these things."

All day he was gloomy. Do what he would, he could not shake off his depression. It was plain to all.

"Sire," said one of his officers, "you are depressed and out of sorts. It would do you good to go out for a little, if I might dare suggest it."

"You are right," said the King. "I will go to see my War Minister, Sully, who is not well. Call my carriage."

So the carriage was called, and Henry went to say good-bye to the Queen. Even then it seemed as if he could not make up his mind to go. Three times he said good-bye, three times he returned to her.

At last he went. "I shall just go and return at once," he said.

He stepped into his carriage, followed only by one or two of his gentlemen. For the royal bodyguard which was ready to escort the carriage he turned back.

"I don't want you," said the King. "I don't want anyone."

Henry drove quickly through the streets until, turning into a very narrow one, the driver found the way blocked by two heavy

carts. Here the carriage was obliged to draw up till the carts could be got out of the way.

As the carriage stood still a man suddenly leaped on to the wheel at the side nearest the King. He raised his hand. Something flashed in the sunlight, and before anyone around realized what had happened, a knife was plunged into the King's side.

"I am stabbed," gasped Henry, and fell back lifeless. Again and yet again the assassin struck before he was seized and disarmed.

Then through the gathering crowd there went a cry of wild despair and anger, "The King is dead ! the King is dead !"

"Nay," cried one of the nobles who was with him, fearing a tumult, "he is but wounded," and with all speed the carriage drove back to the palace.

The Queen was in her room resting, for she was wearied with the excitement of the day before, and she was to dance at the great State ball in the evening. As she lay on her couch she chatted to one of her ladies-in-waiting. Suddenly to her ears came the heavy tramp of feet, the heavy tramp as of men bearing some burden. A sudden fear seized her. At once her thoughts flew to the Dauphin. Some evil had befallen him.

"My son," she cried, starting up in terror.

The lady-in-waiting held her back and went out to see what had happened. In a moment she returned with a pale face.

"Your son is not dead," she stammered, "it is nothing."

But the Queen pushed her aside and went into the King's room. There she saw him lying on his bed cold and still. Fainting with grief and horror she was carried back to her own room.

"The King is dead," she moaned.

"Madame," replied one of the courtiers, "the Kings of France never die. Dry your tears, and think of the safety of your children."

"The King is dead ! Long live the King !" The blow which had ended Henry's life had made stupid, hot-tempered little nine-year-old Louis King.

He was out driving when the news came to him. For throughout Paris there was a wail of grief. The whole city was in confusion, and it was impossible to keep the cause of it from the child who was now King.

When he was told that he would never see his beloved father any more he burst into tears. "Ah, if I had been there with my sword," he cried, "I would have killed the murderer."

At first it was hard for Louis to realize what had happened, and all that it meant to him. That evening his servants and attendants knelt to him as they served dinner. This seemed so strange that at first he laughed. Then, suddenly understanding what it meant, he burst into tears.

“I do not want to be King,” he cried. “They will kill me too, as they killed my father.” And now his grief was mingled with terror. He was horribly afraid, and that night he begged to sleep with his tutor, “lest dreams should come to him.” This he was allowed to do. But the Queen was too fearful of his safety to permit him to be out of her sight, and she commanded that he should be brought to sleep in her room. So late at night he was taken to her room, where he slept till morning.

IV

Louis is
betrothed
and crowned.

Louis was now King in name. But he was only a little boy. He had in reality no power, and his life went on very much as before. There was still the round of lessons, reading, writing, dancing, and shooting, still the frequent scoldings and

thrashings. Being King gave him little pleasure, and he missed his father terribly.

“I wish I had not become King so soon,” he would say, “and that my father was still alive. I wish my father had lived twenty years longer.”

It was the Queen who ruled now, and she in her turn was ruled by her favourites, chief among them an Italian named Concini.

But although Louis's title was still an empty one he had to be crowned. The coronation took place at Rheims, where all the Kings of France were crowned.

During the long, trying ceremony the little boy of nine behaved very well. But at the end he grew rather weary of it, and amused himself by trying to tread upon the train of the Constable of France, who walked before him up the aisle.

At last, by half-past two, the ceremony was over, and as Louis had been up since five o'clock his tutor thought he had better go to bed and rest.

“But I'm hungry,” said Louis.

So a meal was quickly prepared, and after it the great King of France was sent to bed. There he lay very happily playing with his favourite lead soldiers.

For in spite of being a King, Louis was still very fond of his soldiers. This vexed his tutor.

“Are you never going to grow up and stop playing with childish toys?” he asked one day.

“But,” cried Louis indignantly, “these are not childish toys, they are soldiers,” and he continued to play with them.

He was fond, too, of sailing boats in his bath. He would load them with roses, and say that they were vessels coming from India laden with gold and spice.

This, it is true, did not happen very often. For in those days people seldom took baths. When King Louis had one it was a great occasion, and he did not go out for two days after lest he should catch cold!

At length, being so often told that it was childish, Louis began to be a little ashamed of playing at soldiers, yet he could not bear to give them up, and sometimes he would shut himself in his own room with them and forbid his servants to tell anyone what he was doing. For although he would not give up his lead soldiers, he did not like to be thought childish.

“You don’t love me to-day,” he said once to his tutor, “for you have called me a child.”

It made him very angry to be treated as a

child. He knew that he was a King, and he wanted to be treated with the respect due to a King. And this those around him often forgot. They would come into the room where he was without noticing him, sit down in his presence, and do many other things which, had he been a real grown-up King, they would not have dared to do. And this made him furious. It was hard, he felt, to be expected to give up childish games and yet not receive in return the respect due to a grown-up King.

“Sir, I must do something,” he would say to his tutor, when he urged him to be less childish. “If I give up my toys, tell me, what am I to do?”

The poor, stupid little boy had no ideas of his own. He could not play any thinking games. So at length he took to shooting. He soon became very expert and took great delight in it, and for a time he was daily to be found in the palace gardens shooting sparrows and other small birds. He also became very fond of falconry, and a gentleman named Luynes, his chief falconer, became a great favourite with him.

Meanwhile no one seemed to trouble about teaching Louis the duties of a King. It would

not have been easy, perhaps, for he detested all lessons. He seized every opportunity of getting out of doing them; he would promise to take medicine or say his prayers, or have his hair done, on condition that he need not do lessons that day. And he was so obstinate, and had such a temper when crossed, that his tutor often gave in to him, and for the sake of peace let him off his tasks.

So two years went by; the little King shot sparrows, flew falcons, and otherwise amused himself, while the Queen-Regent ruled the land and was ruled by Concini. The other great Princes meanwhile fought among themselves and plotted against the Regent and her favourite.

And now the Queen decided that the King must be married. So a wedding was arranged between him and the Spanish Princess. He himself was very little consulted.

“My son,” said the Queen one day, “I should like you to marry. Would you like to?”

“I shall be quite pleased,” answered the King. So it was arranged.

It was arranged at the same time that his sister was to marry the Prince of Spain. So on 25th September, 1612, there was a grand ceremony, when the contracts for the two

marriages were signed. Even then Louis did not take it very seriously, and when his sister was signing her name he jogged her elbow to make her write badly. Thus was the King engaged to be married. But the wedding did not take place yet awhile.

When Louis was thirteen he was declared of age and fit to rule. But he was all the same only a very ignorant, small boy, kindly and religious, quick tempered, idle, and changeable. Of his kingly duties he had not the slightest idea. Yet he wanted people to respect him, and he wanted to make a good appearance, and the night before the ceremony of his majority he lay in bed praying to the Saints that he might make his speech to the Parliament without a mistake.

The Saints were kind to him, and he said his speech in a clear, firm voice without a stammer.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “having reached my majority, I have come to say to you that I intend to govern my kingdom with good counsel, with piety and justice. I expect from all my subjects the respect and obedience that is due to the Sovereign Power and Royal Authority, which God has put into my hand. My subjects may also hope from me the pro-

tection and favour to be looked for from a good King who desires above all things their peace and welfare."

Then turning to the Queen, "Madame," he said, "I thank you for all the trouble that you have taken for me. I pray you to continue it, and to govern and command as you have done before. It is my will and my intention that you shall be obeyed in all things and in all places, and that after me, and in my absence, you shall be head of my Council."

This speech made it plain to the nobles, who hated the Queen and her favourites, that nothing was to be changed, the Queen was still to have all the power.

When the ceremony was over the little King was very tired. He was taken back to his palace and put to bed, and there, surrounded by his toys, he played very happily till he fell asleep.

A few days later we find him playing hide-and-seek with his gentlemen, beating his drum, and amusing himself with toy cannon, as if there was no such thing as crown or kingdom.

They could be forgotten, but lessons were ever present, and they could not so easily be forgotten. For his tutor was always there to insist on his doing them.

But one day a bright idea occurred to Louis. He was King, he had favours to give, he could bribe his tutor. So one day he said to him, "If I give you a bishopric, will you make my lessons shorter?"

"No," was the disappointing reply, and the little King sighed discontentedly. Being a King did not seem to be much use.

He never had any money, he had to do hateful lessons and endure constant thrashings. Was there ever such a King? And yet at times he was treated with empty honour. Now if he came into the room the Queen would rise and curtsy and remain standing until he was seated. But such things gave the King little pleasure. "Less ceremony and fewer thrashings," he grumbled one day, "would please me better."

V

How the King's favourite slew the Queen's favourite. Louis was now nearly fifteen, and the Regent thought it was time he should be married. So the Spanish Princess set out from her home to be married to her boy husband.

The King and the Princess had never seen each other. But Louis had heard that the

Princess was beautiful and charming, and he wanted to see her without letting her know. So he mounted his horse and rode to meet her. He knew that the Princess was to stop to have a meal at a certain house on the way. So he went into this house and, taking his place at a window, waited her coming. The time seemed long, but at length the great procession was seen winding slowly along through the crowded streets. Opposite the house where the King waited the royal carriage drew up and, much delighted, the King watched the Princess as she ate.

Someone told the little Spanish lady that her husband was watching her from the window. At once she became eager to see him too. But he was surrounded by his gentlemen, and she could not make out which of them was the King.

As soon as the Princess had set out again the King mounted his horse and, galloping hard, overtook her once more. As he passed her carriage he bowed low. The Princess bowed too, and then, shouting gaily, the King galloped away to be ready to receive his Princess when she reached Bordeaux.

Here a few days later the marriage took place with great splendour. The young Queen



LOUIS XIII.
(PAINTER UNKNOWN.)

was so beautiful that as she passed along the people burst into cries of admiration and delight. The King too looked splendid in his gorgeous clothes of white satin glittering with gold and gems. "They seemed like two angels, they were so beautiful," said one who saw them.

Even now the King had little power, and the Queen-Mother continued to rule. But meanwhile the whole country became filled with discontent against her and her favourites. The great nobles quarrelled amongst themselves. They had formed parties, each one conspiring against the other. But in one thing they were united. They all hated Concini. And as the Regent heaped honour after honour upon him, the hatred grew more and more bitter.

At length the Regent made her favourite Marshal of France. It was the highest military honour he could receive, and he knew nothing of war. He had never so much as seen a battle, besides which he was not even a Frenchman. So the anger against him was more bitter than ever.

The King also hated Concini for his insolence and pride. He began too to be more and more angry that because of Concini he was shut out

from all share in the Government, never consulted in anything, and shown no respect.

Now Luynes, Louis's favourite, never lost a chance of increasing and encouraging his anger and hate against the Queen-Mother's favourite. For he wanted to be powerful, and he knew he never could be so as long as Concini lived.

So Luynes at length persuaded Louis that his very life was in danger, and that his only hope of safety was in getting rid of Concini.

Louis was at length thoroughly frightened as well as angry.

"Has it come to this?" he wept. "Must I die as I have lived, despised—a King without authority, without throne, without crown?"

Having thoroughly frightened the King, Luynes next made it his business to comfort him and show a way of safety. If Concini were dead, said he, Louis would not only be safe, he would be King in deed as well as name. And to this, between anger and terror, Louis was fain to agree.

So with his falconer and a few others like him, Louis plotted the death of Concini. They found de Vitry, the Captain of the Guard of the Louvre, willing to help them, and soon all was ready.

One morning as Concini was about to enter

the Louvre to visit the Queen he was stopped by the Captain and his men.

"I arrest you in the King's name," said de Vitry.

"What, me?" cried Concini in astonishment.

He had time to say no more. For five pistol-shots rang out and Concini fell dead.

Some of his followers, when they had recovered from the surprise, drew out their pistols ready to avenge their master.

But again de Vitry's voice rang out. "It is the King's order," he cried.

And the arms raised to shoot dropped again. Concini was dead, his power was gone. It was better to obey the King.

Within the palace Louis had been waiting, ready to flee if the plot failed. He heard the shots and trembled, turning pale.

A moment later one of his friends rushed into the room.

"Sire," he cried, "from this hour you are King. Concini is dead."

"Good!" cried Louis, the blood rushing again to his pale face. "Give me my sword," and he ran to the window.

It was so high that he could not reach it. But taking him in his arms, one of his companions held him up.

“Thank you, thank you,” cried Louis, as he looked down and waved to the men below. “Now I am King.”

And from the courtyard below came the answering shout, “God save the King!”

Soon the news was carried to the Queen.

“Poor me,” she sighed. “I have reigned seven years. Now I must be content with a heavenly crown.”

She sent to the King begging him to see her. He refused.

“But tell her,” he added, “that I shall always honour her, and that I feel towards her as a good son should. But God willed that I should be born a King. I have made up my mind that from henceforth I shall govern myself.”

The Queen-Mother was now a prisoner in the Louvre. It was terrible to her to be a captive where once she had ruled supreme. So in a few days she begged leave to be allowed to go away to Blois. This was granted to her. Everyone was glad to be rid of her, and as she drove away the people of Paris watched her carriage with insulting if silent joy.

VI

The reign
of "King
Luynes."

The reign of Marie de Medici
and Concini was over. But Louis

was not really free. For the reign of Luynes was about to begin. "It is the same bottle," said one of the nobles; "the only thing that has been changed is the cork."

Many of Henry IV's old ministers were indeed recalled, but it was Luynes to whom they had to bow. He, as a reward for what he had done, was given all Concini's great wealth and possessions, made a Duke, and married to a great lady. De Vitry too was rewarded by being made Marshal of France in Concini's place.

As for the King, he was still only a boy, and soon we find him again beating drums and blowing trumpets as if he had nothing else in the world to think about.

Before long Luynes became as proud and insolent as Concini had been. The people began to hate him, and to think more kindly of the Queen-Mother and her rule.

Marie de Medici, for her part, grew tired of her imprisonment and she determined to escape. She found men ready to help her, and

one February night when all in the castle slept she waited.

Presently there came a tap at her window. It was the signal for which she waited. The window was opened, and there on a ladder stood a man. The window was a long way from the ground, the ladder slight. But without a moment's hesitation the Queen gathered her wide skirts about her and made ready to descend.

But she was stout, and the window too small to allow her to pass through. Once and again she tried in vain to force herself through the narrow opening. But at length, with the strength of desperation, she succeeded; then began the long and perilous climb down. At length she reached the ground.

But not yet were the difficulties over. She had only reached the high terrace which surrounded the castle. There was another long ladder climb to be faced before she was free. The Queen, however, was so shaken and unnerved by her adventures that she could not face it. She refused to put her foot upon the second ladder. There seemed no other way of escape, and the Queen's friends were in despair. At length one of them suggested that she should sit on her cloak and slide down the

slope. It was neither a safe nor comfortable way of getting down, but the Queen chose it rather than the ladder, and arrived safely at the bottom of the terrace.

Then through the darkness her friends guided her to where her carriage was in waiting, and quickly they were driven away to a place of safety.

When it became known that Marie had escaped, the King's party were thrown into a state of consternation. Luynes especially was in great trouble, for he feared that if Louis and his mother met she might regain her old power over her son and his day would be over.

The country was full of strife, all the nobles taking sides, some for the King and some for the Queen. Both sides prepared for a struggle, and men asked themselves if it meant civil war.

But now the clever and ambitious Bishop Richelieu was sent to try to make peace between mother and son. He succeeded, and at length they met, embracing each other with tears. The reconciliation, however, was only a seeming one, and until Marie died there was constant discord between mother and son. Sometimes it came to open war, at others it was secret.

War now broke out between Protestants and

Catholics. For Luynes encouraged the King to do many deeds which made the Protestants angry. And whether it brought him to war or to peace, Louis followed where his favourite led. He heaped honours on him, and at length made him Constable of France. This was the highest honour which anyone could reach. It made the great nobles angry that this man, who a few years before had been a nobody, should thus be set above them.

Luynes's pride now knew no bounds, and at length even the King began to weary of him, and to realize that he was little better than the slave of his favourite.

"Here comes the King," he said bitterly one day as he watched Luynes enter the castle, followed by a brilliant train of courtiers. "He is going now to have audience of King Luynes," he said another time as the English ambassador left him.

Friends warned Luynes that he had gone too far. They reminded him that the King was no longer a child, and that deference and honour were due to him. At first Luynes would not listen to these warnings. He felt quite secure. He could not believe that anything he might do would turn the King against him.

At length, however, he could not but see that

he was falling into disgrace, and he made up his mind to try to win back the King's favour. But before he could do much he fell ill and died.

Louis showed no sorrow for his favourite's death. He rejoiced rather that once again he was free, that once again he had a chance to rule. But he made no use of his chance. He could not stand alone, he had to have someone on whom to lean. This time it was someone far stronger than any who had gone before him who took possession of the King. It was Cardinal Richelieu. He it was who for the rest of Louis XIII's reign ruled France. And in his hands we leave the King, grown now in stature and in years to be a man, in mind and will still but a child.

LOUIS XIII died after reigning thirty-three years and was succeeded by his son Louis XIV, who was only five years old.

THE STORY OF LOUIS XIV GOD-GIVEN

I

How there
were great
rejoicings
over the birth
of a Dauphin.

For twenty years and more the people of France had hoped and prayed for a Dauphin. But their hopes were ever disappointed, their prayers were in vain, for no child was born to Louis XIII and his Spanish Queen. So when at last, after long years of waiting, a Dauphin really was born, the joy and excitement were great. People crowded to St. Germain in such numbers that there was no room for them in the town. An anxious multitude thronged the roads leading to the palace. The palace itself was teeming with the great. Bishops, lords and ladies, officers of State, courtiers, all jostled together eager to see the wonderful boy. And when the King, taking the baby in his arms, carried him to the window and cried, "A son, gentlemen, a son!" a great shout of joy went up from the waiting crowd.

Then from the Palace of St. Germain

throughout the kingdom of France the news was sent. And wherever the messengers passed there was great rejoicing. From the farthest corners of the realm presents and congratulations came to the little Prince. Even from the Red Indians of New France (Canada) came a gift. They sent a suit of feathers and wampum, such as the son of a great chief might wear, to the Dauphin. For, said they, "our good King has sent us clothes and we now send him this gift in return." The Pope too sent him most splendid robes, glittering with silver and gold. Poets made songs about the little Prince, calling him "God-given." And a medal was struck in honour of his birth. Upon it was engraved an angel leaning down from heaven to give a child to France.

The Dauphin was at once surrounded with great magnificence, and had many maids and nurses to attend upon him; and two years later a little baby brother came to share the glories of the royal nursery.

Louis XIII was greatly delighted to have two children. But he had grown into a melancholy, morose man; he was afraid lest someone should do harm to his children or set them against him. He was suspicious of everyone, even of the Queen. Once he

threatened to take away the children from her and give them to someone else to take care of, because the little Dauphin had cried with fright at seeing him in a nightcap.

“The King was as angry as if it were a matter of great consequence,” says the Queen’s friend who tells about it. “He scolded the Queen, and reproached her with bringing up his sons to dislike him.” But although Louis threatened to take away the children he did nothing. For he had little will of his own. And while the baby Princes were growing into little boys it was Richelieu who ruled the land : the King their father being little more than a figure-head. When at length Richelieu died, Louis too was weak and ill and near death himself. He was tired of life, but he grieved to leave his little son, not yet five, to the troubles of a kingdom.

It was while the King lay ill that the Dauphin was baptized. As the King was so ill the ceremony, which was usually one of great splendour, was performed very quietly. The Queen was godmother and Cardinal Mazarin godfather. After the ceremony the Dauphin went to see his father.

“Can you tell me what your name is now ?” asked the King.

“ I am called Louis XIV,” said the Dauphin.

“ Not yet, not yet, my son,” said the dying King sadly as he turned away.

The King was too ill now to see much of his little sons. They would be taken into his room for a few minutes at a time to see him as he lay in bed, and were then brought away again. This made the Dauphin sad, for he loved his gloomy, silent father, and would have liked to spend much of his time with him.

One day when the little Princes were brought to visit their father they found him sleeping. The valet drew back the curtains of the great four-poster bed so that they might look at him. Not many times more, he knew, would the little Princes be brought to their father’s room.

“ Look well at the King as he sleeps,” he whispered, “ so that you may remember him when you grow up.”

So with eyes wide with wonder the little Princes looked at the sleeping sick man. Then they were led away.

“ Would you like to be King ? ” someone asked the Dauphin presently.

“ No,” he replied.

“ But if your father should die ? ”

“ If my father dies, I shall throw myself into

the grave," answered little Louis, ready to cry.

He seemed so much in earnest and so sad that his governess was afraid. "Do not speak about it any more," she said to those around. "He has said that twice. We must be careful, and never let him go out without leading-strings."

The King himself was very weary of life and ready to leave it. "Thank heaven," he said, when he was told that he had not much longer to live. On May 14th, 1643, he died.

II

How Maz-
arin ruled.

With tears in her eyes the Queen went to find the Dauphin. First she knelt before him as to her King, then taking him in her arms she kissed him tenderly as her son.

The next day Louis entered Paris in state, and a few days later he opened Parliament. The little King, wrapped in a great purple velvet cloak, sat upon the throne, while his mother, dressed in deep mourning, stood at his right hand, and his governess at his left. Upon the steps of the throne there stood a little boy. He was a young noble just a year older than the King. The Queen made him stand there

so that Louis might see how good he was and take an example from him.

All through the ceremony the little King remained good and quiet, and, helped by his governess, he made a little speech. But after the ceremony was over Louis was taken back to his nursery, and it was the Queen his mother who ruled.

To the surprise of everyone she took Mazarin for her Prime Minister. For Mazarin had been the friend of Richelieu, and, as was well known, the Queen had not loved Richelieu, and no one had expected her to make a friend of his Prime Minister.

Anne now tried to please all her friends and give them everything for which they asked. To ask was to have. Money and honours were poured out like water. All the nobles and courtiers were delighted with their beautiful, generous Queen. Nothing but praise for her was heard on all sides, until at length it was said, "the whole French language was reduced to these five little words—'The Queen is so good.'"

But unfortunately the Queen's purse was not bottomless, and soon the royal treasury was empty. When there was no more money, privileges and monopolies were given, new

posts were created, new taxes were levied. It was the people who had to bear the burden of all this, and soon discontent became rife. Many of the nobles, too, became so exorbitant in their demands that they could not be satisfied, and they too became discontented. So discontent spread, until at length the whole country was full of unrest.

Meanwhile, the Queen with her two little boys left the Louvre and went to live at the Palais Cardinal. This was a splendid house which Richelieu had built for himself, and which he had left to Louis. The Cardinal had lived in magnificence greater even than the King's. He had spent millions of money on the house, pulling down the walls of Paris and filling up the moat to make the gardens beautiful. Yet, magnificent though it was, it was not a royal palace. This someone pointed out to the Queen, saying that it was not fit that the King should live in the house of a subject. So the Queen, always willing to please everyone, changed the name to Palais Royal.

But when the great Cardinal's niece heard this she was very angry. She went to the Queen, complaining that it was an insult to the memory of the great Cardinal to change the name of his house. The Queen, still anxious

to please everyone, listened to what this lady said and changed the name back again to Palais Cardinal. But by this time people had got used to the new name and liked it. So although Palais Cardinal was once more carved over the great doorway, it was still called Palais Royal, and it is so called to this day.

Louis was given Richelieu's bedroom. It was very small. The Queen's rooms were much larger and more splendid, and while she spent large sums of money on making them still more sumptuous, very little was spent on the King. Indeed Mazarin, who looked after the money matters, seemed to grudge spending anything on the King.

He only allowed six pairs of sheets to last three years, and they became so worn and full of holes that Louis put his feet through them and often slept with his feet on the bare mattress. He was only allowed one dressing-gown every two years, and as he was growing fast it soon became so short that it scarcely reached below his knees.

Louis disliked Mazarin, and treatment like this did not make him like the minister any better. Life was a strange mixture for the little boy. He lived in a gorgeous palace filled with treasures of art. But there was only one

little room in it that he might call his own. His nurses knelt to him as they served him, but they put him to sleep in a bed with ragged sheets. Great nobles called him Sire and stood bareheaded in his presence, while Louis sat before them dressed in an old green velvet dressing-gown too small for him everywhere, and a large amount of bare leg showing below it.

Until he was seven Louis was left entirely to the care of his nurses and other ladies. They played with him and told him fairy tales, and otherwise amused him. Louis liked the fairy tales, but best of all he liked playing at soldiers. When he was so small that he could not hold a drumstick he would beat with his fists on tables and window-panes. When at last he was given a drum, he was so delighted that he beat it by the hour together.

III

How the King's valet taught him history. The children of some of the nobles were brought up with Louis and his brother Philip. These children were called the children of honour.

One of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting took charge of them and used to drill them.

When a new child of honour arrived she marched to meet him with beating of drums at the head of her little company. She had a pike in her hand, a sword by her side, a tightly fitting high starched collar at her neck, and a man's hat covered with black feathers on her head.

To each new-comer the lady captain gave a gun, which he received not with a bow, but with a military salute, for to take off the hat was quite against the rules. The captain then kissed the new recruit on the forehead, gave him her blessing, and arranged drill for next day.

From time to time the King and his friends used to exchange little presents. One day one of the boys named de Lomenie gave the King something he had wanted very much. In exchange Louis said very grandly, "I will lend you my crossbow."

De Lomenie was quite pleased, for he wanted very much to play with the crossbow. But just as he was going to take it his governess held him back. "Sire," she said quietly to Louis, "Kings give what they lend."

At once Louis felt ashamed of himself. He had been less generous than his subject. He turned quickly to de Lomenie. "Keep the

crossbow, sir," he said. "I only wish it was something better. But such as it is I give it with all my heart."

When Louis was seven there was a great change in his life. His nurse and governess and merry lady captain were taken away from him, and he was given tutors and valets instead.

The little King did not like this. He missed his old friends, and he missed the fairy tales which his nurse used to tell him at night when he went to bed. In vain he asked his valet Laport to tell him fairy tales. His valet did not know any. However, he had a good idea. He knew no fairy tales, and he could not make up stories out of his head, but he could read. So he went to the Queen and asked her if he might read to the King after he was in bed. "If he goes to sleep at once, well and good," said the valet, "but if he keeps awake he will perhaps remember some of it."

"What book do you want to read?" asked the Queen.

"French history would be the best, I think," replied the valet. "I would point out what a lot of evil the bad Kings had done, and try to make him dislike them, and the good ones I would try to make him like."

“It is quite a good idea,” said the Queen.

So the valet went to the King’s tutor and asked for a history of France, and every evening he read to the French King a chapter about his ancestors.

Little Louis was very much delighted with these stories of French history. He loved to hear of the great deeds of Charlemagne, of good St. Louis, of magnificent King Francis, and he would get quite angry if anyone suggested that he would turn out a second Louis Do-nothing.

But Mazarin was not very pleased when he heard about it. For he did not wish Louis to learn what a great position he held for many years to come. “In Mazarin’s eyes it was the greatest crime,” says Laport, “to tell the King of his greatness, and it was almost as bad to try to make him worthy of it.”

One evening the Cardinal passed through the King’s room on his way home after seeing the Queen. Louis was in bed, and Laport sat beside him reading the story of Hugh Capet, and of how he came to the throne of France.

As soon as Louis saw the Cardinal he pretended to be asleep so that he need not speak to him.

Mazarin came up to the bed and looked at

the King, and then asked the valet what he was reading.

“I was reading French history,” replied Laport, “to send the King to sleep.”

With a shrug of his shoulders Mazarin went quickly away. He was evidently angry, but he could say nothing. For surely it was very right and proper that a King should know the history of his own land. “We shall hear of the King’s tutor helping him to dress next,” he said later, “seeing his valet has taken to teaching him history.”

And indeed the King learned very little from his tutor, for the tutor was so much afraid of offending him that he let him do what he liked. So the King learned just what he chose, and that was very little. In despair at last his tutor went one day to Mazarin and asked him to use his authority. But Mazarin only said, “Don’t you trouble, that will be all right.”

The Queen too spoiled Louis. And as he was allowed to do just as he liked when he was with her he spent a great deal of time in her rooms. Indeed, the only person who seemed to try to teach the little King anything or keep him in order at all was his valet. He was always lecturing him about one thing or

another. "Do you scold your own children like you scold me?" asked the little King one day.

"If I had children who did the things you do, Sire," replied Laport, "I should not only scold them, I should punish them severely. For people in our class of life cannot afford to make fools of themselves. We should die of hunger. But Kings, however silly they may be, cannot come to want. That is why they will not listen to good advice and try to mend their faults."

Louis was terribly proud, yet he was not angry with his valet for this plain speaking.

Laport used to try to teach the King in other ways too. He noticed that in all his make-believe games Louis would always play the part of a valet, and he did not think that this was good. So one day, while the King was playing, Laport put on his hat and threw himself into a chair.

At that Louis was very angry and ran off to tell the Queen that Laport had not only sat down in his presence, but had put on his hat.

The Queen at once sent for Laport and asked him what he meant.

"Madame," replied Laport, "since His Majesty is always playing my part, I thought I

might as well play his. I should not lose by the exchange. In his games he is always taking the part of a valet, and I do not think it good."

The Queen quite agreed with Laport, and after this the King gave up playing at being a valet.

Although the Queen spoilt Louis, she would sometimes scold him if he were rude to her favourite Mazarin. And as Louis hated him he very often was rude.

"There goes the Grand Turk," said the King one day as Mazarin passed.

Someone told the Queen. She sent for Louis and scolded him well, and insisted on knowing who it was who had given the Cardinal that name. But Louis would not tell. He said he had invented it himself. So after a good scolding and being told never to say such a thing again, he was sent back to his nursery.

But Louis continued to show his dislike of Mazarin on every occasion. Once just at bedtime a messenger came to say that the Cardinal was waiting to see him go to bed. Louis stared at the messenger and never answered a word.

Very much astonished at his rudeness, the messenger looked from one to another of those around the King.

"Sire," said his valet coaxingly, "as you

410 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

are doing nothing and his Eminence is waiting, don't you think you ought to go to bed ? ”

But Louis just stared at his valet as he had stared at the messenger and said not a word. Nothing could move him. He sat silent and as obstinate as a mule, until at length Mazarin's patience was worn out and he went away.

As soon as Louis heard the clank of spurs and swords on the stairs he knew that the Cardinal had gone, and he sprang up quite ready for bed. “ He makes enough noise,” he cried angrily. “ One would think he had five hundred people behind him.”

So time passed. Louis grew into a tall, slender boy. He was well and strong ; he could dance and run and jump and turn somersaults. But his mind was empty. He was as healthy and as ignorant as any little gutter child.

IV

A time of
few roses
and many
thorns.

Meanwhile France was at war with the Empire and with Spain. For the Thirty Years' War, begun in the time of Louis XIII, was still going on. The French won many victories, for they had at this time two great Generals, the Viscount of Turenne and the Duke of Enghien. Enghien,

afterwards known as the Great Condé, although so wonderful a general, was little more than twenty at this time.

But in spite of the splendid victories of Condé and Turenne the war brought no real happiness to France. For it cost a great deal of money. Still more was spent by the extravagant Queen, and to pay for all the people were taxed without mercy. Old taxes that had fallen into disuse were reinforced, new ones were imposed, until at length the misery of the people became so great that they were ready to revolt against their rulers.

The Parliament of Paris took the side of the people against the Regent and her minister. The Regent therefore decided to arrest one of the members named Broussel along with two others, all of whom she looked upon as rebels. So while a *Te Deum* was being sung in praise and thanksgiving for a great victory which had just been won over the Spaniards, these three men were arrested.

But when the people of Paris knew that their friends had been taken prisoner they rose in revolt. They surrounded the carriage in which Broussel was being driven away, they smashed it to pieces and overturned it, and it was only with great difficulty that the captain

of the guard was able to rescue his prisoner and carry him off.

Soon through all Paris the news spread. Everywhere cries of rage were heard. People swarmed in the streets carrying guns and muskets and weapons of every kind, shouting, "Broussel and Liberty! Broussel and Liberty!" Shops were closed, barricades were raised, and the whole city seethed with excitement.

Then Cardinal de Retz went to the Queen to beg her to set Broussel free, and so quiet the riot. But the Queen and those around her would not listen. They had only contempt for a man who should be scared by a mere street row.

Still de Retz urged his point. Then the Queen grew angry.

"Give up Broussel!" she cried. "Give him up to this rabble, obey the bidding of this mob! I would rather strangle him with my own hands," and as she spoke she shook them in the Cardinal's face.

But still the tumult spread. Messenger after messenger came to tell the Queen that all Paris was in revolt. But the Queen refused to believe. For two days she held out. Then she was forced to believe, for the rabble were within a few yards of the palace and their

cries of fury could be heard even in the Queen's chamber.

So after many delays and hesitations the Queen consented that Broussel should be set free. And when at last he appeared the yells of anger were changed into shouts of joy. Shoulder-high the people carried him to Notre Dame, where a *Te Deum* was sung in his honour.

Broussel himself was quite astonished to find himself so popular. And rather ashamed of all the fuss which was made over him, he shyly slipped out of the church by a side door before the service was over and so reached home.

Now that they had gained their point the people of Paris became peaceful once more. Barricades disappeared like magic, shops were opened, the frantic crowds vanished, and through the quiet streets people came and went as usual, so that all the riot and wrath of the days before seemed to have been but a dream.

This was the beginning of the civil war called the Fronde. A fronde was a sort of catapult with which the boys of Paris used to play in the streets. It was forbidden by the police, and a few days before the riot Mazarin had said that the Parliament was like a lot of

414 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

schoolboys playing with frondes, who scattered as soon as they saw a policeman coming. The members were very angry when they heard this. Now when they saw how things were going, and that Mazarin and not they had had to give in, one of them made a mocking little song :

A wind of the Fronde
This morning is blowing ;
I think that it growls
Against Mazarin ;
A wind of the Fronde
This morning is blowing.

The song caught on. Soon everyone was humming it, and everyone took sides, either with the Parliament or with the Court. Those of the Parliamentary party were called Frondeurs, those of the Court party were called Mazarins.

All this made Paris unbearable to the Queen, and she longed to leave it. Cardinal Mazarin too longed to get out of Paris. Ever since the riot he had been sick with fear. He dared not go beyond the palace gardens lest he should be attacked. So now both he and the Queen planned to flee from the city. But they feared that if the people knew of their intentions they would be stopped. So very secretly they made their preparations.

Early one morning the little King was wakened and dressed, and by six o'clock he was hurried into a carriage with Mazarin and driven away. Early as it was there were some people already abroad. As they saw the King's carriage drive along they began to shout, "To arms! to arms!" and tried to attack the baggage wagons. Mazarin was filled with fear. But the attack was not serious, and the King's carriage drove on in safety. Later in the day the Queen followed boldly and arrived safely at the Palace of Ruell.

At an ordinary time it would have seemed quite natural that the Queen should want a change of air for herself and her children, for she and the King and her other little son Philip had all had smallpox. But as things were it looked very much like running away. And the people of Paris were suspicious. They were full of uneasiness when they found the King was gone, and they sent messengers begging him to come back again. Condé, who had now returned from the war, advised the Queen to do as the people asked. So at length the Queen and her household returned once more to the Palais Royal.

But the Queen soon found that although the people had insisted on her coming back

they no longer loved her, but had now grown to hate her. They no longer called her the Good Queen, but Dame Anne. She could not go out without being insulted. The hatred too against Mazarin became more and more open. Not a day passed without some new pamphlet appearing against him. In these he was accused of being everything that was base and wicked. At first he laughed. "They sing now," he said, "they shall pay for it later." But as the attacks grew more and more bitter, anger and fear took the place of scorn.

"And thus," says a writer of the time, "the year 1648 drew to an end. It had not been happy. There had been very few roses and many thorns. But the year about to begin had no flowers at all, and it was full of troubles so great that to liken them to thorns is absurd."

V

How the King
became an
exile in his
own country.

Seeing the anger and mistrust with which they were surrounded the Queen determined again to escape from Paris with her children. And so secretly were her preparations made that the day before she intended to flee her plans were unknown even to the ladies of her Court.

Twelfth Night was the day chosen for flight. The evening before the Queen, having dismissed her Court early, went to see her children. The King and his little brother were playing together, and the Queen, taking a chair, sat down to watch them. She leant her elbows on a table, and as she watched the children at play, talked quietly to her ladies as if she had no care in the world.

Yet there had been gossip in the Court.

"Do you know what is said?" whispered one of the ladies to another as they stood behind the Queen.

"It is said that the Queen is going away to-night."

The second lady shrugged her shoulders, and pointing to the Queen peacefully watching her children, "It is absurd," she whispered.

Although they spoke very quietly the Queen heard. "What is that you are saying?" she asked, turning round.

"It is only a silly report that we heard, that your Majesty is going away this evening," said one.

The Queen laughed lightly. "The people of this country are really mad," she said. "What will they say next! To-morrow I am going to Val-de-Grâce." Val-de-Grâce was a

church in Paris which the Queen herself had founded, and in which she took a great interest.

Little Philip heard the Queen say that she was going to Val-de-Grâce, and as at this minute his nurse came to put him to bed, he refused to go until the Queen promised to take him with her next day.

His mother promised that he should go, and he went off to bed quite happy.

The Queen stayed some time longer playing with the King. But at length she called his valet and sent him to bed. She herself also went to bed, but as soon as her ladies had left her she got up again and dressed. At three o'clock in the morning she awoke the King and Prince, and as soon as they were dressed she took them down a little staircase which led to the garden. There a carriage was in waiting. They all stepped in, and were driven away rapidly through the dark.

As they drove along other carriages joined them, and when they reached St. Germain, the palace for which they were bound, they were at least one hundred and fifty people.

At St. Germain there was much confusion. For in those days when great people travelled they took with them not only their bed and bedding, but almost all the furniture of their

rooms. Now the Queen, wishing to flee in secret, had not dared to send any baggage on before. The Palace of St. Germain was never used in winter, and it was bare of furniture. In all the great palace there were only two little beds which Mazarin had managed to send, one for the King and one for the Queen. The rest of the great company had to sleep on straw. Soon they had bought up all the straw in the villages round, so that no more was to be had for love or money.

And money was scarce. The Queen hardly knew where to find enough to pay for bare necessities. She sent away many of her servants, for she had neither money to pay their wages nor to buy food for them. To buy food for herself and her children she pawned the Crown jewels. It was a time of misery and discomfort for the royal household.

It became known very soon that the King and Queen had fled, and by six o'clock the streets of Paris were full of an angry, excited throng. The whole town was in a tumult, when there came a letter from the King. Copies of it were soon spread far and wide.

"Very dear and well-beloved citizens," said the King, "very sorrowfully I have been obliged to quit our good city of Paris in order

to escape from the wicked designs of Parliament. For after having long set at nought our authority and abused our kindness, they have now conspired to seize our person. Therefore," continued the King, "upon the advice of his honoured lady and mother" he had departed.

This letter did nothing to quiet the citizens, and when next day a message came from the King ordering the Parliament to dissolve, Parliament refused. This message, they said, did not come from the King, but from those around him who gave him bad advice, and they refused to listen to him. Upon that the Queen forbade all the villages round Paris to take bread or food of any kind into the city. In this way she hoped to starve the rebellious citizens into obedience.

But the citizens were in no mood for submission : they issued a decree against Mazarin. "It is well known," they said, "that Mazarin is the author of all the disorders in the State, and of the present troubles. He is declared to be a destructor of the public peace, an enemy of the King and State. He is enjoined to leave the Court this day, and in eight days to be out of the kingdom. Which time being passed all subjects of the King are enjoined to hunt

him down. Everyone is forbidden to receive him.”

This decree was received at Court with great amusement. Did the people of Paris really imagine that they had power to banish a great man like Mazarin ? What next ?

It was very amusing. But it did not seem quite so amusing when it became known that several of the great nobles had left the Court and joined the people.

The war of the Fronde was now in full swing. But throughout it was more or less ridiculous. All the great nobles of the time, both lords and ladies, took part, and they were constantly changing sides. No one seemed to know exactly why he fought, or what he wanted, and there was hardly one of the leaders who did not fight first on one side, then on the other. They were all jealous of each other, all suspicious of each other. There was a confused round of fighting, plotting, and treachery.

Several times the war seemed finished and several times it began again. One of the great ladies who took part in the war was the King's cousin, known as la Grande Mademoiselle. She was a very dashing and ambitious young lady, and although she was ten years older than Louis she had made up her mind to marry

him and be Queen of France. But for the time being she seemed to think that the best way to gain her end was to fight him.

Meanwhile the King and Queen wandered about from place to place, exiles in their own country, living in misery and want in their own palaces. At length, during one of the lulls in the storm, they returned to Paris.

The joy of the people was great at the return of their King. It was so great that for a time they even forgot their hate towards Mazarin. But soon the anger against him broke out once more and he fled, not only from Paris, but from the country.

As soon as Mazarin was gone the Parliament forced the Queen to publish a decree declaring that he was for ever banished, and that no foreigner should ever again form part of the Council. The Queen yielded because there was no help for it. But even while she openly declared Mazarin banished for ever, in secret she was constantly writing letters to him. And three days after his flight she prepared to follow him, and to take the King with her.

Everything was ready. The King, who had been put to bed at the usual time, was wakened and dressed when a tremendous noise was heard without the palace. The secret, it

seemed, was known, and the people of Paris, enraged at the idea that their King was to be carried off a second time, were clamouring at the palace gates for a sight of him. Unless they saw him they would not believe that he was really there. So they hammered at the great iron doors, threatening to smash them in if they were not opened at once.

Hearing the tumult the Queen gave orders that the King should at once be undressed and put to bed again. This was scarcely done when a messenger came to the Queen begging her to put an end to the clamour and assure the people that the King was still there.

“Sir,” said the Queen proudly, “these alarms about the flight of the King are senseless. The King and his brother are both in bed sleeping peacefully. I was in bed myself when this frightful noise forced me to rise again. Come to the King’s room so that you can see for yourself.”

The messenger followed the Queen, and at her bidding drew aside the curtains of the great bed. There lay the King, fast asleep to all seeming.

“Now,” said the Queen, “go back to those who sent you and tell them what you have seen.”

The messenger went. But it was in vain for him to shout aloud in the streets that he had seen the King sleeping peacefully in his bed. The people would not listen to him.

“The King!” they shouted, “the King! We want to see the King. We will see the King.”

When the Queen saw how impossible it was to quiet the people, she gave orders for the doors to be thrown wide open so that the people might come in. “Only warn them,” she said, “that the King is asleep, and beg them to make as little noise as possible.”

The curtains of the bed where the King lay were drawn back that all might see him. Then the great doors were opened and the excited crowd, with loud shouts of triumph, poured into the palace. But mindful of the Queen’s warning, when they reached the King’s room their shouting ceased. The wild rioters who but a few minutes before had been cursing and shrieking and threatening to batter down the gates, now on a sudden became again peaceful citizens.

The sight of the stately room, the great bed with its rich crimson velvet curtains thrown back, the beautiful sleeping boy, and, standing beside him, the proud, pale, patient Queen,

quieted their angry passions. On tiptoe they passed before the bed, gazing with bated breath at their sleeping sovereign. As they gazed, tears of love and loyalty came into their eyes, and flinging themselves upon their knees they whispered prayers for his well-being. Then rising they passed quietly out again.

Hour after hour the procession passed. Not till three o'clock in the morning had the last citizen, with a last longing look at the sleeping King, left the room.

But Louis was not sleeping. He was merely pretending, and as he lay awake his heart burned within him at the indignity which had been forced upon him. And he swore that in years to come the people should pay for it.

For meanwhile the little King was beginning to think about all these matters. Already he had begun to have a tremendous idea of his own importance. He was never consulted about anything, it is true.

He was hurried hither and thither at the bidding of others. Still he had his own thoughts, and he began to ask many questions. Long ago he had made up his mind not to be a Louis Do-nothing. He meant some day to rule, and not all his life be the tool of others as his father had been. He was merely biding

his time. Very soon Mazarin found this out. "You don't know the King," he said one day to someone who was flattering him about his power, "you don't know the King. He has enough in him to make four Kings and one honest man."

"What about the King?" Condé asked his valet another time. "Is he going to be a clever man?"

"Yes," replied Laport, "he will be one of the best."

"I'm glad of that," replied Condé, "for there is no honour in obeying a bad King, and no pleasure in obeying a fool."

VI

Louis is
declared
of age.

And now the time had come when to outward appearance at least Louis was to begin to rule. For he was fourteen, and at fourteen the Kings of France were declared of age.

On the morning of 7th September, 1651, a gorgeous procession left the Palais Royal. There were all the King's household in splendid liveries, the King's trumpeters in blue velvet and gold, heralds in brilliant tabards, pages and footmen, knights and nobles, all in dazzling

array. And in the midst of them, mounted on a cream-coloured charger, which pranced and danced as the people shouted, rode the slender, handsome boy who was the King. His dress was one mass of glittering gold embroidery, his hat was gay with nodding plumes, and as he rode smilingly along on his rearing, prancing charger the people cheered and cheered again. Was there ever before such a gallant and splendid young King? they asked themselves, while tears filled their eyes, and sobs of joy mingled with cries of "Long live the King!"

First to the Sainte Chapelle the brilliant cavalcade passed. There Mass being said, the King turned his steps to the House of Parliament. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am come to my Parliament to tell you that according to the law of my kingdom I will now take upon myself the government. I hope by the grace of God that it will be with piety and justice. My Chancellor will tell you more particularly of my intentions."

Thereupon the Chancellor made a long speech. When he had finished the Queen spoke. "Sire," she said, "this is now the ninth year in which by the last will of the late King, my very honoured lord, I have taken care of your education and of the government

of your kingdom. God having of His grace blessed my work, has preserved your person which is so dear and precious to me, and to all your subjects. And now that the law of the kingdom calls you to govern, I resign to you with great satisfaction those powers which were granted to me. And I pray God to give you grace and to help you by His Spirit to strengthen you, and make you prudent so that your reign may be happy."

"Madame," replied the King, "I thank you for all the care which you have been pleased to take over my education and of the administration of my kingdom. I beg you to continue to give me your good advice, and I desire that after me you shall be chief of my Council."

Then mother and son kissed each other; next the King's brother Philip Duke of Anjou knelt to kiss his hand and swear fealty. After him noble after noble did homage to the King. At length the splendid ceremony was over and Louis XIV was acknowledged King in his own right. But it was still Anne of Austria who reigned, guided by Mazarin. For although Mazarin was banished from the land, he ruled the Queen and her Council from afar.

France was still far from being at peace.

The Fronde still continued, and there was still fighting and jealousy between the great nobles. But suddenly all else was forgotten in the news that Cardinal Mazarin was marching on France with an army of six thousand men. In all haste Parliament assembled. They declared that Mazarin was a rebel, and that having set at nought the King's commandment he should be hunted down as an outlaw. Furthermore, they decreed that the splendid library which he had left in Paris should be sold, and that out of the money received from it a reward should be given to anyone who should deliver him up to the Parliament, dead or alive.

But meanwhile Mazarin quietly continued his march. For whatever Paris and the Parliament might do, the Queen was eager to welcome him, and at length he joined forces with the King. For now for the first time the King marched with the army and saw fighting.

Now again Louis knew discomfort and privation. He knew what it meant to go hungry and lie hard. For Paris was again in the hands of the Frondeurs, and the King and Court were miserably poor. Mazarin was the only person who had money.

The King had neither money nor power. Once he was asked to help a young soldier who had

430 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

been wounded. He promised to speak to the Queen and Cardinal about him, but as nothing was done after four or five days his valet one morning reminded the King about his promise.

The King answered not a word, pretending he did not hear. But as Laport knelt to put on his boots he leant forward, and in a low, grieved voice he whispered, "It is not my fault, Laport; I spoke to *him* about it, but it was no good."

To the King Mazarin was simply "him."

Although Louis was usually penniless, one day to his great delight he got some money. The Minister of Finance sent him £100 so that he might have something to give to the wounded soldiers and the many others who expected money from the King. But unused as he was to money he did not know what to do with it. So he sent for Laport and asked him to keep it for him.

"Your Majesty had much better keep it yourself," said Laport.

"But with my long boots," said the boy King, "it is so uncomfortable in my pockets."

"Yes," said Laport, "if you put it in your breeches pockets. But why not put it in your doublet?"

Louis had not thought of that, and, quite pleased to keep his own money, he did as Laport suggested.

But Louis did not keep his money long. It soon became known that the King actually had some. One of his household who had lent him a small sum now begged Laport to ask the King to return it.

Louis dined that evening with the Cardinal, and when he came back Laport, true to his promise, asked for the money for his friend.

"Alas," said the King sadly, "you are too late, Laport. I have no more money."

"What have you spent it on?" asked the valet, surprised.

"I haven't spent it," replied the King.

"Did you play cards with the Cardinal and lose it?"

"No," said Louis.

"Then the Cardinal took it?" cried Laport.

"Yes," replied the King sadly. "It would have been much better if you had taken it this morning when I asked you, Laport."

In battle Louis showed that he had the courage of a King. Shot and shell whistled and crashed around him, but he paid no heed and showed not the slightest fear.

One day as everyone praised him for his

432 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

courage he turned to Laport, who had been near him all day.

"And you, Laport," he said, "were you afraid?"

"No, Sire."

"Then you are brave too."

"Sire," replied Laport, smiling, "I haven't a penny with which to bless myself. One is always brave when one is penniless."

Thereupon the King laughed heartily. But no one except his valet understood the joke.

After all, it was only pocket-money that the King lacked. He had food to eat and clothes to wear. But his people were starving and in rags. All France was filled with famine and misery, and still the war dragged on. At length, however, it came to an end. The King and Queen returned to Paris. Mazarin, too, returned more powerful than before, and the people of Paris, who had cursed and outlawed him, welcomed him with feasting and rejoicing.

VII

Louis
grows up.

Although the Fronde was over, France was not yet at peace, for the war with Spain still continued. Condé, the great French General, had during the Fronde

more than once changed sides. Then at length he marched away to Spain, and was now fighting against his own land.

But Louis seemed to take little interest in the war with Spain or in anything but amusing himself. He liked dancing and parties and theatres. And although the Court was desperately poor, there was a constant round of gaieties in which Louis took part. Sometimes he would act in the plays which were written for the Court. He always wanted to be the chief actor, and in one play he took no less than five parts.

At this time there were plenty of young people about the Court, and Louis, who was now sixteen, had no lack of companions. Among these were his cousins, the Princes and Princesses of England. For when the Revolution broke out in England the Queen, with her children, had fled to the Court of France.

But Louis, it would seem, did not pay much attention to these cousins, and liked the Cardinal's nieces much better.

One evening the Queen gave a little party chiefly to show off Louis's dancing, and to amuse the little Princess Henrietta of England, who was just about eleven. But when the dancing began, instead of asking Princess

434 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Henrietta to dance with him, Louis went up to the young Duchess of Mercœur.

When the Queen saw this she was very angry, and jumping up ran to him. Taking the Duchess's hand out of his she whispered, "You must go and ask the English Princess."

The King refused. The Queen insisted. Seeing what was going on the Queen of England went up to them. "Please do not insist," she said in a low voice, "my little girl has sprained her ankle and cannot dance."

"If the Princess does not dance, then the King shall not dance either," said the Queen hotly. So rather than not dance at all, the King gave way, but with very bad grace. "I don't like little girls," he declared. And, knowing herself to be an unwelcome partner, it was with tears running down her cheeks that the poor little English Princess joined in the dance.

That evening the King received a scolding from his mother for his rudeness. "For although in public," says her friend Madame de Motteville, "she treated him with respect as the King, when he did wrong she behaved to him like a mother."

But the Queen found that Louis was no longer willing to listen to her advice. He had

become headstrong and haughty, and determined to go his own way.

The Regent began to realize that the King was growing up. Mazarin, too, began to realize it. He saw that the day was drawing near when he would be forced to give up some of his power. But he still clung to it eagerly. He knew that for ten years or more he had ruled France by ruling the Regent. He saw that, if he was to keep his power, it was the King he would have to rule in the future. This was not so easy as ruling the Queen, but he still hoped to do it.

So Mazarin encouraged Louis to amuse himself. He kept him always poor and short of money, though he himself was rolling in wealth. Sometimes when Louis would ask for money the Minister of Finance would reply, "Sire, there is no money in your Majesty's treasury, but his Eminence the Cardinal will lend you some."

Now Mazarin bent all his energies on bringing about two great things—peace with Spain, and a marriage with Spain.

It was now time that the King should marry, and many brides were suggested to him, even Henrietta of England, the little Princess with whom Louis had refused to dance. But she

436 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

was at that time a Princess of little account. For Charles I had been beheaded and Cromwell was ruling England with his iron hand, and it seemed little likely that the Stuarts would ever again sit upon the throne of England. Mazarin therefore would not hear of such a poor marriage, and he made up his mind that Louis should marry the eldest daughter of the King of Spain. This Princess, you will remember, was also Louis's cousin. For his mother, Anne of Austria, and the King of Spain were brother and sister.

The marriage was not easy to arrange. For three months Mazarin lived in a damp and foggy island upon the borders of France and Spain, arguing for hours every day with the Spanish ambassadors. He was ill and worn out with fatigue when at length all was settled. The Peace of the Pyrenees was signed, Condé was forgiven and received back into favour, and the marriage with the Spanish Infanta was arranged.

In June of the next year there was again a great meeting at the Isle of Conferences. From the one side came the Spanish King and Queen with their daughter. From the other the French Queen with her younger son, but not the King. For the manners of the Court

did not allow that the King should see his bride until the stated time.

On the floor of the gaily decorated pavilion a line was drawn to represent the boundaries of the two kingdoms. Upon one side of the line sat the Spanish King and Queen with their daughter and attendants, upon the other the French Queen.

The King of Spain and the Queen of France were brother and sister. But for forty-five years the brother and sister had not seen each other, and during that time much blood had been shed between the two countries. Now they greeted each other with Spanish stateliness rather than with affection. After their stately greetings the talk began. But in a few minutes it was interrupted by Mazarin.

“There is an unknown knight without,” he said, “who desires that the door may be opened to him.”

Queen Anne smiled. Was it desirable, she asked her brother, to grant the request of this unknown cavalier?

With Spanish gravity her brother bowed. It might be permitted.

So the door was opened. Upon the threshold there stood a handsome young man very elegantly dressed and wearing very high-

438 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

heeled shoes. He looked eagerly at the people gathered in the room, and especially at the Princess. It was the first time that he had seen her.

"I have a handsome son-in-law," whispered the King of Spain.

"Sire," answered the Queen of France, "is it permitted to ask my niece what she thinks of this unknown one?"

"It is not yet time," gravely returned King Philip.

Having seen what he wanted Louis now slipped away again, and the door was closed.

Two days later the wedding took place, and with great pomp and splendour the young King and Queen returned to Paris.

Mazarin now became more haughty than ever. He kept far greater state than the King, and he looked down upon everyone, even the Princes of the royal household.

But it was not for long. His labours in the Isle of Conferences had broken down his health. Now he became very ill, and after a long and painful illness he died.

No one sorrowed for him. The people had always hated him; the Queen, even, had grown tired of his tyranny, and the King was full of impatience to rule.

While Mazarin lay ill all the Court was filled with curiosity. Who, asked everyone, would be the next Prime Minister ? Some said this man, some that. They were all wrong.

As soon as Louis knew that the Cardinal was dead he called his Council. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "I have called you together to say to you that it has been my desire hitherto that the Cardinal should rule for me. But from to-day I intend to be my own Prime Minister. You will aid me by your advice when I ask for it. I pray and command you to seal nothing but by my orders, to sign nothing but by my command."

Louis the Great was out of leading-strings. His reign had begun.

LOUIS XIV reigned for seventy-two years. It is the longest reign on record. He was succeeded by another boy King, his great-grandson, Louis XV.

THE STORY OF LOUIS XV THE WELL BELOVED

I

At the age of
five Louis
becomes
King.

ON 15th February, 1710, a little baby boy was born at Versailles. He was born to high estate, being the great-grandson of the magnificent King, Louis XIV. But he was not the heir to the throne, or ever likely to be so. For he was a younger son, and his grandfather the Dauphin, his father, and his elder brother all stood between this baby and the throne of France.

His birth was therefore not a cause for national rejoicing. But there was much rejoicing in his own family, and the new baby was made so much of that his elder brother was jealous.

The little baby was blessed by the Church on the day of his birth. But as was often the case with the Princes of the house of France, he was given no Christian name, but merely received the title of Duke of Anjou. The real baptism, when he should receive his Christian

name, was reserved until he was a little older, when a great State function would be made of it.

The little Duke had not been born heir to the throne, but before many years had passed he became the heir. When he was a year old his grandfather, the Dauphin, died of small-pox. His father was thus made Dauphin. This is the only time when the grandson of the reigning King was given the title. And it was not held for long. Scarcely a year later both this Dauphin and his wife died from fever within a week of each other. The two little Princes also took the fever. Then their great-grandfather, bowed down with grief at the loss of his children, and fearing lest these great-grandchildren should die also, commanded that both of them should be baptized and both called Louis.

This was accordingly done in haste. But in a few days' time the elder one died, and at two years old little Louis was left fatherless and motherless, and with neither brother nor sister to share his loneliness.

It was a sad prospect for France. The King was an old man of over seventy, feeble and broken down by sickness and sorrow. The heir to the throne was a child of two.

Louis had always been a sickly child, and although he recovered from his fever he remained very delicate, and he soon became very spoiled. For he was so frail that his nurses were afraid to let him cry, and gave way to him in everything.

Thus a year or two passed. The pretty little boy grew self-willed and fiery-tempered, and did much as he liked. Then one day he was told that his great-grandfather was very ill, and that he must be good and quiet when taken to see him.

The little Prince was taken into the stately room and lifted on to the great bed where the old man with hollow cheeks and white face lay.

Sadly the old King looked at the child, and sadly he sighed as he laid his hand on his fair hair. "My child," he said at length, "you are going to be a great King. Never forget what you owe to God, remember that you owe Him everything. Try to keep peace with your neighbours. I have loved war too much. Do not copy me in that, nor in my great extravagance. Take counsel in everything. Help your people in every way, and do for them everything that it has been my misfortune not to do."

The King then kissed the little boy. "Re-

444 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

member what you owe to your governess," he added, "and obey her."

Little Louis was then lifted from the bed. But just as he was being taken from the room the King called him back. Again he kissed him tenderly, and raising his hands to heaven asked God to bless him. Then the little boy was carried back to his nursery, and he saw his great-grandfather no more.

A few days later, on the 1st September, 1715, King Louis XIV died. At once the great nobles went to kiss the hand of the new King. When he heard himself called "Sire" and "Your Majesty" he burst into tears. So it was to a sobbing child that most of the great nobles knelt to do homage.

Louis, of course, was too young to govern. The French had declared that no woman might rule over them. When, however, the King was a minor it was nearly always the Queen-Mother who was chosen as Regent. But Louis had no mother, so his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, was chosen as Regent.

The Duke of Orleans was a bad, clever man. He was courteous and courtly, easy-going, selfish, and unambitious. But to begin with, at least he made good use of his power. He lessened the extravagance of the Court, light-

ened the taxes which had become greater than the people could bear, and set free many of the prisoners who had been shut up by command of the King, often for no crime at all.

“The Duke,” said a writer of the time, “was humane and sympathetic. He would have been good if one could be so utterly without principles.” As Prime Minister the Duke of Orleans chose a man named Dubois, a man far worse than himself, a villain, given over to lying and all manner of evil, lost to all sense of honour, who, it was said, simply reeked with wickedness.

Yet although there were two bad men at the head of the Government, France for a time at least was better governed than for many a long day.

At first the little King was sent to live at the Castle of Vincennes, for the air there was better than in Paris. But the Duke of Orleans grew tired of riding out every day to see him, and the Court grew tired of the country quiet, so after a time he was removed to the Louvre.

Like many of the Kings of France, Louis was very badly educated and very badly brought up. He was not stupid, but he was lazy beyond words. He hated all public ceremonies or performing any duties expected of a King.

He liked doing things for himself much better. And after he had been forced to appear on some public occasion he would cook his own supper, and seem to find comfort in forgetting his rôle of King.

He did not care for study, and he was so delicate that his tutors were afraid to force him to learn. He cared as little for boyish games ; the only things he liked were hunting and shooting, and playing rather vulgar practical jokes. He seems to have had no boy friends, or to have cared for anyone except the Regent and his tutor Fleury. This tutor was an old man of over sixty. Yet in spite of the difference in their ages he was Louis's best friend.

II

A wild race
for riches.

Now although the Regent had begun well he soon found himself in great difficulties, for he had no money. Louis XIV had been extravagant beyond words. The royal treasury was empty and the country deep in debt. The Regent knew not where to turn to get money. Just about this time a Scotsman named John Law came to him with a new idea of making paper money. This man was the son of an Edinburgh gold-

smith, and for many years he had led an adventurous life, wandering about from country to country living by his wits.

Gold, said Law, was scarce : silver was too heavy and too bulky, but paper was light and took up little room. It therefore was the very best kind of money to use. He was so plausible and so clever that the Regent listened to him and ended in believing him.

Law was allowed to open a bank and to found a company for trading with the French colonies in America. In a very short time his success was enormous. Everyone wanted to have a share in the Mississippi Company, a share in the fancied vessels laden with gold which were sailing to France. Everyone wanted to possess some of Law's magical paper money which was to make them rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Throughout all France there began a mad race for wealth. Gold and silver were exchanged for the paper money. Lands and goods were sold for the paper money, the value of which rose and rose till it became ten, twenty, thirty times its first value. And still it came pouring forth from the bank as fast as the printers could print it.

One dirty little narrow street in Paris, always

448 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

a resort of Jews and money-lenders, was now given over entirely to the business of this gamble. Here hundreds of offices were opened, where high and low, rich and poor, jostled each other and fought for first place.

From end to end the street was full of noise and movement. Laughing, shouting, swearing, the crowd swayed this way and that. From six in the morning till nine at night masters rubbed elbows with their servants, great ladies with market women and poor clerks. The wealthy brought their thousands, little shopkeepers and labourers their scanty savings.

From all sides money poured in. In a day great fortunes were made, and a new word was given to the language—millionaire. Never before had it seemed possible for one man to possess so much as a million, but now millionaires sprang up by the dozen.

Now, too, all the world plunged into wild extravagance. For wealth so easily made was lightly spent. Men and women who had before trudged about on foot now rode in sumptuous carriages and dressed themselves in silks and velvets. They began to build great houses and to live splendidly in every imaginable way.

As the bubble grew Law became anxious. He knew that it could not last, that all this



LOUIS XV. AS A CHILD.

(H. RIGAUD.)

wealth was but a dream. But the thing had gone beyond his control, and he was powerless.

Soon the crash came. Someone wanted to give back the paper money and receive gold for it. Others followed his example. The paper money streamed into the bank, the gold streamed out. But in all France there was not a tenth part of the gold needed. And the fabled vessels laden with gold from America never came to port.

The value of the paper money soon fell, until the notes which had represented great fortunes became nothing but worthless paper. People who had fancied themselves millionaires found themselves beggars. Law, who had been looked upon as the good angel of France, was now hated and cursed. The people were ready to take his life. He fled from their fury almost penniless himself, and died miserably a few years later in Italy.

III

Meanwhile Louis had grown into a silent, shy boy of ten. He was still delicate, and always ready to cry if things went not to his liking.

His tastes were vulgar. He was at the same

How a bride
was chosen
for Louis,
and how he
was crowned.

450 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

time timid and cruel, unbelievably lazy and selfish. Indeed, it has been said there was nothing kingly about him but his face, which was exceedingly beautiful.

Philip V, the King of Spain, was a Frenchman. He was Louis XIV's grandson. Louis XIV had fought a long and disastrous war to place him on the throne of Spain. But no sooner was he dead than France and Spain began to fight. For Philip V hated his cousin the Regent, and declared that he should have been Regent instead.

But now the Duke wanted to make peace once more with Spain. And to ensure peace it was proposed that Louis should marry the little Infanta or Princess of Spain.

This little Princess was only three, but it was arranged that she should go to France and live there until she was old enough to be married. But when Louis was told that it had been arranged that he should marry the Infanta he cried bitterly. The Duke and Fleury had hard work to persuade him to consent to it, and at length, after hours of persuasion, he appeared at the Council with red eyes, and a face all swollen with crying.

As the Duke addressed the Council telling them of the happy arrangement the tears ran

down the King's cheeks. And when at length the Duke, turning to him, asked him to give his consent, he replied in such a pitiful voice that only those nearest him could hear. But it was enough, what he said was taken as consent, and a messenger was at once dispatched to the King of Spain.

Philip V was delighted when he knew that the matter was settled. He caused a *Te Deum* to be sung, and he wrote to his little three-year-old daughter, "My dear daughter, you are Queen of France. I believe you will be happy. As for me, I cannot tell you how delighted I am to see this great affair finished."

So the little Princess said good-bye to her father and mother and came to live in a strange land among strange people, there in time to marry a sulky boy, who did not want her.

But although Louis did not want the little Princess, the French received her with great rejoicings. All Paris was decorated in her honour, and shouts of joy greeted her as she drove through the streets seated on the knees of the King's governess.

When Louis was nearly thirteen he became very ill, so ill that it was thought he would die. All the churches were thronged with people

praying for his recovery, and when at last it was known that he was out of danger the joy throughout France was intense.

Soon after the King got better the Regent decided that it was now time for him to be crowned. So in great splendour he journeyed to the historic town of Rheims, where the coronation of the Kings of France always took place.

On the morning of the coronation the bishops, in splendid array, with the Cross carried before them, came to the King's doorway. Gently they knocked upon it.

"What do you want?" asked the Lord Chamberlain.

"We want Louis XV, whom God has given us for King," was the reply.

"Gentlemen, you cannot see him," replied the Chamberlain, "for he is resting."

"We come on behalf of the Archbishop of Rheims, of the peers and the people of the realm, to salute him, and lead him to his coronation in the church."

"Enter then," said the Chamberlain.

So they entered and found the King clad in a robe of gold brocade, and taking him by the hand they led him to the church. And there amid the cheers of the people and the roll of

organ music the crown was placed upon his boyish head.

Returning to Paris, Louis entered his Parliament in state, and took his seat upon the crimson velvet throne. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have come to my Parliament to tell you that according to the law I shall henceforth take the government upon myself."

Then the Duke of Orleans rose. "Sire," he said, "we have come at last to that happy day so long desired by the nation and by myself. I return the kingdom to your Majesty as peaceful as I received it, and I make bold to say more certain of lasting peace. God has blessed my care and labours, and I ask no other reward from your Majesty than the happiness of your people. Make them happy, Sire, in governing them with wisdom and justice, which is the character of all good Kings."

Blushing with shyness, and with tears in his eyes, Louis answered, "My good uncle, I want no higher glory than the happiness of my people. I beg you always to be near me in all my councils." Then throwing his arms round his uncle's neck he kissed him on both cheeks.

In spite, however, of all his fine words, Louis XV never did anything to make his people happy, but very much to make them unhappy.

IV

How the
King's bride
was sent
home again.

Although Louis had been crowned and declared of age, although the Duke had given up his title of Regent, nothing was altered. The Duke of Orleans and Dubois continued to rule. It was a kind of royal trinity, it has been said. Louis had the title, Orleans the power, and Dubois the brain.

But this trinity did not last long. Both the Duke and Dubois had ruined their health by the wild, wicked lives they had led. Now Dubois broke down under the hard work he did.

It is said that his enemies really killed him. They, knowing his great powers and his eagerness for work, heaped more and more upon him. They consulted him in everything, and kept him ever busy, until at length they broke him down with overwork.

But it was his own vanity which in the end caused his death. It was his right as Prime Minister to review the troops. He wanted to be like Richelieu, the great soldier-cardinal. So, clad in flowing red robes and mounted on a prancing horse, one day he insisted

on reviewing the troops of the King's household.

He could not ride, and the soldiers as they marched past laughed at the unsoldierly figure, and the movement of the horse so shook and bruised his poor outworn body that when the review was over he was lifted from his saddle and carried to Versailles in a state of utter exhaustion. Ten days later he died.

The Duke of Orleans now became Prime Minister. But he too was worn out by his wild life, and three months later he died.

When the King heard that his uncle was dead he burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. But almost before he had time to dry his eyes his old tutor came to him. "Sire," he said, "you cannot do better than make the Duke of Bourbon Prime Minister."

Louis, with his eyes all red and still blurred with tears, looked at Fleury to see if he really meant what he said. Then, not trusting himself yet to speak, he nodded his head.

Thus the new Prime Minister was appointed. He was a tall, ugly man, blind of one eye and very ferocious looking, very different from the generous, courteous villain who had gone before him. But he was just as bad a man as either

the Duke of Orleans or Dubois, and a far worse ruler. He himself was ruled by base, unworthy favourites, and they, not he, ruled France.

At home a horrible persecution of the Protestants began: abroad there threatened a war with Spain. For Bourbon and his advisers made up their minds that Louis should not marry the little Spanish Princess, who was being brought up in France as the King's bride. She was now just six years old, and it was decided to send her back to her father and mother.

The ambassador who was sent to tell the Spanish King of this decision went in trembling. Shaking with fear he handed the letter to the King. As the King opened and read the letter his face grew dark with anger. "Ah! the traitor!" he thundered, striking his hand upon the table.

The Queen, who was sitting in the room at work, ran to him quickly. "What is the matter?" she cried.

With a shaking hand the King held out the letter. "Take it," he said. "Read it."

The Queen read the letter. Then laying it down quietly, she said, "Ah, well, we must send someone to meet our daughter."

But Philip V did not take the matter so quietly, and he set about seeking for means to avenge this insult.

V

How Louis
was married
and how his
tutor ruled
France.

Now that the King's little intended bride had been sent packing, the next thing was to find another. The Princess whom the French wanted most was the daughter of the Prince of Wales. But George I refused to let his granddaughter marry a Catholic, so there was an end of that. And in truth the Duke's favourites were not anxious to have a great lady as Queen, and so at length Marie Leczinski was chosen. She was the daughter of Stanislaus, the deposed King of Poland. She was poor and friendless, the daughter of a King without a crown or kingdom. She was seven years older than Louis, and she was very glad to find a crown and home once more. So she willingly married this boy of fifteen. As for him, he did as he was told, seeming to care neither one way or another about it.

All Europe was astonished at the marriage. King Philip was more than ever enraged to think that his daughter had been sent away to make room for this penniless Princess, and

war seemed certain. Even the people of France were astonished at their King's marriage, but although Marie was not beautiful, she was gracious and charming, and the people soon came to love her in spite of the fact that her marriage with their King had very nearly brought about a war.

The Duke of Bourbon continued to misrule France. He wanted to be absolute. But between him and the absolute power he craved there always stood one man. That was Fleury, the King's tutor. Whenever the Duke came to do business with the King, Fleury was there, and without Fleury's advice the King would do nothing. In vain Bourbon tried to see the King alone. Fleury stuck fast to his side.

At length Bourbon asked the Queen to help him. She was very grateful to the Duke, for it was he who from being a penniless Princess had made her a Queen. So one day when Louis was with Fleury Marie sent him a message saying she wanted to speak with him. Louis came at once and found the Duke of Bourbon with the Queen. The Duke at once began to talk of business, and the King, who had no strength of mind, could do nothing but submit.

Meanwhile, Fleury waited for the King's return. As the minutes and hours went by

and he did not come, Fleury understood what had happened. He was very angry, and sitting down he wrote a letter to the King. "As you have no longer need of me," he said, "I shall go away. I have long wanted to rest from the troubles of this world before I die." Then he went away from Court.

When the King read the letter and heard that Fleury had gone, he became very unhappy, and shut himself into his room to weep. He wanted Fleury back again, but he did not know what to do. He never could do anything without advice. So now he did nothing but cry. In vain one of his gentlemen tried to comfort him. He could not at first even get the King to say what was the matter. At length he sobbed out that Fleury had gone away.

"There is no need to cry about it, Sire," said the gentleman. "Are you not master? All you have to do is to tell the Duke to write to Fleury and command him to return."

This was done, and the Duke, much against his will, was forced to write to the man he hated and recall him. Fleury came back at once. He had never meant to stay away, but only wished to frighten the King. He came back triumphant, for he had proved that he and

not the Duke had most power over the King. He would have been quite willing that the Duke should keep the appearance of power while he had the reality. But that was not to be. The King even had grown tired of Bourbon and resolved to get rid of him.

One day as Louis was about to set out on a hunting expedition he turned to the Duke with a smile. "Cousin," he said, "do not keep us waiting for supper." Then he rode away.

A few hours later a letter was handed to Bourbon. It was an order of banishment from the King. Thus Bourbon and all his crew were exiled, and all France rejoiced at the end of this second regency, which had been worse even than the first.

Fleury now came to power. He did not take the title of Prime Minister, but urged Louis to announce, like Louis XIV, that he would be henceforth his own Prime Minister. Louis did as he was told. He said the words put into his mouth. But they were mere idle words. It was not the young King of sixteen who now began to reign, but the old man of seventy-three.

For the next seventeen years Fleury ruled France. "Never," says a writer who lived in those days, "never has a King of France, not

even Louis XIV, reigned in a manner so absolute, so wise, so sane."

And in his hands we leave France and Louis XV, called the Well Beloved. Never perhaps did King do less to deserve the title, for he was one of the worst kings who ever sat upon a throne.

INDEX

OF PERSONS IN THE STORIES

OTTO III. (*Pages 13-23.*)

Adelheid, Empress, 18, 21
 Egbert the One-eyed, 18
 Gregory V, Pope, 22, 23
 Henry the Quarrelsome, 18, 19
 Otto I, 13
 Otto II, 13, 14
 Theophano, Empress, 13, 17,
 18, 20
Poem, "Go Forth, King," 23

HENRY IV. (*Pages 25-35.*)

Adelbert, Bishop, 30, 31, 32, 33
 Agnes of Poitiers, 25, 26, 27,
 28, 29
 Bertha, Countess, 33, 34
 Egbert, Count, 29
 Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne,
 27, 28, 30, 31
 Henry III, Emperor of Ger-
 many, 25, 26
 Victor II, Pope, 26
Poem, "The King and the
 Bishop," 34-35

MARGARET, MAID OF NORWAY. (*Pages 37-48.*)

Alexander III, King of Scot-
 land, 37, 38

Edward, King of England, 40,
 41
 Eric, King of Norway, 37, 38,
 40, 42, 44
 Haco, 37
 Hakon, King of Norway, 44
 Margaret, Queen of Norway,
 37, 38
 Narve, Bishop, 42
Poem, "The Ballad of Sir
 Patrick Spens," 45-48

ISABELLA OF VALOIS. (*Pages 50- 103.*)

Anne, Queen, 51, 52
 Burgundy, Duke of, 85
 Catherine, Princess, 102
 Charles VI, 50, 58, 60, 62, 63, 85
 Coucy, Lady of, 63, 65, 75, 83,
 84
 Edward III, 94
 Exton, Sir Peter, 91, 92
 Henry IV, formerly Boling-
 broke, Duke of Lancaster,
 70-73, 79, 86, 87, 88, 90, 91,
 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99,
 100
 Henry V (Prince Hal), 93, 100,
 102

464 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

Isabeau, Queen of France, 50,
55, 56
John, King of France, 94
Kent, Earl of, 88
Mowbray, Thomas, Duke of
Norfolk, 70-73
Orleans, Charles, Duke of, 100,
101, 102
Orleans, Duchess of, 101
Orleans, Duke of, 96, 100, 101
Percy, Sir Thomas, 95
Richard II, 51, 52, 53, 54, 58,
60, 62, 65, 67, 68, 69, 73, 74,
75, 76, 78, 79, 80, 82, 84, 86,
87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 96,
98, 99
Robert, Duke of Gloucester, 54,
57, 58, 66, 67, 68
Robert III, King of Scotland, 99
Salisbury, Earl of, 88
St. Pol, Count, 95
Poem, "For Soldiers," 102-103

HENRY VI. (*Pages 105-130.*)

Astley, Mistress Joan, 108
Beaufort, Cardinal, Bishop of
Winchester, 112, 121, 125,
128
Bedford, John, Duke of, 107,
112, 113, 118, 126
Burgundy, Duke of, 127
Butler, Dame Alice, 108, 114
Catherine, Queen of England,
105, 106, 107, 108
Charles VI, 107
Charles VII, 118, 119, 129
Exeter, Duke of, 111
Gloucester, Humphrey, Duke
of, 107, 125, 129

Henry V, King of England, 105,
106, 107
Isabeau, Queen of France, 121
Jacqueline of Bavaria, 111
Joan of Arc, 118, 119, 120
Orleans, Charles, Duke of, 128
René, King, 129
Richard, Duke of York, 113
Warwick, Duke of, 114, 115,
119, 124, 125
Poem, "Poem by Henry VI," 130

JAMES II. (*Pages 132-155.*)

Crichton, Sir William, 136, 137,
138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143,
144, 146, 147, 148, 150, 151,
152
Douglas, Earl, 135, 137, 138,
142, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149,
150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155
James I, King of Scotland, 132,
135
Jane, Queen of Scotland, 132,
133, 135, 136
Livingstone, Sir Alexander, 136,
137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142,
143, 144, 146, 147, 148, 150,
152
Margaret, 134
Mary, Queen of Scotland, 152

MAGDALENE. (*Pages 157-183.*)

Claude, Queen of France, 157
Eleanor, Queen of France, 162,
163, 164
Francis I, 157, 159, 160, 161,
162, 163, 166, 172, 173, 174,
175

Henry, Dauphin of France,
afterwards Henry II, 171, 172
Henry VIII, 157, 158, 159, 160,
162, 174
James V, King of Scotland, 158,
164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169,
171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176,
177, 178, 179, 180
Marie of Bourbon, 168, 169,
170, 171, 173, 174
Mary Tudor, 158, 159
Poem, "Elegy," 183

EDWARD V. (*Pages 185-226.*)

Edward IV, 185, 186, 187, 188,
191, 193
Elizabeth, Queen, 188, 189, 190,
191, 192, 193, 197, 204, 205,
206, 207, 209, 210, 211
Gloucester, Duke of, 194, 198,
199, 201, 202, 203, 207, 208,
210, 212, 213, 214, 215
Mowbray, Lady Anne, 195
Richard, Duke of York, 195,
209, 213
Rivers, Earl, 197, 198, 199,
200, 201, 202
Warwick, Duke of, 185, 186,
187, 191
Poem, "Ballad of the Children
in the Wood," 221-226

EDWARD VI. (*Pages 228-267.*)

Anne Boleyn, 228
Catherine Parr, 230
Elizabeth, Princess, afterwards
Queen, 231, 233, 234, 243,
263

Grey, Lady Jane, 263
Henry VIII, 228, 234, 241, 245
Ket, Robert, 250, 251, 252,
253
Mary, Princess, afterwards
Queen of England, 228, 229,
238, 263
Northumberland, Duke of, 256,
262, 263
Seymour, Lord, 240
Somerset, Duke of, 235, 239,
240, 242, 243, 248, 251, 254,
255, 256, 257
Poem, "Song," 266-267

MARY STUART. (*Pages 269-296.*)

Arran, Earl of, 270, 274, 287
Beaton, Mary, 277
Edward VI, 286, 287, 294
Elizabeth, Princess, 294
Fleming, Mary, 277
Francis II, 281
Guise, Duke of, 282
Henry II, 277, 292, 294
Henry VIII, 270, 271, 273, 274,
275
James V, 269
Knox, John, 288
Livingstone, Mary, 277
Lorraine, Cardinal of, 282, 293
Mary of Guise (Lorraine), 269,
272
Montgomery, 295
Parois, Mme. de, 290, 291
Philip, King of Spain, 294
Sadler, Sir Ralph, 271, 273
Seton, Mary, 277
Somerset, 278

466 BOY KINGS AND GIRL QUEENS

- FRANCIS II. (*Pages 298-315.*)
- Anthony, King of Navarre, 301, 308, 309
- Catherine of Medici, 298, 305, 306, 309, 311
- Condé, Prince of, 301
- Francis I, 298, 299
- Guise, Duke of, 302, 305
- Henry II, 300
- Humieres, Jean de, 298, 299
- Lorraine, Cardinal of, 307
- Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, 299, 300, 305, 312, 313
- Poem*, "New Year Gift to Queen Mary," 313-315
- CHARLES IX. (*Pages 317-354.*)
- Anthony, King of Navarre, 317, 318, 325, 328
- Catherine of Medici, 317, 318, 319, 324, 325, 332, 333, 340, 343, 344, 346
- Coligny, Admiral, 325, 337, 339, 342, 343, 344, 345, 347-349
- Condé, Prince of, 318, 324, 325, 327, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339
- Elizabeth, Queen of France, 342
- Francis II, 317
- Guise, Duke of, 318, 323, 324, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331
- Henry of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV), 337, 339, 343, 344
- l'Hopital, Michel de, 319
- Joan of Navarre, 337, 343, 344
- Montmorency, Constable, 318
- Poem*, "My King and Country," 352-54
- LOUIS XIII. (*Pages 356-393.*)
- Concini, 377, 380, 385, 386, 387, 389
- Henry IV, 356, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 389
- Heroard, Jean, 358, 359, 362, 365, 367, 368
- Marie de Medici (Queen of France), 356, 357, 359, 370, 372, 374, 388, 389, 390, 391
- Montglat, Mme. de, 358, 359, 362, 363, 364, 367, 368, 369, 370
- Rosny, afterwards Sully, 365, 373
- Luynes, Duc de, 379, 386, 389, 391, 392
- Richelieu, Cardinal, 391, 393
- LOUIS XIV. (*Pages 395-439.*)
- Anne of Austria, Queen of France, 396, 397, 399, 407, 408, 409, 415, 416, 417, 419, 422, 423, 427, 428, 434, 437
- Charles I, King of England, 436
- Condé, 411, 415, 426, 432
- Henrietta, Princess, 433, 434, 435
- Laport, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 426, 430, 431, 432
- Louis XIII, 395, 396, 397, 399
- Marie Therese, the Spanish Infanta, 436, 438
- Mazarin, Cardinal, 397, 400, 402, 406, 407, 409, 410, 413, 414, 415, 416, 419, 422, 428, 429, 435, 436, 438, 439
- Orleans, Philip, Duke of, 403
- Retz, Cardinal de, 412

Richelieu, Cardinal, 397, 400,
401

Turenne, 410, 411

LOUIS XV. (*Pages* 441-461.)

Dubois, 445, 454, 456

Fleury, 446, 450, 455, 458, 459,
460

Law, John, 446, 447, 448, 449

Louis XIV, 444, 446, 450

Marie Leczinski, 457, 458

Orleans, Philip, Duke of, "The
Regent," 444, 445, 452, 453,
454, 455, 456

Philip V, King of Spain, 450,
451

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